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Drawn by H. L. V. Parkhurst.

Her garb brings happy memories of many a MIRROR *year,*
And to THE MIRROR'S *countless friends she ushers Christmas cheer.*

A WALK, TALK & DINNER WITH *Charles Dickens*

THE suicide of a lady named Ebbsmith in England some years ago because it was taken for the title of a play by Mr. Pinero, the dramatist, with the unpleasant word "notorious" before it, was an incident that caused considerable discussion in the press. Mr. Pinero possibly may have thought he invented the name, though a story was afloat at the time that the husband of the lady had written to the dramatist imploring him to change it on the ground that his wife was not of very strong mind and, moreover, was in delicate health. This may or may not have been the truth, but at all events the play was produced as The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, and a suicide was recorded in the journals.

This kind of dictatorship—for it savors of that—has been so often submitted to by several of the most famous dramatists as to have virtually become a recognised procedure. The name of Benoîton, which Victorien Sardou used for the characters of his well-known play, was changed from La Famille Benoît, and the Paris journals talked of it in their advance *réclames* under that title. One day the author received an explosive missive from an army officer commanding him to change the name then and there, or he might expect a bullet in his heart. Sardou, not desiring this murderous contingency, changed the name to Benoîtard, when another flaming letter came from a person of that ilk who stoutly objected to seeing his name on playbills and bandied about satirically on the boards of a theatre. Then M. Sardou settled on Benoîton, and was ultimately left in peace. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, changed the name of his play, Francillon, to Francine a few days before its production, at the request of a gentleman whose wife bore that name. By a curious coincidence, Francine was the name of the petitioner's mother, so the original name was restored. As the heroine at the end of the drama turns out to be a model of all the virtues and a most charming person, it could not have reflected seriously on the lady in question. M. Marion Achard, who wrote La Flanina, changed the name of one of the principal characters in the play to oblige a person who appealed to him to do so. The morning after the premiere he received a letter couched as follows: "Monsieur, if you had told me that my namesake in your play is a clever and brilliant engineer, who receives in the end the Cross of the Legion of Honor, I should not have asked you to alter his name. If there be still time, restore that name to him, for I also am an inventor by profession, and the play may attract the attention of the Government to my buttonhole, as yet void of any order whatsoever."

Henry J. Byron, the dramatist, once wrote a play called John Denman's Debt. Before its production an outline of the plot was published in the journals, in which it was made evident that John Denman was an unworthy character; whereupon the wife of a man named John Denman, who was on the turf as a bookmaker, called upon Mr. Byron and on her knees implored him not to use her husband's name. Being a kind-hearted man, Byron consented to an alteration of the title, and it was produced as Blow for Blow, and achieved a remarkable success at a London theatre.

Apropos of names in fiction and plays, I once had a conversation with Mr. Charles Dickens on the subject of the names he bestowed on his characters. I may say, *en passant*, I enjoyed two charming walks with him. One was from Stratford-on-Avon to Warwick, where we passed on the road the sign of a dyster named Chadband. I pointed it out with the observation, "I thought, sir, you invented that name. It so precisely suited the character that I imagined it must have come from your own fertile brain."

"No," he replied, "I took it from that very sign, and you are one of the few people who has noted the discovery. I saw it a year or more before I used it, popped it down in my notebook, and when I was thinking over a name for the character I was then engaged on Chadband he desired a striking surname for a miser, he spent a whole afternoon going in and out all sorts of low thoroughfares, name-hunting, and at last lighted upon one that he fancied would suit the character he was then developing.

"And he proceeded to brew it."

Mr. Dickens was of the opinion that an appropriate cognomen frequently reflected or foreshadowed the individuality to whom it was given, and he deemed this an advantage. He was proud of having discovered the name of Pickwick, who, if I remember correctly, was a livery stable keeper at Bristol, and Rudge (without the Barnaby, of course) is as common a name as Smith or Jones in the Midland counties. I asked Mr. Dickens if he gathered as he went all the many names that appeared in his stories. He said that he did not, but that he sometimes took an ordinary name, such as Hawkins, substituting a J for an H, when it became Jawkins, which he contended suited a person given to inordinate blathëration and babbling.

Apropos of Mr. Dickens' pedestrian performances, his biographer said he divided the most part of his life between working and walking. In 1860 he began his series of articles called "The Uncommercial Traveler," and in the preface he describes himself as "both a town traveler and a country traveler, and always on the road. Figuratively speaking, I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy goods way. Literally speaking, I am always wandering here and there; now about the city streets, now about the country by-roads." At the time he was writing these papers he suffered seriously from insomnia, which he hoped to remedy by walking half the night and coming home sufficiently worn out to sleep at sunrise. He said: "My last notable feat was turning out of the streets at 2 A.M., after a day of labor and walking twenty miles into the country to breakfast." It was not only my opinion but of others also who held him in affectionate esteem, that he overdid this pedestrian business. Mr. John Forster, who wrote his memoirs, was quite undecided whether the great novelist owed his death "to too much walking, too much railroading, or too much going to the United States." No doubt the three things combined had something to do with wearing him out prematurely, but he entertained a confirmed opinion that he found relief from mental strain in severe physical exertion.

I found during my walks with Mr. Dickens that he had an almost passionate love of the drama, and I had heard it said by Mark Lemon and Tom Taylor, both of whom knew him intimately, that had fate placed him upon the stage he would have been an admirable comedian. I remember how glowingly he talked of the French actor, Charles Fechter, who was just then popular in London.

"Fechter," protested Mr. Dickens, "made love on the stage as no actor ever made love in my time. Stage love-making is unusually mechanical, artificial, ludicrous; but that Frenchman palpitated with passion. It was the natural expression of clash of emotions."

Fechter, by the way, was the original Armand Duval in the play by Dumas, La Dame aux Camélias, in Paris, and when the piece was over on the first-night and the journalists were in doubt whether to commend the novelty or to pitch into it, they had a chat with Jules Janin, who occupied the high critical position of that time that M. Francisque Sarcey afterward held, and asked his opinion. "Well, my friends, all I can say is that the play made me cry like a child, and that is good enough for me. The scenes that force tears from my hardened eyes will surely impress the public." Janin predicted accurately, for the drama had a long run and placed Fechter in the front rank of his profession.

Mr. Dickens was a vigorous supporter of Fechter. Wherever he went he proclaimed his merits, and the novelist declared that he had to break down the stilted, artificial barriers that actors of the Kemble and Macready school had accustomed the public to. He was the pioneer of natural-impulse acting in England. Intelligent playgoers were sick and tired of the groaning, grunting, guttural, cut-and-dried style. They hailed with expressions of delight one who talked in the voice that God had given him, and in a manner that appealed to human nature, and, I may add, commonsense. I can clearly recollect when Fechter played Hamlet at the London Princess' Theatre in a flaxen wig, and discarded the traditional velvet, the shiny bugles and the mournful black feathers, and made Hamlet a man and not a mouthing, melancholy, melodramatic maniac. I remember how the old playgoers, steeped in traditions, protested and stormed at these innovations, and would listen to no argument in their support. "It was a piece of Gallic insolence," they cried, "for this man to monkey with the great masterpiece of Shakespeare. No Frenchman can properly interpret the Bard of Avon. Hands off!" etc., etc. But the younger generation applauded with all its might and main, for it welcomed a new era of dramatic art, the first condition of which was naturalness.

My second walk with Mr. Dickens was from his marine villa at Broadstairs to Margate and back, by way of the pleasant paths skirting the breezy Kentish coast, with dinner to follow. I regarded this as an immense privilege, and as we had no other companion I had the great man, so to speak, entirely to myself, and I was most attentive to his conversation. He was as good a talker as he was a walker. Knowing that I was an American by birth and had resided there during a portion of my boyhood, and had literary relatives, he asked me if I had ever met Washington Irving. Alas! I had not, but I knew most of his delightful works, and I said to Mr. Dickens that nothing in the whole range of literature charmed me more than his "Tales of a Traveller," especially the stories of the Italian banditti; and the "Spanish Voyages of Discovery," his graphic pen portraits of Alonzo de Ojeda, Vasco Nunez de Balboa and Ponce de Leon. How deeply read he must have been in Spanish history to have recounted the adventures of the kings of Leon, Castille and Marcia, and to picture the life of grand old Spain so richly, so vividly.

"You are quite right," remarked Mr. Dickens. "I place him on the same shelf with Goldsmith for felicitous charm of description; and, by the way, he wrote a life of dear, unthrifty Oliver."

"Did you ever meet him?" I asked.

"Several times. I dined with him, and he

THE OLD LIFE AND THE NEW

AN ALLEGORY.

Down from the sun-lit heights of Youth and Love
Down from the heights we came, my Life and I;
While storm clouds gathered in the vault above,
And angry lightnings rent the sullen sky.

In the cool morning we had climbed that hill,
Climbed, hand in hand, breathing a balmy air
Distilled from sweet green grass and daffodil,
And heaven was bright, and all the earth was fair.

And, Ah! my Life! my young, young Life, how sweet!
How 'neath her winsome spell all nature smiled—
Singing, she danced with light and bounding feet
Pure and unspotted as a sinless child.

So, when we reached the summit of that mount
We sojourned there awhile, my Life and I—
Oh the gay hours and years we kept no count,
We laughed and loved, and Time sped swiftly by.

And then one day,—it dawned so dark and chill,—
My Life accosted me, with altered mien,
And bade me leave the crest of that fair hill
And be no more the idler I had been.

But I was loath to leave that pleasant place;
Fain had I breathed for aye that ambient air.
I turned in wrath—I gazed upon her face—
Alas, my Life!—she was no longer fair.

Heart-sick, I left all that I held most dear,
With sinking soul commenced the long descent,
And wandered down strange pathways dim and drear—
I knew not, asked not, of the road we went.

And briars obstructed my poor trembling feet
And my form bent beneath a load of care;
Life seemed as loathsome as the erst was sweet,
My burden more than I had strength to bear.

Until, when many days had come and passed,
Unto the foot of that steep mount we came—
In a deep gruesome vale we paused at last,
Humiliation was that valley's name.

Then, while the storm broke heavy o'er my head
And my heart throbbed with grief beyond control,
"Go!" to my Life—my hated Life, I said,
"Go, leave me,—I have reached my destined goal.

"Go. Thou hast robbed me of my brightest years,
My dearest one, my youth, my hope, my all—
What hast thou left me but remorseful tears—
"Most bitter tears, that must forever fall!"

Then sternly spake a mocking voice, and said
"Arise, and look me in the face and see—
My answer there, O fool! O, blindly led!
Answer, O fool! What Hast Thou Done for Me?"

"I gave thee goodly gifts. Is it my blame
That to thy loss thou didst not foster these?
I gave thee opportunities,—oh, shame!
To let them slip, for readier hands to seize.

"Hast thou not lingered in the rosy ways
Of idle fancies, and illusions sweet?
When hast thou garnered for the darkening days,
Or cleared the path for thy descending feet?

"Nay, even thy heart, was it not pure and true?
Reckless, its treasures hast thou scattered wide,
Till, by the many worthless deemed, how few,
In its possession feel or joy or pride.

"Thou bidst me go. 'Tis well. Poor fool, adieu.
I leave thee in thy sorrow and thy shame.
Death may with healing touch thy pain subdue—
Fame, from her scroll, erase thy tarnished name.

Then darker grew the air with murky gloom
Earth trembled as the spirit took her flight—
Methought I sank into an icy tomb
Closing my weary eyes to life and light.

Then, after space of blank oblivion,
Sudden I felt sensation's wakening thrill,
And rose, and found me, trembling and alone,
Far from that dismal vale, that fatal hill.

My shoulders, from the grievous burden free,
I turned, and, lo! before my wondering eyes
A fair and gracious being greeted me
Smiling serenely at my mute surprise.

Gently she took my willing hand in hers
And through a fragrant meadow-land she led.
A rising breeze stole through the rustling firs,
The evening star shone mildly overhead.

By a still lake we wandered, while the birds
Whispered their fond good-nights from every tree,
My heart, o'ercharged, found no relief in words,
While yet I marvelled who this maid might be.

She read my thoughts and smiled. "O, weary heart,
'Tis o'er, the struggle, pain, and care, and strife,
Nor evermore on earth we twain shall part,
For I am thine own, thine own New Life.

Here shall we dwell, nor dread each coming day,
Here by this shadowy wood, this tranquil stream
Far from the marts of men, the stormy fray,—
Here shall we rest,—the past a troubled dream."

She spake; and a great calm fell on my soul
A vesper hymn chimed faintly from afar—
Slow o'er the lake a path of silver stole—
The shimmering radiance of the Evening Star.

SYDNEY DOWELL.

has dined with me, and we have walked together in the lovely Surrey lanes about Hindhead."

"He was a delightful conversationalist," continued Mr. Dickens, "and he told me a good deal about Walter Scott, whom he had visited at Abbotsford in 1823. He said his first impression of him was that he was neither so large nor so bulky in appearance as he had been led to expect by the pictures of him that had been scattered broadcast over the land. He was more lame than he expected. 'His countenance was most pleasing, benevolent, and marked the man of thought,' Irving said, who dwelt enthusiastically upon Scott's simple, natural manner, pronouncing him one of the best bred men he had ever met—the exquisite politeness that arises from a quick sense of feeling which seems to know by instinct the character of others, to see what will please, and put all his guests at their ease. Irving sat by him at supper, and said he could scarcely realize he was a stranger, and forgot he was a great man."

"And Mr. Irving must have been a keen judge of character," I remarked.

"His judgment and taste were quite perfect," replied the master. 'His looks tell you that if you never met the man, with his hearty, magnetic personality. Irving's chat about Walter Scott interested me greatly: it was so graphic and reliable. He said that after supper a lady sang several of Moore's Irish melodies, whereupon Sir Walter remarked: 'Moore is the man for songs; Campbell can write an ode, and I can make a ballad; but Tom beats us all at a song.' 'Ah!' cried Irving, as he finished speaking, 'I can see Scott now in imagination with his benign, calm expression of countenance, his eye of genius and his mouth of humor. His very self I see, feeling, thinking, and about to speak.' I never met one man of genius so enthusiastic about another as Irving was of Scott and it was a pleasant experience to hear this gifted American sound the praises of 'the Wizard of the North.'

The dinner that concluded our three hours' walk was a simple, homely one. We began with oysters from Whitstable, which is not far distant from Broadstairs; then appeared a sole browned to a turn, followed by a roast leg of mutton, snatched from the fire at the auspicious moment, the bone of which had been removed and the space supplied with oysters and veal stuffing. It used to be said by his intimate friends that Mr. Dickens invented this appetizing dish; but I doubt it, as I have eaten mutton in America prepared somewhat in the same fashion. There is little new in gastronomy under the sun, despite the dozens of cookery books that make their appearance every year. Old dishes are launched with new names much Frenchified, and it is only at long intervals that great masters of the kitchen succeed in startling our palates with new combinations of food.

Mr. Dickens, without being an accomplished gourmet, was fond of the pleasures of the table, and looked cheerily forward to a "pleasant little dinner with, say, three friends." He detested great banquets, where he would be called upon to speak, although, as is universally conceded, he was the most entertaining after-dinner speaker of his time. In this respect he enjoyed the same reputation in England for graceful, illustrative, anecdotical oratory that Mr. Chauncey Depew bears in the United States.

When the cloth was removed the master asked me if I had ever tasted gin punch—*his* gin punch. I had not. "Well, you shall;" and he proceeded to brew it. The brass kettle was placed over a spirit lamp, a lemon was cut and peeled, a jug was produced and carefully rubbed with a napkin—glasses, ditto—a bottle of old gin was in evidence, and the delicate task proceeded. The boiling water was poured in, the lumps of sugar counted and added, the spirit measured in a wine glass, then followed the chips of lemon being added, the mouth of the jug was closed by stuffing in the napkin, rolled up to do duty as a cork, and then the illustrious brewer, watch in hand, timed the commingling of the work of his hand. In about six minutes the precious brew was ready to be reverently quaffed, and as he handed me with a smile a full tumbler, he kept his eye on my face, as if to watch my first impression.

"Eh? Well, how does it strike you?" Of course I protested by all the gods that it was the most seductive tipple I had ever irrigated my throat withal, and as a grog for night time it certainly was an adorable concoction. I was greatly struck with the active interest this man of genius manifested in the small matters of life. He exercised as much care in brewing the punch and feeling gratified that I approved of it as if they were events of absolute importance. As a close friend of my host once wrote: "It was this interest in common things, this enjoyment of life, this absence of all apparent knowledge of his commanding position as one of the world's greatest authors, which gave Dickens one of his principal charms. No man in his inner mind felt so sure of Westminster Abbey and immortality, and no man kept that inner mind more carefully concealed. He lived above and beyond the opinion of his contemporaries, and was always a cheery companion for young and old."

HOWARD PAUL.

IN A ROSE GARDEN.

ONE sunshiny Summer day a white Butterfly emerged from her chrysalis to find herself at the gate of a Rose Garden.

When the Roses saw how dainty she was they all turned their heads toward her, begging her to come to them. But the Butterfly was young and fearful, and she alighted first on the nearest bush. The blossoms were white and very fragrant, and she told herself that she had indeed found the loveliest spot in all the big garden.

After a little, a warm wind sighed among the Roses, and a bush completely covered with laughing pink buds nodded to her. Straightway the White Flowers seemed to grow pale and insipid in comparison, and she allowed herself to drift over to her pink friends.

"Who are you?" she questioned, as she admired their velvety petals. And the Roses answered caressingly, "Pleasure."

But somehow the pretty blossoms had an uncomfortable trick of blowing suddenly away from her at unexpected moments, and being such a young Butterfly, and not versed in the ways of the Roses, she grew impatient.

A large bush filled with Yellow Roses had been intently watching, and called to her. "Come over to us, and you cannot fail to find satisfaction. We are all-sufficing, for our name is Wealth." And away went the foolish winged creature to dwell with her Golden Tempters. But, in spite of their alluring color, she found there was no fragrance nor warmth, even in the very heart of their magnificent blooms.

"I cannot stay here," she cried, "I should die! I have no courage to live among so much lifeless splendor." And she poised herself for another flight. A tall, straight bush, with one flaming Red Rose at its very top, caught her eye. It nodded carelessly to her, and she flew directly toward it, for she knew without asking that its name was Fame. Strangely, she could not reach it at first, and spent many moments and much strength in futile attempts. Alas! it was very far away for a weary little Butterfly.

The thorns below the big Red Rose caught her delicate wings and tore them sadly. But the frail creature refused to acknowledge that the blossom was too high above her head, and made one last despairing attempt.

She reached it, but before she could realize her success, a chill wind blew through the garden, and the proud Red Rose to which she clung crumbled. The petals fluttered to the ground, and with them the poor scarred Butterfly. She gave herself up, and floated down, down, into merciful Oblivion.

When she slowly regained consciousness and her scattered thoughts began to return, she was resting softly, and a sweet, familiar scent enveloped her. She opened her tired eyes, and, behold! she was back among her first friends, the White Roses.

They cradled her bruised body and smirched wings close to their hearts, and as she drifted back again toward a Beautiful Dreamland, she murmured: "You have taken me back and given me Life and Happiness, and I do not even know your name."

Then all the White Roses bent over her and breathed softly in unison, "Our name is Love."

NAN HANSON SHEPHARD.

THE DRAMATURGIC ART OF SUDERMANN.

IN 1889 there appeared on the German stage a drama which created an extraordinary sensation, and was destined to make the name of its author familiar in every locality where educated men are found. The drama was Die Ehre; its author was Hermann Sudermann. Prior to the production of his play Sudermann had derived some success and considerable local popularity from a number of novels dealing with modern social problems, and written in the style of the so-called realistic school. In view of his early literary career it cannot occasion surprise that in his first work intended for the theatre the young author should have selected for presentation those social phenomena which in treatment, permit an exaggeration of the morbid and spectacular sides of human life. Nor is it contrary to the tendency of the times that Sudermann should have fallen under the influence of that great Norwegian, Ibsen, who, at once the deepest thinker and the foremost technical master amongst contemporary dramatists, was also the arch-unearther of the skeletons concealed in the human heart.

Die Ehre is specifically a satire upon that conventional code of honor which has long served to regulate the intercourse of those aristocrats and money brokers who constitute the superficial stratum of German "fine society." Such a subject rendered available sharp-edged tools of ridicule and sarcasm, which the author did not hesitate to put to the most effective uses. With a keen appreciation of dramatical effects and with an enviable mastery over the purely technical requirements of the playwright's art, Sudermann has presented a series of striking contrasts graduated into a powerful climax, thereby tearing into shreds and tatters the gorgeous robe in which an asinine society has arrayed itself. A Vorderhaus of gilt-edged aristocracy is placed in opposition to a Hinterhaus, reeking with unsavory plebeianism. The atmosphere of the former is tainted wth malodorous perfumery, hollow pretensions, hypocritical sentiments and whitewashed viciousness. The air of the latter is foul with the stench of vulgarity, the insolence of course effrontery, the complacency of hopeless degradation, and the nakedness of brutish passion. While the worthy son of the former seduces the true daughter of the latter; the daughter of the patricians, nobler than her surroundings, finds a kindred heart in the son of the plebeians, whose loftiness of character estranges him from his native horde. Between the two poles of society represented by Vorderhaus and Hinterhaus stand Graf Trost and Robert—the one, a scion of nobility whose misfortune has driven him beyond the pale of his caste, but whose experiences have exalted him to a height from which he surveys with contempt the antics of his former associates; the other, an offspring of the gutter, whose mind impels him upward, but whose comprehension has been so dulled by conventional sentiments of probity and uprightness that the most desperate remedies barely suffice to convince him that the atmosphere of Vorderhaus and Hinterhaus are alike poisonous, and that he must needs seek "a new home, a new duty and a new honor."

It is interesting to observe the use, by Sudermann, of Ibsen's formula. In many of the latter's dramas the thread by which the sword of Damocles has long been suspended over the heads of the characters, is severed through the arrival upon the scene of action of some stranger, who sometimes plays a minor—more frequently an important—part in the subsequent denouement. In Die Ehre, as in some of his later plays, the arrival of the hero produces the incendiary spark that causes the conflagraton. Another motive—that of the illicit and clandestine love, so frequently woven in Ibsen's plots—is appropriated by the German author. But, while with the Norwegian the seduction of some hapless maiden is usually a subordinate and incidental element in the scheme of the play, with the younger writer, for purely theatrical consideration, this theme is assigned to much greater prominence.

In the mechanical construction of plot Sudermann has followed in the footsteps of Augier and the younger Dumas, rather than in those of Ibsen. Practically the whole of the first act is spent in confiding to the onlookers the inevitable "secret," in unraveling for their benefit the complexities of the opening situation, and in leading them *in medias res*. With regard to interesting incidents in the former careers of the principal characters, or with respect to the nature of the calamity whose impending fall bids fair to crush both hero and heroine, the audience is not held in the slightest suspense. Where Ibsen would have enshrouded Trost, at his first appearance, with the Tarnhelm of mystery, and, indicating the broad outline of the man, would have deferred the complete revelation of his character to the scene with the aplah striplings of the Vorderhaus, Sudermann scarcely permits his nobleman to place one foot upon the stage before he seizes the spectator by the coat button and confidentially gossips into his ear the length and breadth of his most most interesting creation. The remaining three acts, however, are compact enough, and in them spectacular episodes and exciting encounters bind the observer on the stretch of expectation. With feverish rapidity Sudermann hurries us back and forth between Hinterhaus and Vorderhaus, and crowds into the space of thirty-six hours the occurrences of a month. The advantages of this scheme, from the standpoint of stage impression and melodramatic effect, require no amplification; but the transitiveness of the impressions, the vagueness of the minor characters, and the theatricality of the situations are counterbalancing disadvantages which a dispassionate criticism necessarily reveals, and which constitute no mean detraction from the permanency of the play as a work of art.

While we may speculate with great enthusiasm sensoned by a proportionately small ingredient of logic, concerning the qualities of style for which one author is indebted to the influence of another, we can often discern, through glances less distorted, those characteristics of an author which are native and not borrowed. So Die Ehre proclaims Sudermann to have a masterful control over the dramatic weapon of humor, such as his illustrious Scandinavian contemporary cannot justly claim. Among the grim pleasantries of Ibsen there is no character so heartily comic as Vater Heinecke, the boastful, vindictive, loud-tongued, soft-fingered, craven-hearted, theatrical mannikin, who plays the "Herr im Hause" with much gusto when his better-half is absent, but who, during that worthy lady's presence, cowers at her every gesture.

In the treatment of the social problem, which forms the core of the drama, Sudermann's manner stands in sharp contrast to that of Ibsen. In similar plays by the latter, human beings are presented to our view who, through the implacability of human or natural forces, have been driven from society's poisonous congregation to the steep precipice of social alienation. Will their courage fortify them to take the dangerous leap? If they hazard, will they survive? Or will they, intimidated by the dizzy, fearful height, retrace their steps to their cankerous community, only to undergo a speedy moral or intellectual annihilation? Such questions grimly evolve themselves in Ibsen's works, and in default of answer we turn to Ibsen himself. But Ibsen's answer is—another question. Die Ehre demonstrates that Sudermann's interests are not terminated by the statement of a problem, the impressive amplification of its perplexities, and the pitiless emphasizing of the inevitable catastrophe it foreshadows. The German playwright is not content until he has formulated and announced his solution, but when in pursuance of this method he causes Robert and Lenore to sever all connection with their respective homes, to resolve upon the establishment elsewhere of a true home, a real duty and a genuine honor, he does not pretend this formula to be a panacea for all social ills, or that hero and heroine live happily ever afterward; he concedes the oncoming of future trials, and furnishes an antidote for but a single poison.

Sudermann's second venture, Sodom's Ende, was produced in 1890. It augmented his popularity among the theatre-going public, but added nothing to his real merit as a dramatic artist. The garish demimonde, delineated with the most approved spectacular contrivances; the rapid succession of feverish and excitable figures whirled relentlessly before the spectator's gaze; the pathetic but colorless men, and the gaudy but impossible women serve only to bewilder the thoughts and to sicken the imagination. The very subject, indeed, is alike detrimental to artist and to beholder; it does not invigorate the mind of the latter or add to his intellectual growth; it debilitates the creativeness of the former and paralyzes his artistic virility. In the motley spectacle that Sodom's Ende presents the natural defects of Sudermann's style are sharply accentuated, while the meritorious characteristics of Die Ehre are buried beneath an avalanche of sensational episodes. In vain does the author, in the opening scenes, strive to rise superior to his theme. It hurls him downward, as the mountain torrent does the pebble, so that in its closing situations the performance degenerates into the lowest species of spectacular melodrama.

While the ragout, dished under the appellation of Sodom's Ende, has violated every esthetic canon of harmony and symmetrical relation of parts, the playwright's conversance with the tricks of his profession may not justly be disputed. We may deplore the too literal interpretation which Sudermann gives to the injunctions of the genial Theater Direktor in Faust, but we cannot restrain our admiration of the skill with which those injunctions are enforced. The scenes in which the self-sacrifice of the father is contrasted with despicable egotism of the son bespeak such ingenuity and power as to defy a more dexterous manipulation. They ring with a genuine note of pathos, invoke unfeigned emotion, and cause the tears "to rise in our hearts and gather to our eyes." With a craftsmanship no whit inferior, the painting of the Destruction of Sodom is created the physical symbol of the principle embodied in the play. The grim picture is unveiled at critical moments, and the social demolition thus ominously presaged chills the heart of the most hardened spectator.

Heimah, the third of Sudermann's dramatic pieces, marks a return to the style and treatment which characterize Die Ehre. Like that play, it presents the tragic conflict which ensues when cobwebbed notions of honor, duty and caste seek to subordinate the cosmopolitan conceptions of a cultured mind. In Die Ehre a son returns to the parental fold only to discover that his enlightened mind and cultured spirit antagonize the ignorance and hypocrisy of his native home. In Heimah a daughter, desperately striving to re-enter the family life, from which she has been estranged, encounters philistine restrictions and

LILLIAN CLAIRE. PHOTO BY HALL.
CLIFFORD AND MARIE LA MONTE. PHOTO BY TIHDT.
EDITH TALIAFERRO. PHOTO BY IMPERIAL.
BENNETT
THOMAS AND GREGORY KELLY. PHOTO BY WHITE.
BLANCHE ALEXANDER. PHOTO BY EDDOWES BROS.
WILLIAM GRAY. PHOTO BY PERKINSON.
PETITE CLAIRE. PHOTO BY WHITE.
WILLIAM BURTON JANES.
VIVIAN PRESCOTT. PHOTO BY TEMBERG.
WALTER ROBINSON. PHOTO BY GOTTING.

CHILDREN OF THE STAGE.

merciless conventions that stifle in her bosom every holy sentiment she has treasured.

The subject is developed in the spirit of Ibsen's formula. The essential struggle—the revolt against antiquated social laws—as the abstract principle, and the two protagonists—father and daughter—with the medial figure of the pastor, as concrete embodiments of diverse social forces; all these are reminiscent of the great Norwegian's work. But the minor effects—the clandestine intimacy, the pharisaical seducer, the revolver episode and the highly spectacular climax—are characteristic enough of Sudermann's inventions. While we do not here, as in Sodom's Ende, incur so great a danger of losing our perspective of the completed work, still, through the exaggeration of each consecutive melodramatic situation, the enjoyment which conformity to the principle of symmetry affords the æsthetic sense is materially diminished.

The year 1895 witnessed the production of two plays, Die Schmetterlingschlacht and Das Glück im Winkel. The former does not deserve extended consideration. It is entitled a comedy, is inferior in workmanship, sluggish in movement and destitute of all poetic imagination. As in Sodom's Ende, the physical symbol—Rosi's miniature paintings of butterfly battles is obtruded *ad nauseam;* and the sole redeeming feature of the play is that fine satirical humor which is the author's principal scourge for the lashing of venerable but deceitful conventions.

In Das Glück im Winkel Sudermann well-nigh attained the excellence of his earliest drama. Written after the manner of Ibsen, it is clear-cut in plan and execution, swift in movement and harmonious in proportion. A distinct advance in character sketching is to be noted, moreover. While it cannot be denied that Wiedemann is a lineal descendant of the Pastor in Ghosts, and a not-distant relative of the clergyman in Helmah; that Inspector Orb is closely affiliated with the complacent bureaucrats of the Ibsen theatre, and that the minor characters lack that completeness and precision which mark the most insignificant figures in the creations of a master poet; yet Elizabeth and Helena, Röcknitz and Bettina are achievements that overshadow a multitude of defects. They are living, struggling beings, with the ardent blood of the human kind, and bear less resemblance to the work of one of Nature's journeymen than most of the figures which Sudermann has contrived.

In 1896 three one-act pieces were published, under the joint title of Morituri. They were properly so combined, because they are featured by a common dramatic motive. At the point of unavoidable death the hero in each of the three dramas is brought to realize that within his reach has lain the happiness which he shall never enjoy, and to the existence of which he has been blinded—in Teja by the poison of fanatic patriotism; in Fritzchen by the reckless guidance of a well-meaning father, and in Das Ewig Männliche by the coquettish wiles of a heartless queen. Each of these diminutive productions represents, in its own way, the excellence which, in a certain direction, Sudermann has attained. The simplicity, the pathos, the grandeur of Teja, reveal in Sudermann a poet working with the keenness and vigor of a mind undistorted by the spectral shadows of modern realism. The satiric humor, innoxious irony and poetic acumen with which, in Das Ewig Männliche, the author accomplishes the arraignment of human vanities before the critical Judgment Seat, proclaim his mastery over these powerful weapons and exalt him to the eminence of an accomplished artist.

Sudermann's next venture was in the field of religious tragedy. Johannes, which appeared in 1898, graphically relates the happenings of the last year in the life of John the Baptist, the Scriptural story constituting the basis of the narrative. If this work were as successful as it is pretentious the task of criticism would be infinitely lighter. It is marred, however, by vital defects. "There can be no tragedy," if we are to believe M. Brunetière, "without a struggle; nor can there be genuine emotion for the spectators unless something other and greater than life is at stake." Measured by this standard of the classic drama, Johannes violates the fundamental principle of the tragic art. It is not the clash of contending forces that here occasions the catastrophe. The disaster is invoked by the vacillation of the principal character. It is not the positive struggle between conflicting passion or desire that vibrates the chords of the play; it is the negative incapacity to banish an illusion. During five long-drawn acts and a prologue the weary spectator is compelled to observe the indecision and irresolution of the Rabbi Johannes. Not even when this period has elapsed does the great Baptist grasp the means to effect—what the time and the occasion urged him to effect—the emancipation of his people from the political tyranny of Roman dominion.

Other faults, scarcely less serious, must not pass unmentioned. The prologue, an emotional piece intended as a sort of prelude to the play itself, is of undisputed poetical beauty. Since stern necessity, however, does not demand the separation of the introductory scene from the main body of the tragedy, this division constitutes a structural weakness. Looseness of construction is an unfortunate characteristic of the whole production. The action, such as there is, drags distractingly in many parts. Seven long scenes of the first act are devoted to the "formation" of an atmosphere such as, in Hamlet and elsewhere, Shakespeare creates in a single situation; Scriptural passages are worked into the dialogue with more skill than advantage, and undue prominence is given to the viciousness and depravity of the feminine characters.

Toward the close of the nineties the allegorical drama acquired such popularity among the theatre-loving public that Sudermann produced Die Drei Reiherfedern, to supply the existing demand. Appearing in the same year as Johannes, this play is a poetic allegory representing the illusiveness of human ideals, the folly of neglecting the earnest work of life in weak sighing for inane pursuit of the mind's fata morganas, and the tragedy which such fatuity inevitably engenders. Whatever the merits of the Three Heron Plumes as a poem, its dramatic value is not high. Not progression but retrogression stamp the author's technical accomplishment, and the character sketching, as of old, is vague ad catchy, rather than truthful and precise. Hans Lorbuss is the only figure possessing human dimensions; the rest are symbolical like Witte and his ferocious brother, imaginary like the prince and Cölestin, or fantastic like Una Goldhaar. Indeed, the subject in its present form appears far more adaptable to the narrative than to the dramatic style, and it seems a cause for regret that Sudermann did not undertake its development from the romanticist's point of view.

After the appearance of Die Drei Reiherfedern a period of almost three years elapsed before the publication of Sudermann's next dramatic work. In Johannisfeuer, exhibited on the stage in 1901, the author returned to his first love, the social drama. The return was not at all signalized by unqualified success. The subject chosen was threadbare and uninspiring, the treatment conventional and melodramatic, the characters well-worn figures masquerading under brand-new names. The prostitution of the principles of art to the purposes of morbid, spectacular impressions disfigures this as it does all of Sudermann's social problem plays. The hopeless rebellion by hero and heroine against conditions they themselves have forged, and the struggle between the dictates of duty and the impulses of unlawful passion are the two central themes which Johannisfeuer combines. By way of strong spicing for musty wine the influence of heredity, a favorite theme in Ibsen's writings, is interwoven with the main story through the agency of the highly romantic Wenkalnene episode. Vogelreuter might well-nigh be termed a replica of Major Schwartze; the former's wife and the Major's dame are twin outlines, equally deficient in life and color. Hapke is the third reincarnation of Pastor Manders; and Helmchen is a rustic, superstitious Magda. Conventional in arrangement and stilted in treatment, the play is destitute of a single redeeming literary feature, and is not embellished by the least originality of style. In some of Sudermann's dramas there is a minimum of technical efficiency—in most the enchantments of poetry are far from overpowering; but in none is there such paucity, such dearth of all poetic and dramatic charm as in Johannisfeuer; in none have the talents of Sudermann ebbed to a water mark so low.

The action deserves but a single comment; it is barely intelligible. From the first to the concluding scene the wavering uncertainty that accompanies the performances of the several personages is surpassed only by the veil of indetermination that would appear to have obscured the author's mind, and the perplexity of the spectators, increasing with the progress of the play, is comparable only to the bewilderment of the Babel builders, who perceived one another's frantic gesticulations but could derive from them no intelligible meaning.

In his most recent effort, Es Lebe das Leben, Sudermann has remained content to rest on the laurels gained through his earlier achievements. Though superior in technical skill, and more genuine in dramatic interest than Johannisfeuer, the author of the Joy of Living has not only failed to outgrow the defects of his method, but has strengthened and emphasized them. By ringing the changes on the concrete symbol, this—the parliamentary debate on the divorce question—is rendered as objectionable as was the use of the painting in Sodom's Ende. Nor is the drama graced by any felicity of portraiture. The idealistic Richard ready, upon all occasions, to sink personal honor in furtherance of party success, and the delicate Beate, whose electrical, magnetic mind dominates her fragile, dying body, are the only figures that bear the stamp of individuality. The others are entirely conventional, comprising the stock company of garrulous moralists, social bigots and untutored ingenues. The structural craftsmanship of the play is its one saving quality. As in the Ghosts of Ibsen, the event

Baby Zyllah and Frances Shannon. Photo by Hoffman.
Sylvia Cashin. Photo by Otto Sarony.
Jeanette Mozar.
Lottie Johnston. Photo by Otto Sarony.
Richard Cubitt. Photo by Marceau.
Walter Robinson. Photo by Gotting.
Georgie Clarke. Photo by Silcox Cooper.
Photo by Otto Sarony.
Lores Grimm.
Mae Belle Rae.
Baby Abbott. Photo by Flagg & Plummer.

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"'Mr. Ford, for heaven's sake, what are those?'

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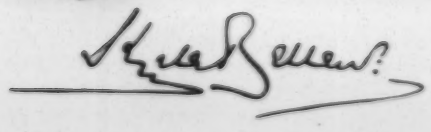

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"The next morning Parsons counted his prisoners as usual. The tragedian had a large patch upon his boot which Parsons noted particularly. Finding his prisoners all safe he went to market as usual, and there, to his utter amazement and horror, stood 'Lovett,' the identical horse thief whom he had just left.

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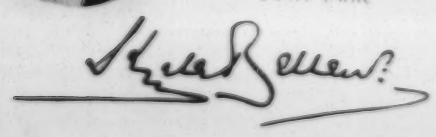

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THE OCCULT ROMANCE OF A TRUNK.

IT was Sunday night and the next day would be Christmas. In the small wooden station at Westville Junction two men—one the station agent and the other a traveler—sat waiting for a much belated train. There had been a big snow storm and the prospects on the railroad looked dubious. Inside the station a trio of coal-oil lamps burned dimly. One lamp, in the pathway of a draught from the door, smoked. Its odor, together with the dry heat from a big red-hot stove in the middle of the room, exerted a narcotic effect upon the two men.

The station agent had brought an arm-chair from a tiny inner office and stretched himself in it before the fire. His desire to talk had been coldly discouraged by the traveler. Such treatment was not a part of the usual genial spirit of the West, and the agent at last dropped off to sleep nursing a feeling of resentment. A lantern on the floor beside him seemed to share his sullen mood, for it burned with a great lack of interest in its duty. From one of the hard station benches the traveler watched it broodingly.

Th's traveler was a big man and the heavy overcoat he wore added to his bulk. A dark fur cap was pulled down over his eyes and shaded his smooth-shaven face. His arms folded themselves tightly across his broad chest, and on one forceful, well shaped hand a queer Oriental ring showed conspicuously.

Earlier in the evening the traveler had come down on horseback from somewhere in the mining districts in the mountains above the town. No one knew from just where, for he had been very uncommunicative. When he arrived his horse was nearly exhausted by its struggle with the storm, and the man had shown considerable affectionate anxiety when he turned the trembling beast over to the care of Westville Junction's most boasted enterprise—the livery stable. He did not wait, however, to see his hurried directions carried out, but rushed away to the railroad station, where a few stragglers stood talking with the agent about the possible effects of the storm upon belated trains. The traveler met their ready information with an impatience that aroused a curiosity which showed resentment at not being satisfied. This resentment grew when the traveler stalked over to the barroom of the "New York House," and took a big drink of whiskey all alone.

When he returned to the station he paced up and down the platform in the snow for some time, and peered anxiously around through the darkness and storm for some encouraging signs of life on the tracks. Evidently he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice the unusual excitement that pervaded the town. In the barroom he had glanced to neither the right nor the left and had felt no touch of the exceptional festivities. But while pacing up and down the platform he had been dimly conscious of some sort of commotion connected with a lot of trunks. They probably were being taken into the station house out of the storm. Now, as he sat broodingly watching the dull light of the lantern, a dark mass of trunks in the dim end of the station house again touched his consciousness, but not enough to arouse any interested speculation.

"With trembling fingers he held the lantern close."

Outside the wind danced a wild dance with the snow and the telegraph wires hummed a weird, barbaric accompaniment. Inside the lights burned more uncertainly. The station agent sprawled uncomfortably over the old arm-chair, his chin buried in the bosom of his red flannel shirt, and his snores rising in rhythmic crescendos. Then the stranger's eyes slowly closed.

* * * * * *

"Well, I've seen some tough experiences in my time, but this is a little the worst I ever run up against."

It was one of the trunks in the shadowy end of the station house that had spoken. It was a large, square old trunk with gaudy new yellow straps.

"I've been with some crazy snaps, but I never got into quite such a hole as this before. And on Christmas Eve, too!"

"It's awful!" sighed another trunk which was very new and fine, being plentifully decorated with brass nails.

"Oh, it will be a good thing for you," snapped the first trunk maliciously. "You dramatic school amateurs have got to learn a thing or two. If you're willing to work for almost nothing and keep experienced actors out of jobs, you ought to——"

"Oh, for Gawd sake, let up! You old fossils give me a pain!"

"Old!" screamed Miss Yellow Straps indignantly.

"Yes, your peroxide straps don't go. It's a long time since you and I were young, Maggie, and that's what makes you so sore on blooming youth without no experience."

The last trunk to speak leaned rakishly against the wall, and he now cast a jaunty and admiring smile upon his neighbor with the rich array of brass nails.

"Oh, some trunks have got a bad case of mash," sniffed Miss Yellow Straps contemptuously. Thereupon Miss Brass Nails blushed furiously and shrank back, but Mr. Facetious Trunk only whistled indifferently.

"Theatrical business ain't what it used to be," wheezed a seedy old trunk, crippled in lock and clasps and broken straps.

"You one part actors don't know what work is. Now, when I used to be with Forrest——"

"Yes, we know," interrupted a big, strong, very important-looking trunk. "We know what you did with Forrest. We know that you've done most everybody. But that isn't the point in question just now. Here we are in this hole of a junction without any show of getting away—and on Christmas Eve, too! Gawd knows what made me get tangled up in this snap anyhow. Frohman wanted me bad. He was running all over town for me. He was going to *lead* me," and Mr. Important Trunk swelled up until his straps creaked.

"But I'd signed with this snap—worse luck! And we haven't played in a decent theatre since we opened."

Mr. Important Trunk pronounced the word theatre in two syllables thus, the-ta, and spoke in a diphtheritic Kansas imitation of the English accent. His associates exchanged meaning glances, and Mr. Facetious Trunk winked at Miss Brass Nails and changed the tune he was whistling to

"You ain't Such a Muchness if you be 'most white."

Two trunks, a little off by themselves, had been for some time in close and confidential conversation. One was old and travel-worn, but showed evidence of much thrifty though feminine repairing. One strap had been mended with a hairpin, and another was held to its duty with a conglomerated assortment of tacks in a great variety of misguided conditions. The influence which dominated its career evidently had acquired independence through a long and discouraging struggle with life's broken promises. The companion trunk was modern and strong, though modestly feminine, and had an air of taste and refinement a trifle at variance with its bizarre environment. Several times it had cringed painfully when the voices of the others had grown loud in their sarcastic personalities.

"Don't worry, dear. Everything will come out all right. It always does."

It was Mrs. Old Trunk who had offered this consolation in a big voice which she tried to soften into soothing cadences.

"I've been in worse fixes than this. Once before in Lincoln, Neb., when the manager skipped and left us stranded high and dry——"

"But it is all so perfectly dreadful! Pardon me for interrupting you, but everything has been so horribly upset that I scarcely know what I am about. My hinges seem all unscrewed. And *she* is clear beside herself."

"Hasn't she any friends she can send to?"

"She has friends, certainly, but she can't send to them. She cried all last night. It is the first time I've seen her give way. She has been so hopeful. She had a little money put away in one of my trays, and that is what bought our tickets to Newtown. And now this fearful storm will probably prevent our filling that date, and she has set all of her hopes on filling that Christmas date. She hasn't another cent. Of course, I am telling you this in strictest confidence. She's afraid she'll have to leave me with the landlord here to get the company away. This starring business isn't what she anticipated."

"She's very ambitious," and in the big voice was a note of criticism which the other promptly resented.

"Of course she is ambitious. Why shouldn't she be? No one knows how dreadfully hard she has worked. I have been with her in all sorts of uncomfortable, stuffy little rooms, and I have seen her study day and night. She has sacrificed everything to make money for the rest of the family. Every one supposed, of course, that her father would leave a lot of money, but he didn't. Her mother has been an invalid ever since his death, and *she* has taken the brunt of everything. But she hasn't complained, not even when she gave *him* up."

"Who?" Mrs. Old Trunk's fastenings clicked with a quick and curious interest.

"Dear me! that slipped out before I knew it. But I am so upset. I am making a confidante of you and I trust you. *She* would be dreadfully indignant if she knew that I dared to talk about this. I most always carry his picture, but last night she put it in her satchel. She seems to want that picture right with her when she's in trouble. She loves him, but she gave him up because she was too proud to saddle her whole family on him. He got angry and misunderstood her. He thought she was heartless and coldly ambitious. Men can be so dense sometimes."

"Has he got any money?"

"Yes, he has made a lot of money in a mine since they parted."

"Then why on earth don't she write to him? Gawd knows she needs an angel now if she ever did. He'd back the show and we'd all——"

"But can't you understand? If she wrote him now he would think it was only his money she cared for. Then, besides, it would be simply impossible for her to write."

"Oh, but she could explain everything away. Trust a woman to twist a man around if he is in love with her. I know, for I've had experience—one dead and three divorced."

Mrs. Old Trunk made this statement with an air of pride in the number and variety of her connubial disasters. Miss Young Ambitious Trunk sighed pathetically and relapsed into worried thought.

Mrs. Old Trunk turned to Miss Yellow Straps and they were soon whispering together, and the latter began to creak all over with suppressed excitement. As soon as she could she turned to Mr. Important Trunk and communicated a certain piece of news with malicious delight. But it failed in the effect anticipated. Mr. Important Trunk only swelled up bigger and said, with much self-complacency,

"Why, She doesn't want to write because She doesn't want any back number mashes around where I am. See!"

Soon all the trunks were whispering excitedly among themselves and casting critical glances in Miss Young Ambitious Trunk's direction. She felt their glances and the criticism and had hard work to keep from breaking down and crying. It took all her pride to sustain her outward dignity, but inside she trembled and once a little, dry sob escaped her. Then she tried to reason with herself. They all needed money badly. She knew that. Miss Yellow Straps held in one of her trays a letter, blotted and awkwardly written by a childish hand. It was such a pathetic little letter, too, and expressed so much unconscious heart hunger. It told of many joyful Christmas anticipations of various school-girl friends and ended with this touching ambition:

"Oh, mamma, I do hope that some Christmas we shall be rich and I can have a pair of shoes with shiney toes like Mamie's!"

Miss Yellow Straps treasured the letter and it had been wept over many times. A little while ago the "shiney toes" had seemed a certainty, but now a dishonest manager had made them an impossibility. Miss Young Ambitious Trunk shuddered with horror whenever she thought of that manager.

Then there was Mrs. Old Trunk, who cherished the beginning of a Christmas present that was intended to gladden the heart of a lame girl far away in a poor little Eastern home. The lame girl was the one frail bit of harmony that had come out of Mrs. Old Trunk's connubial chaos. She was the one thing that held life's tattered ambitions together—the sacred altar on which had been offered many heroic maternal sacrifices. No one could know the bitter disappointment that that unfinished Christmas present had induced.

And so Miss Young Ambitious Trunk looked beyond the anomalous exteriors into the hearts of her associates, and could not feel angry at their criticism.

Then she thought of the invalid mother and the two young sisters who had so much faith in the success of one whom they loved. She saw their many sacrifices, and thought over their letters of cheerful encouragement stored away in her trays. She recalled those happy, hopeful evenings at home when she had listened to the wonderful plans that had been built! Some day when she should be famous and rich they would forget all the petty, humiliating trials of the past. Then the dear little mother should have the very best of medical skill and should learn the joy of life free from pain. And now everything had been such a dismal failure. She dreaded to-morrow, with all of its coarse, horrible possibilities. To-morrow! Christmas! The great day of peace on earth. What irony lay in that "peace" for her to-night! What bitter disappointment this failure would bring to them at home! If they knew about the manager—of the ghastly degradation of that last horrible scene with him when he had proposed——But they never should know that—*never!* Then her thoughts flew to some one else. Would he, too, be sarcastic when he heard that all her proud plans had come to this? The world seemed horribly cruel. It was such a bitter struggle for a woman to win her way to any sort of success. How desolate and alone she must feel. Some day would She be grown bitter like Miss Yellow Straps or vulgarly reminiscent like Mrs. Old Trunk? Poor Miss Ambitious Trunk shuddered and felt that the very depths of wretchedness had been reached. Again a little dry sob escaped her, and it penetrated the traveler's slumbers and brought him suddenly to his feet.

* * * * * *

In a dazed sort of a way the traveler looked about him. Sleep was very audibly knitting up the station agent's "raveled sleeve of care," and nearly breaking his neck in the process. One of the lamps had spluttered itself out, but the lantern still burned with sullen persistence. The traveler peered anxiously into the shadowy end of the station house, and, suddenly catching up the lantern, he strode hurriedly toward the distant pile of trunks. With trembling fingers he held the lantern close to Miss Young Ambi-

"My poor darling! I'm going to take you home to-morrow."

"The ladies have all gone to bed, I reckon."

Players in Their Dressing Rooms

PHOTO COPYRIGHTED 1902 BY BYRON.

BLANCHE BATES.

MARY MANNERING.
PHOTO COPYRIGHTED 1902 BY BYRON.

MARGRET ANGLIN.
PHOTO COPYRIGHTED 1902 BY BYRON.

MAY ROBSON.
PHOTO BY BYRON

MAXINE ELLIOTT.
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NAT C. GOODWIN.

JOHN DREW.
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ETHEL BARRYMORE.
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PHOTO BY BYRON.

MRS FISKE.

WILLIAM H. CRANE.

PHOTO BY BYRON

tious Trunk and the yellow, feeble light revealed a white label on which was printed with blue letters:

MARION ARNOLD
COMPANY.
THEATRE.

The station agent was suddenly and most rudely awakened from his slumbers. Something had happened. The traveler must have gone crazy, for he was swearing vigorously and swinging the lantern wildly about. Now he stood before the benumbed agent and stormed him with a volley of rampant questions. What was it all about? Was the train coming or had it run off the track? The agent rubbed his swollen eyes and blinked in stupid amazement.

"For God's sake, man, wake up and tell me where these trunks came from and when they got here!"

The blinking eyes wandered from the traveler's agitated face to the distant pile of trunks.

"Huh? Why, they come in on the last train, and they're goin' on to Newtown. But what in h—— is broke loose with you?"

"Did the people come with them, and where are they?" the traveler demanded, ignoring the resentment in the station agent's tones.

"Trunks don't gen'ly travel alone, do they? They belong to a show troupe."

"But where are they?"

"The troupe?" with a big yawn.

"Yes, the troupe. Damn it, man, can't you wake up?"

"I *am* awake, but I don't see what you're running in all of this sudden scroll work of yours for. The troupe is all over to the New York House, and——"

But the traveler did not wait to hear more. He had banged the station door and was striding through the storm with all the majesty of an Ajax defying the elements. Again he strode into the barroom of the New York House. But this time his quick, dark eyes took in every nook and corner of the place. It was a conglomerated scene, but a particularly festive one to-night. No little isolated groups sat around the poker tables as was the usual custom, but a common interest animated the entire party. The poker tables were turned into foot rests for many pairs of heavy mining boots, the owners of which sat tilted back in their chairs save when they found it necessary to make journeys to the rusty stove for the purpose of depositing a sputtering nicotine waste on the burning coals. Some few clung about the stove and saved the necessity of such journeyings.

Just as the traveler entered there broke loose a burst of lusty mirth that fairly rattled the glassware on the bar. A large young man with bold, black eyes, an abundant shock of classic hair and a very flushed face, stood, one hand thrust into the bosom of a Prince Albert coat, gazing around with a most self-satisfied smile upon the little crowd.

"That's all right, me boy," called out a husky voice that broke into a wheezy cough. The traveler located the voice and discovered that it belonged to a fat, jovial old party who wore a silk hat at a rakish angle—a hat that looked as if it had gained years without discretion. Just then a jocular young fellow, resplendent in plaid clothes and a red necktie, lifted his voice in a coon song with an infectious chorus. Other unsteady, ragged voices joined in the refrain. Glasses clinked and heavy boots stamped the time. It was, in the local vernacular, "a big night." The Christmas celebration had begun and would end only with the limit of physical endurance. The traveler had been accustomed to seeing much of this sort of thing in the wild and reckless life of the mining camps, but to-night it aroused in him an unusual indignation. It was bringing the coarse brutalities too near to his divinity—the one woman for whom all of his chivalrous instincts were impassioned.

He made straight for the bar and spoke in a tone of quick command to the young fellow in charge. His tone induced a critical gaze which only lasted for an instant, however, as it did not take long for the experienced bartender to discover that here was a man with whom it would not pay to trifle, so he answered respectfully:

"The ladies have all gone to bed, I reckon, as there won't be no trains through to-night."

"Go up to Miss Arnold's room and give her this card, and say that I am waiting. Be quick about it. Where is your parlor?"

The man took the card—a most unaccustomed gentility in Westville Junction—with an awed awkwardness, and read slowly,

ROBERT HAMILTON.

In an instant his whole manner changed to servile respect. That name was well known in the mining districts, if the owner's face was not, and it possessed dynamic powers in arousing attention.

* * * * * *

The little parlor seemed smaller than ever with that big man striding impatiently back and forth across its dingy red ingrain carpet.

He had thrown aside his cap and the view of his fine head more forcibly impressed the Ajax suggestion of strength. All his movements showed him to be a man having come into a knowledge of his muscles through much exercise in the open air. But now there had crept into his eyes a softer look as they anxiously watched the open door, labeled in big black letters, "Parlor."

Then, suddenly, an apparition appeared in the doorway—a tall, slight girl with a face framed in an abundance of brown, fluffy hair and a pair of wonderful gray eyes. One of those tense, pregnant pauses followed her appearance. During that pause she and the traveler gazed at each other, then he held out his arms and said very softly,

"Marion!"

The next instant the girl was smothered in the big overcoat, and crying out all her trials on the broad Ajax breast. And what a heavenly relief it was to feel those strong, protecting arms around her:

"When did you come?"

"Early this evening, and I've been sitting like a blooming fool over in that beastly station until—well, I'll tell you some time about a queer thing that happened. One of the boys brought a Newtown paper up to the mine, and this morning I read it and saw——"

She shuddered, and he did not finish the sentence but held her closer to him.

"My poor darling. I'm going to take you home to-morrow."

"But, Robert, the company——"

"The company be hanged! You belong to me, and I'm not going to let you get away again."

* * * * * *

The next day saw more commotion in the New York House. The storm clouds had passed, but the railroad was hopelessly blocked. No trains would be able to get through those great drifts for many hours to come. But the members of the Marion Arnold company had lost all anxiety. Trains were of small consequence to them now. True to their volatile natures, they had joyfully centered every interest in a most unexpected event which was to be celebrated on this Christmas day. That event was a wedding. Afterward there was to be a Christmas tree and a great feast in the ordinarily cheerless dining-room of the New York House. The feast was Marion's suggestion.

"It will give them so much pleasure, dear. I have learned the many heartaches under the tinsel glitter of this theatrical life. Their eccentricities are only as deep as the glitter, for underneath they have a great capacity for love and sympathy."

As Marion lifted her wonderful gray eyes to her lover's face he thought he had never seen anything more beautiful than their expression at that particular moment.

His pulses thrilled as he caught her to him.

"Do as you like, sweetheart. You are all I want. But if it will give you any pleasure to take these folks into our happiness to-day, why, let us have the very best blow-out the town affords."

And they did have that best. The one little store was stripped to embellish the festival. Everything of land or sea that could be canned was a part of the feast. The pile of trunks was transferred, with much difficulty, from the station house to the hotel, and the wonderful toilets furnished talk for many a long day to the few isolated women of Westville Junction.

Mrs. Old Trunk, Miss Yellow Straps, and Miss Brass Nails laughed and wept and hugged Marion delightedly as they helped her to dress. Mr. Important Trunk, resplendent in a dress suit plentifully daubed with grease paint, brought a cherished photograph of himself, taken in a thinking attitude, as a wedding present to "our talented star." Mr. Facetious Trunk spent a large part of his newly paid salary for a white celluloid comb, brush and mirror encased in a box of like material, lined with the bluest of satin and decorated with the pinkest of painted roses with the greenest of leaves. This he presented with many flourishes and his "loving regards" to the bride. So did all the other members of the company bring their tokens of affection and good-will.

The feast was a brilliant one. Mrs. Old Trunk told many times afterward with great impressment that "the champagne flowed like water." The bridegroom had to make a speech which, to be sure, was beautifully sincere but a trifle lacking in the grandiloquent points which the situation warranted. But being a simple non-professional this unappreciation of dramatic opportunity was joyfully forgiven him. Mr. Facetious Trunk sang his very latest coon jingles and wound up with a pathetic mother song, full of "far aways," that brought tears and much applause. Mrs. Old Trunk recited "The Bridge of Sighs" in her biggest, most professional voice, and Mr. Important Trunk gave the nightmare of Richard the Third in a way that threatened the rupture of his—not the craven Richard's—several blood vessels. It was a day to be long remembered. Then in the evening there came the Christmas tree, with its Westville Junction presents, varied and strange some of them, but bestowed with a wealth of good fellowship. Every one got a card on which was pictured in monotonous repetition an old mill with a frozen waterwheel all sprinkled with diamond dust snow. There was much laughing, more singing, more eating, and more champagne.

And in the midst of the festivities some one brought the joyful news that the telegraph wires were in working order again. Then what an extravagant outpouring of telegraphic messages followed this announcement. Back to the invalid mother and the two young sisters, to the lame girl and the child with an ambition for "shiney toes," there flashed loving, if belated, Christmas greetings, and promises of greater happiness to come. For the next train to the East was to carry a disorganized but thoroughly contented company to homes or boarding houses or to the beloved Rialto. At first there had been much disappointment that Mr. Robert Hamilton preferred taking his wife into private life to "backing her show," but that gentleman's fat pocketbook had assuaged all such disappointment.

ARTHUR WING PINERO.

Caricatured for the Anniversary-Christmas MIRROR *by Scotson Clarke.*

It is the hard pressure of degrading poverty that benumbs human sympathy. That removed, the soul, with a greater understanding of life's struggles, asserts itself and spreads its awakened love freely.

That night, in the sanctity of their bridal chamber, Robert Hamilton looked down lovingly into his wife's wonderful eyes and said, in the consciousness of a broader understanding,

"I have resented this theatrical experience for you, dearest, with all the force of my being. But, after all, perhaps it has been for the best."

"I know that it has, dear. It has taken me behind the scenes in the big Drama of Life."

GERTRUDE ANDREWS.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

(*After Kipling.*)

Mea culpa et peccavi!
The blissful nights and days;
Help us put them from us
At the parting of the ways,
Lest we regret,
Lest we regret.

The handclasps and the kisses;
The clinging, close embrace;
Ah! help us to repent them,
Now we see things face to face,
Lest we regret,
Lest we regret.

Mea culpa et peccavi!
Great Allah! hear our cry!
Grant us absolution.
Absolve us 'ere we die,
Lest we regret,
Lest we regret.

ERROLL DUNBAR.

HER CONFESSION.

In the little village of Ondon, on the banks of the slow gliding Loire, there was a certain agitation—as much, that is, as there ever can be in a place where life, too, glides slowly. Père Bonçon was dying, and when I tell you that he had lived among the good people of Ondon for fifty years, and that there was not in all France a priest more dearly beloved by his flock, you will understand why I say little about the sorrow that hung over the village. It clouded the sun, the day being very fine. Such days, you may have noticed, often are.

To the good father's cottage came many men and women, high and humble, renowned and obscure, all grieving deeply and all anxious to show him their hearts, how and they were; "and I assure you that the loving kindness which the father had sown in the furrows of his spiritual field came back to him with rich increase that day.

There was one poor old woman who had walked all the way from the town of Ancônis—a good six miles—every day for a month or more, bringing with her each time some delicacy for the sick priest, which she would leave at the door and then go away without giving her name. Now, however, when late in the afternoon they told her that the father had just received the Last Sacrament, and that the end was very near, she pleaded with tears to be admitted to his presence. Monsieur Romaine, the village doctor, who guarded the door, would have sent her away. "His brother, the Rev. Father Aloysius, from Paris, will be here soon," he said. "No one else must see him." Then he looked at the woman more closely and perceived that once she had been fair, so he let her in. There is such power in beauty—even beauty in ruins.

When she was once out of hearing of those who waited about the entrance the visitor said: "I wish to see him alone. Say that Rose would speak a last word with him."

As soon as the door of the father's room closed behind the old woman she tottered forward and fell upon her knees beside his couch. The delicate hand that lay near her she took between her own coarse, sun-browned hands and stroked it gently.

"Do you know me?" she asked, and, though her hair was as white as Winter, her voice was the voice of a girl.

The father regarded her with startled eyes.

"Know you?" he repeated faintly. "Yes, I know you well. You are Rose Lavigne. You are she I loved in my wild youth."

The woman's face glowed.

"You have not forgotten, in all these years?"

"I have forgotten nothing."

"Then you remember the lane where the poplars grew." She was speaking ever so softly now, and her gaze was turned from the father's face. "You remember the sunset, the path beside the old stone wall, and—the gap we went through—" She hesitated.

"I remember."

"It is about that night that I want to make a confession to you, something I never thought to do; but—I am a woman, and I cannot let you die thinking me—what I made you believe. It was not true what I told you the day after, when you asked me to be your—wife"—she dwelt on the dear word—"that I was a light girl—that you were not the first. I deceived you because I loved you, because my love gave me eyes to see the good that was in you, and I wished you to go away to your studies and devotions—to the holy life before you. You went to Angers, and my happiness then was to hear of your progress—how you won a prize or how the fathers commended you for your piety. When you were ordained I was not far away, and I have been near you ever since. You recollect the year the crops failed and there was a famine? I had saved some money—oh, it was nothing; a few hundred francs—and I sent it to you that you might distribute it among your poor. When I learned that the Church had praised you for your work, and the Holy Father himself had sent you his blessing, it made me very glad."

Ending, she bowed her head, like one who confesses a deadly sin.

"You have done all this for me?"

"Yes, father."

"And you have not married? You have lived alone?"

"No, not quite alone." She murmured broken words in the father's ear. "She has entered the Convent of St. Sulpice . . . . a saint . . . . she does not know."

There was a silence between these two old people, so long sundered and now reunited for a few moments at the branching of the ways.

Then Rose spoke again, timidly:

"Can you absolve me, father?"

In answer to her appeal the poor woman had the happiness of receiving a glance that both absolved and blessed; she even imagined a slight pressure of the hand.

A low window, open to the west, framed a glory of mauve and gold. The heavy scent of garden flowers drifted in. There were shadows in the room. Rose wept.

"Father, is it your hand upon my brow? Oh, I have dreamed of this! Let it rest there, father—Jean! Then I shall know you forgive me—not the priest, but the man I loved!"

A tremor ran through the father's frame. The spirit that had burned as an altar flame was about to ascend to the Source of Light.

Rose began to repeat aloud the prayers for the dying.

There was a knock at the door. The faithful heart, feeling now a colder pressure from the hand that blessed, continued to pray—silently, fervently, gratefully. ROBERT STODART.

MILLS AND CIBBER IN VOLPONE.

In his "Dramatic Miscellanies," Thomas Davies makes note of an interesting fact when he says: "In the year 1731 the elder Mills [in the Fable of Volpone] acted Volpone; Wilkes, Mosca; Colley Cibber, Corvino; Ben Johnson, Corbaccio; Mrs. Horton, Lady Would-be, and Celia by Mrs. Butler. About three years after it was acted to still more advantage, for Quinn excelled Mills in Volpone. In the Mountebank he assumed all the art, trick and voluble impudence of a charlatan. Though W. Mills, who succeeded Wilkes in Mosca, fell below his predecessor, yet his father, who submitted to play Corvino, was superior to C. Cibber in that part. Cibber seemed, I thought, to jest with the character. Mills was in earnest, and had a stronger voice to express passionate and jealous rage than the other."

A FALLACY CONCERNING FOOTLIGHTS.

"THE stage," wrote Burke on one occasion to Malone—"The stage indeed may be considered as the republic of active literature, and its history as the history of that state. The great events of political history, when not combined with the same helps toward the study of the manners and characters of men, must be a study of an inferior nature." How few theatrical historians have taken those golden reflections to heart and realized the dignity and importance of their calling! And what a mass of fiction and error remains to be weeded out of the clumsily compiled records of the past! The difficulties of the task are appalling, for nothing in the world has half as much vitality as a well-established lie. Thus it is that although some of our commonest theatrical truisms are among the hollowest of hollow mockeries, they bid fair to be handed down as gospel to future generations.

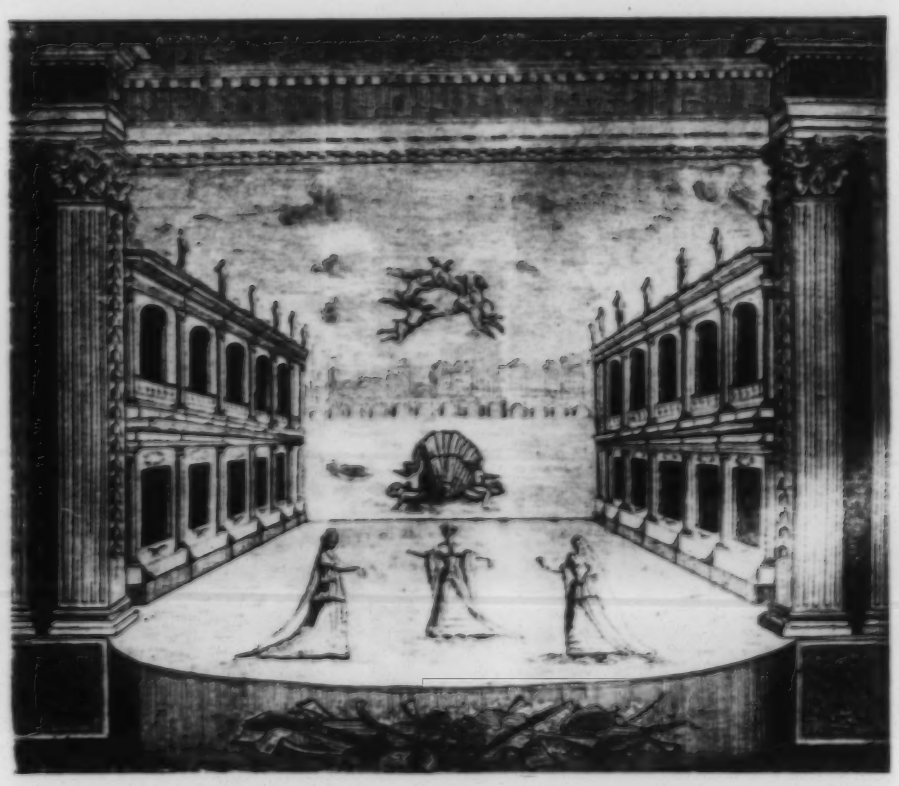
One of the cut and dried axioms of the superficial historian (you will find it repeated *ad nauseam* in all the old theatrical calendars and *Era Almanacks*), runs to the effect that David Garrick was the first to make use of footlights in England, and that the innovation took place at Drury Lane in December, 1765. This is so palpable a fiction that one wonders how it ever came to be entertained. Unmindful of the fact that his predecessors, Davies and Murphy, were rigorously silent regarding this epoch-making event, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in writing his "Life of Garrick" some thirty years ago, must needs perpetuate the fallacy. Wisdom and forethought come with experience, and that, of course, is the reason why Mr. Fitzgerald in issuing a "revised" edition of his book within recent years was careful to leave his original statement untouched. I fear me that this voluminous author must be reckoned among those who have eyes and yet see not. How often during that lapse of years must he not have gazed at that familiar print of the old Red Bull Theatre, now reproduced, and apparently without observing those singularly obtrusive footlights!

Just a word or two as to the date and origin of this valuable engraving. Theatrical historians invariably give an erroneous impression to the student by describing it as the frontispiece to

Mr. Garrick Delivering His Ode at Drury Lane.

Kirkman's Drolls, an edition of *The Wits* published in 1672. As the Red Bull had been demolished shortly after its abandonment by the players in 1663, and as all the London theatres in 1672 were fully provided with scenery, it follows that the plate as issued by Kirkman must have been a simple reproduction from an earlier impression of the pamphlet. We know that *The Wits* had been originally issued by Marsh in 1659, and that Kirkman had not only been an assistant in Marsh's shop, but had ultimately purchased all his stock in trade. Although no copy of the first edition of *The Wits* is now extant, the probabilities are that the plate was issued in connection with it. At any rate, whatever the period of its first publication, this view of the old Red Bull represents the turbulent old playhouse in Clerkenwell as it was when Cox gave his drolls there in 1657, and affords positive evidence of the employment of footlights at least as early as the Protectorate. Of the method of artificial illumination pursued in the "private," roofed-in theatres of the Elizabethan-Stuart period we unhappily know nothing. But as footlights belong in reality to all primitive systems and were utilized in France as early as 1587, I am inclined to think that Shakespeare and Burbage were not unacquainted with their gratefulness. To speak of them as belonging to all primitive systems may seem rather a begging of the question, but it must be remembered that in the earliest roofed-in theatres the only problem of illumination to be solved was the lighting of the actors. There may have been a background or there may not—the scenery simply didn't count. Now it must never be forgotten that the footlights are essentially actors' lights. In that lies the saving grace that has enabled them to withstand the well-directed assaults of reformers like M. Patte, Hubert von Herkomer, and Gordon Craig, and to maintain their pride of place.

Strange to say, if we are utterly in the dark as to the method of lighting employed down to Cromwellian times, we are equally ignorant as to the system followed from the dawn of the Restoration to the reign of Queen Anne. From 1660 for half a century onward pictorial evidence is very scanty and affords little help. Although the fact is often lost sight of by delvers into the past, who thereby fall into many a pit and quagmire, theatrical engravings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries rarely or never present a photographic accuracy of detail. Hence, to make deductions with any safety one can only argue from what they show, not from what they omit. Suppose we take as an apposite example the accompanying view of the stage of the second Drury Lane Theatre on its opening in 1674. This is a reproduction of the frontispiece to Ariadne; or, The Marriage of Bacchus, in which is depicted the scene of the allegorical prologue to the opera.



Scene in the Opera of Ariadne at Drury Lane in 1674.

The negative evidence afforded by this plate is altogether untrustworthy. It says plainly, "No footlights," and on that point we cannot contradict it; but it also says, "No orchestra and no proscenium entering doors," which we know to be absurd.

Britannia Disturbed by French Vagrants.

Guessing on such matters is not without its dangers, but as the scenically equipped theatres of the Restoration insensibly carried forward many of the conventions of the old non-scenic playhouse, I see no reason why the footlights, once utilized, should have been abandoned. There never was a time, perhaps, when "actors' lights" were more essential than during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was a period of semi-darkness, of candle-lighting, of imperfect illumination. In the post-Restoration theatres the stage jutted out far beyond the limits of the proscenium, and the acting took place well to the front. To conceive the absence of footlights is to believe that the players were content to remain in complete shadow.

Why, it might be asked, should the more pretentious puppet shows of the Queen Anne period have been provided with footlights, if they remained unutilized in the regular theatres until the meridian of Garrick? Surely Punch had no mobile features to be illuminated! I am moved to these reflections through having once seen a satirical print of Powell's famous puppet show in 1715, in which the footlights were clearly to be identified. (For a sight of this the curious may be referred to Thornbury's "Old and New London," 1890, Vol. III, p. 246.) The simple truth is that in regard to scenery and lighting Powell's stage reflected the theatrical method of the moment.

By way of further illustration of the harmfulness of taking as valid the negative evidence presented by old theatrical pictures and engravings one may refer to the amazing conclusions of Sir Walter Besant. In discussing Hogarth's painting of The Beggar's Opera in his "London in the Eighteenth Century," Besant writes: "In this picture there are no lights of any kind on the stage, *which must have been lit from the front.* (!) In The Laughing Audience we see part of the orchestra, part of the spiked partition wall separating audience from orchestra, but we do not see the footlights. At the back, however, we see that candles were placed one above the other up the pillars on either side, and that the boxes were lit with occasional candles and candelabra. The effect produced, whether intentionally or not, is that of a somewhat dark theatre." And then, of course, the old fable must crop up. "Garrick in the year 1765," we are told, "introduced the footlights in place of the circular chandeliers which had formerly been suspended over the stage."

It has been argued in similar fashion from the rare broadside called "Fitzgiggo," showing a riot at Covent Garden in 1763 (see our reproduction), that up to that period Rich's Theatre was innocent of all footlights. Happily, one is enabled to controvert this assertion by means of a curious inventory of the contents of Covent Garden, made in 1743 for legal purposes, and now preserved in the British Museum. (Additional MSS., 12,201.) Under the section, "Properties, etc., contained in the cellar," one finds a

Stage of Covent Garden Theatre in 1763.

[illegible] over the stage had been irreparably damaged in the *melee*. These huge pendent lights were viewed as eyesores, and they were generally the first thing upon which an infuriated audience wreaked its vengeance. Out of health and spirits, and disgusted with the boorishness of the mob, Garrick went abroad. During his prolonged absence he took occasion to visit many theatres in France and Italy, with the result that on his return home he decided to abolish the chandeliers and utilize wind and border lights. It was to this alteration that Malone alluded when, writing toward the close of the century, he credited Garrick with having introduced "the present commodious system of lights not visible to the audience." The substitution of footlights for chandeliers would not have provided a sufficiency of light, and, moreover, Malone's description would not apply, as the eighteenth century "float" was anything but invisible. To be convinced of its obtrusiveness, one has only to look at the rare engraving showing Garrick re-delivering at Drury Lane on Sept. 30, 1769, his famous Stratford ode. A valuable pictorial record this, as it clearly indicates the peculiar arrangement of the house with its proscenium entering doors, projecting stage, and ample stage boxes. Although masked from the pit by a long board or reflector, the footlights must have been very apparent to the remainder of the audience. It is necessary, perhaps, to point out that the view depicted is not that of an ordinary theatrical performance, and that owing to the closing in of the stage at the back it was necessary to supplement the "float" by the light of one of the old chandeliers.

In corroboration of Malone, and in further elucidation of his statement, one may pertinently quote from "The Theatres, a Poetical Dissection, by Sir Nicholas Nipclose, Baronet," published in 1782. Apostrophizing Garrick, the pseudonymous author says:

> "Hold, let us own, amidst satyric rage,
> You have improv'd the lighting of the stage."

To which the following footnote is appended: "Taking away the candle rings and lighting from behind—the only advantage we have discovered from Mr. Garrick's tour abroad." This is surely final!

W. J. LAWRENCE.

Dublin.

The Mill Of Creation

by Arthur Stringer

"But is this law?"
"Aye, marry, is't, crowner's quest law."

"A GREAT PLAY! Egad, a great thievery, to my mind!" scoffed Master Thomas Green, of the Red Bull Playhouse, as he strode through the muddy London streets with William Kempe, the comedian, at his side.

The man of comedy shrugged a forbearing shoulder and said nothing. But as a smile crept over the unbetraying gloom of his wistful face a hundred little intersecting lines of laughter pebbled the faded skin.

"Heminge brings me the blessed play," went on the fiery Green, "and all but crams the pages of the sorry bombast down my gullet, and day in and day out talks of your Romeos and your Lucretias and your Richards, till it raises my gorge like beans and buttermilk! But, mark my words, Will Kempe: for all his sugared sonnets and his brave histories and his trumped-up coats-of-arms and his bargaining for old barracks up in Warwick, this same filching clodpate of a Shake-scene will be driving honest comedians off the stage, and giving the Bankside over to the valiant mouthing of love-sickness and the rattle of rapiers — good enough for your nut-eating groundling, egad, but a flash in the pan, sir—a flash in the pan!"

William Kempe laughed lightly, almost with a touch of contempt, seeming to know more than he cared to say.

"Of a truth he is no ardent lover of the unities!" he commented, non-committally.

"Unities, indeed!—with his patchwork of other men's plays and his nimble scrambling after the crumbs of his betters! What with such snappers-up, and with these long-faced Puritans bullying honest actors out of London Town, 'twere better, I say, we were all gentleman joiners and gypsies!"

The other made no comment on this, but wrapt in his own thought parted with his stalwart companion at a nearby corner. Though of the same company, it was plain that they were not of the same kind. And William Kempe was thinking of a promise that had been made to him, of a part that was even then being written into that wondrous new play for him—that play which the knowing ones already whispered of, and waited for, and believed in.

It was a heavy disheartening afternoon of late November. The rain had been falling thinly, but by this time the worst of it had blown over, leaving only a heavy, drizzling fog hanging like a grey blanket on all London—on a young London of romance, of child-hearted bewilderment, of turbulent unrest—a London stirred with the tide of uncomprehended changes, illumined with the glamor of new-found wonders, as yet not half explored.

As William Kempe hurried through the narrow city streets, on his way to the Falcon Tavern, he noticed that neither the well-known Bear Garden nor yet the familiar walls of the New Globe Theatre could be seen through the heavy yellow mist that hung over the Bankside.

The momentarily dismal, unlighted streets were all but deserted. It was only now and then that a muffled cry or two came up from the crowded shipping on the river, where the huddled masts of high-sea adventurers harbored, strangely enough, almost side by side with those concealing walls wherein adventurers equally eager were reaching out into seas even more remote. Yet Elizabethan London could boast of little pavement, and William Kempe found Gravle Lane already deep with mud and water, where, at the foot of Old Paris Garden, the Thames lay wrapt in its impenetrable fog.

When he saw at last the genial lights glimmering from the little square windows of the Falcon he knocked the rain from his sodden cap, gave his wet cloak an impatient shake, and pushed on through the mud and damp with an appeasing sense of relief. For from the Red Bull Playhouse in upper St. John's street to the Bankside was a long tramp, and he had been chafing under his ill-luck, as he felt the dampness even through his thick doublet. He had, in truth, been greatly tempted to drop in at the old Mermaid, not less in popular favor than the Falcon, but he knew well enough, come five o'clock, on such a day the old coterie would crowd out of the smoke and dust and torch glare of the darkened Globe and make through the rain for the neighboring Falcon. There, he knew, they would be found—men of letters and gentlemen of quality all. For William Kempe, actor, harlequin and stage jester, was even fonder of good fellowship than he was of good sack and Canary. He knew that elsewhere he could sit down to just as excellent ale and wine, and enjoy it as well in a dry jerkin—but in some way the old faces and the thought of the familiar old circle served to draw him as a magnet through the muddy London lanes and the darkening little streets.

Kempe enters the tap-room.

As he stepped, moist and dripping, into the firelit, low-ceilinged room the hum of voices and the odor of cider and ale and Canary, mingled with the pungent fumes of the Virginian weed, lit with glowing juniper coals held between a pair of silver tongs and already "drunk" by a few of the more advanced spirits, the companionable warmth and shadows—all seemed a sudden, vague reminiscence to him—a picture that he had looked upon time and time again, long ago and half forgotten.

For there, some clustered about the big fireplace and some back in the duskier corners of the shadowy room, sat almost every man of note in the London theatrical world — the careless, subliminal and yet inevitable flowering of an almost miraculous epoch, which was in itself the flowering of an almost miraculously wakened nation. No unearthly light shone around them, however —no *aureola* irradiated from even the uncomprehended king of them all—only the flickering, warm firelight playing on their crowded, human faces and the moist, thick smell rising from scorching leather and half-dried cloak and doublet. There was good Ben Jonson himself, sulky and silent for the moment, with the honors of Cynthia's Revels still hanging freshly over him, his sack chalice in his fat hand, his great, bulbous forehead wrinkled into a ponderous frown. And beside him John Heminge and Will Sly sat tilted back in their oak seats. And on the big, high-backed settle, with the fire-light aslant their faces, lounged Drayton and Henry Condell, while back from the fire, in the uncertain twilight, sat Lawrence Fletcher and Dick Burbage himself, with Bob Armin and the young actor from the Globe.

The grave-faced young barrister's clerk.

Indeed, as Kempe entered the tap-room the young actor from the Globe, warm with wine, was crying across the table: "Aye, aye, Master Heminge, and you, too, Henry Condell, of a truth shall I remember you both in my will!"

Kempe listened to the words without hearing, for his eyes were fixed studiously on the alert young face of the speaker, already old; on the high, ascetic brow that mocked the full, bearded lips, with their tell-tale, passionate thirst for life; on the lyric, half-eager poise of the body that contradicted the austere, inscrutable wistfulness of the inner unsatisfied and isolated man. And William Kempe, who knew both life and men, saw and partly understood.

Ben Jonson's small eyes glanced sullenly over his sackpot toward the actor from the Globe.

"The young sot!" he muttered, not altogether illnaturedly, to Heminge. "A wondrous pile he will leave in his will, what with his goings-on and his drinkings and his toadying about after our cockfighting Southampton and our roistering young Sir William—the rustic young waster of good ink and ale!"

As Kempe stood drying himself by the fire he saw that the actor from the Globe had overheard the remark. In truth, he seemed to overhear everything. For a moment Kempe caught the young dramatist's eye, and both smiled. They seemed, in some incommunicable way, always to understand each other. Then Will Sly leaned over from the settle and whispered to Kempe:

"He's out of sorts, is Ben! They have been at it again, he and Ben, forsooth, and our dapper Will worsted him. Egad, sir, it was good! 'A lime and hair rhymster,' says Will. 'Deer stealer!' growls Ben. 'Ho, muse of the mortar trough!' cries our Will, 'stand forth!' 'Bah!' growls Ben, 'an' I laid bricks, 'twas more honest labor than the filching of plays!' 'Cynthia,' lisped Will, 'there's lime in my sack!' Zounds, but 'twas good!"

Kempe glanced over at Ben. The author of Cynthia's Revels was busy drowning his chagrin in good sack. Suddenly, in the little narrow hallway to the right a quick scuffling took place. The loungers in the tap-room could hear shouts of laughter, an oath or two, and the little screams of women. Three lusty chambermaids were thrusting a slim young pickpocket out into the street. The indignant youth was making futile struggles as he was hurried relentlessly along the hallway, the three wide-shouldered, deep-bosomed girls taking a laughing delight in the boy's struggles and vicious embraces as they jostled him out. The actor from the Globe slipped into the hallway to take in the little scene.

"He's into everything, is Will!" said Bob Armin, raising his arms above his head and yawning.

While the comedian from the Red Bull stood steaming before the blaze, the actor from the Globe returned to the tap-room and joined him by the fireside. He seemed, to the man of motley, to be pacing an eternal avenue of abstraction, and yet to be alive and responsive to each sound and move around him. So marked was the mellowness and urbanity about the musing eyes that he seemed to be humming through them; yet they were eyes that remained incongruous, defying analysis to the last.

The tapster came around once more with his tray of sack and Canary. The actor from the Globe, his thoughts already on other things, turned away from the laughing drinkers. With a half boyish, half whimsical smile he slipped Ben Jonson's cloak from the settle where it lay, and spreading it out on the oaken seat of the dark-panelled inglenook that stood half in the light and half in darkness, curled carelessly up in his corner. Ben noticed the theft, and growled: "Go to, light-fingered rhymster!"

Without turning his face from the fire the other said, sleepily: "Stick to your sack, old Galleon, and call no player in the Lord Chamberlain's Company a rhymster."

"A pox on your thieving players!" spluttered Ben, with good-natured disgust. "You steal your lines, sirrah, and purloin your bombast plots; and now, forsooth, you have taken to filching your clothing!"

"Ay, ay!" said the other, yawning wearily, with ten hot hours of labor heavy on his eyes. "I am indifferent honest myself—indifferent honest myself!" The phrase seemed to stick in his mind, for he said it over and over again.

Before Ben Jonson had drained his mug the light-hearted player of the Lord Chamberlain's Company had fallen asleep before the fire. Jonson looked down at the slight, spare figure with gruff affection written on his blowzy face.

"He's a wondrous worker, is our ardent Will," said Henry Condell, gazing half-womanishly at the sleeping form, with the firelight glancing on the scant brown hair and the high, pale brow already slightly lined. In the thin hair he could see just a streak or two of grey. "A wondrous worker," he repeated absently, "and many's the hour these last four months I have seen him squatting about the playhouse with his inkhorn, writing at his precious sheets, with head awag, testing his lines on the tiring-room walls, and writing, writing—forever writing!"

"He cannot come into a tavern, egad," broke in Bob Armin, "but what he must start scratching away as if the very itch were in his dirty paper. At the Mermaid I said to him, some two fortnights ago: 'Now, Will,' said I, 'does this mean more sugared sonnets forsooth, or more vile old Adams and villainous new comedies, or, sir, more ungartered histories?' 'Villainous!' said he, catching at the word. 'Ah, God-a-mercy, and some day I shall put good flesh over their bare old bones; and then we'll see, we'll see, my hearty!'"

"Zounds!" broke in Dick Burbage, "I believe of a truth our snoring friend here might grow into a true writer of plays, like a university wit, had he but the head to stick to the rules and the will to go by the book."

"He's a gallant ballad-monger, is Will, and a wondrous fair rhymster, and can tickle our London bucks of to-day with his quips and cranks, and is, maybe, somewhat of an actor, and a good fellow withal; but a writer of your true play—not a bit of it, not a bit of it!"

And the speaker drowned his laughter and his good-natured contempt in his big ale mug.

"He has the wit," protested Drayton, pompously; "but, egad, to my mind that unwholesome hatred of his for the unities is his undoing."

"And, like a drunken landlord, he forever puts Madame Comedy abed with grisly old Sir Tragedy."

"But it seems to me," said Condell, glancing down at the sleeping figure, "that in some way of late he is grown half weary of it all, since he came down from Stratford this last time. Of a truth his heart seems no longer in his acting."

"'Sblood! that's what comes of nosing about the court with your fine Sir William and your swaggering Southampton," growled Ben Jonson, with a knowing nod of his massive head. "A good thing, say I, this same Southampton goes into Ireland with Essex."

"Yet think not," said Burbage, looking up, "that our scribbler here is such a careless fellow."

"How so?" asked the grave-eyed young barrister's clerk, who sat with his law books under three candles on the opposite side of the room.

"How so, Sir Brief? Why, have I not watched him at his great wooden chest of papers up at the Globe, and under lock and key, mind you? But a fortnight ago he sat himself down on that same chest, after the playing of our Titus Andronicus, pulling off his silken hose and trunks. His arms knocked the candle, so, and spilled the hot tallow on his fingers and left us groping at each other's noses in the dark. 'Will,' said I, in jest, for I had noted how fondly his eye was wont to dwell on his box of blessed quill scratchings—'Will, is it your precious pile of dolorous tragedies you are trying to burn to ashes?' How he laughed! 'My precious box!' said he: 'my precious pile of patchings-up and pen-scrapings!' Then he changed of a sudden and caught my arm. 'It is ill-written stuff, I grant you, Dick Burbage, and mayhap not all that they call for here'—with a sweep of his arm toward the pit—'yet 'tis my heart and soul, Dick—my heart and soul! And some day, my hearty, some day—well, well! But think you,' and here his face went solemn-white all of a sudden, 'think you there's danger of fire in this tinder-box of a building?' And then he says to himself, over and over again: 'A sorry mess they'd find 'em! A sorry mess they'd find' em!'"

At this point the actor from the Globe moved uneasily in his sleep. One of the company flung a sodden cap at him, laughingly, and the next moment the sleeper turned his face from the fire and slowly opened his eyes. The red-faced tapster, with his huge metal tray of overflowing pots and mugs, was going the rounds of his guests.

The grave-faced young barrister's clerk on the farther side of the room declined another measure. This brought forth a volley of derisive comment from his lighter-tongued comrades, though none of their jests seemed to disturb his quiet gravity. He should have left the place long since, but that he was waiting for his friends, William Kempe and the player from the Globe. He felt sorrily out of place amid their gaming and their junketing.

He sat there, however, with his Plowden's

A listener.

"Do you know it's a quarter to two?"

BY THE CLOCK.

"But,—for peace,—I was kissed by Georgina."

[*Posed by Carl Eckstrom and Teresa Maxwell. Photos by Tonnelle and Co., N. Y.*]

I STOOD by the side of Georgina
With rapture enthralling my heart,
I was wooed by the smile of Georgina
And so I was loath to depart,—
And she whispered to me, did Georgina,
In a voice that with music rang true,
In the voice of my only Georgina:—
"Do you know it's a quarter to two?"

And the clock by the side of Georgina
Agreed with the lady's remark,
But I heeded not it nor Georgina,
For the room was romantic and dark;—
And I begged for a kiss from Georgina
(And to prove that my statement is true,
It was later recalled by Georgina
That the hour was a quarter to two).

***She denied** my request, did Georgina,*
(A trick that all maidens possess)
***And seemed** to repel, did Georgina,*
But I stuck to it, nevertheless.
She might have been firmer, Georgina,
If the clock hadn't come into view
But,—for peace,—I was kissed by Georgina
At precisely a quarter to two.

This has altered the life of Georgina
And mine, incidentally, too,
And the name that's now worn by Georgina
I pray she may nevermore rue.
Since then, as through life with Georgina
My hopes and my plans I pursue,
I have blessed, and likewise Georgina,
The hour of a quarter to two.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

"But I heeded not it nor Georgina."

Reports on his knee and an untasted pot of ale beside him.

"Ho, ho, Sir Brief-Eater!" cried Drayton, swaying a little unsteadily on the big oak settle. "Reading, my lad; always reading! 'Sblood, you are as bad as our Will here, with his blessed quill scratching. Stop it, friend Littleton, stop it! It leads to no good, and is a lamentable impoverisher of youthful blood."

"Of a truth and it is," said Bob Armin. "There's our ardent Will here—out upon you, ballad-monger, and I thought you were still snoring!"

"But what is it you have in that musty old book of law, Littleton, that so holds you down to it, when there's a young Venus without wanting an advocate, I grant you, and an old Bacchus here demanding a defender."

The young clerk, who nursed an antipathy for Drayton, his questioner, did not answer.

"Out with it, Littleton!" cried Ben Jonson, smiting the table with his fist. "Out with it, so long as it be none of our ardent pit-charmer's piebald histories!"

The stoop-shouldered young scholar looked up and smiled. Then he took a light draught from his pot, glanced uncertainly at the actor from the Globe, and proceeded to explain:

"'Tis sir, the wondrous and astounding case of one Sir James Hale."

"Good; and whither was he haled?"

"The good Sir James, it appears, some fifty years ago ceased to be the son of the Baron of the Exchequer and a Justice of the Common Pleas through becoming, in brief, a suicide. Therefore," added the young clerk, with his quiet smile, "as it is writ in law, sirs, he likewise became a felon. As the book says: 'Whilst walking through divers streets and highways of Cambridge he did wantonly enter a ditch flowing there-through, and himself therein feloniously and voluntarily drowned.'"

"It should have been in good sack!" mumbled Will Sly.

"And the law saith," continued the clerk, "and Master Plowden reports that by such an act he denied himself the right of Christian burial, and also escheated his goods and chattels to the Crown. But later our good Lady Hale causes an action of trespass to be brought against one Petit, who is herein named as a lessee, holding under the Crown, claiming that the dead can do no wrong, and, ergo, that Sir James' aforementioned crime was not a consummate deed until after his decease. 'The death precedes the forfeiture,' it is written here, 'for until the death is fully consummate he is not a felon, for if he had killed another he should not have been a felon until the other had been dead, and for the same reason he cannot be a felon until the death of himself be fully had and consummate.'"

The young clerk paused and looked at the actor from the Globe, as though querying whether or not the other followed him.

"And it seems," he continued, as he put down the book and smiled across the room at the urbane, alert, unsatisfied face in the gloom of the inglenook, "it seems that the sergeants for the Crown in this case—this truly wondrous case—held that the crime lay in the act done and performed in and during the man's lifetime, which crime was the cause of death. For the act consists of three parts, these worthy men argued—the imagination, the resolution, and the perfection. Ergo, the death is a sequel, withal, to the act. Then comes Sir Anthony Brown—rest his learned bones—who delivered himself of the judgment of the court in this fashion: 'Sir James Hale is dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered: By drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hale. And when did he drown himself? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hale, being alive, caused Sir James Hale to die, and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man.' Oh, 'tis rare reading," said the clerk, taking a second draught of his mug, embarrassed at finding himself the centre of so many watching eyes.

"Rare trumpery!" sneered Drayton.

"But look at our Will here!" laughed John Heminge, nudging the bulk of Ben Jonson, now nodding drowsily before the fire. "Look at our Will, here, all ears!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Burbage, "there's something for you, friend Shakespeare, to put in that dolorous Hamlet of yours, which Kempe there so talks about up and down the Bankside."

Kempe glanced over toward the actor from the Globe with a knowing smile. They understood.

"Thanks, Richard Burbage," answered the man in the inglenook; "thanks, and in of a truth it shall go, in some way or another, for stockstill have I been stuck in the mire with it this last three weeks!"

And he laughed gently to himself as he tossed Ben Jonson back his cloak. A dozen good gentlemen, taking their pleasure, watched the alien and uncomprehended spirit in their midst as he went from the room and left them to their sack and Canary.

"'Sblood, there goes our ardent Will to his work once more!" sighed Ben Jonson. Then he yawned and called for a fresh pot of sack.

ARTHUR STRINGER.

GARRICK AT REHEARSAL.

"The frequent rehearsal of this comedy (Every Man in His Humor)," says Thomas Davies in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," "was a convincing proof of Garrick's great anxiety for its public approbation. As no man more perfectly knew the various characters of the drama than himself, his reading a new or revived piece was a matter of instruction, as well as entertainment to the players. He generally seasoned the dry part of the lecture with acute remarks, shrewd applications to the company present, or some gay jokes, which the comedians of the theatre, who survive their old master, will recollect with pleasure.

"As he took infinite pains to inform, he expected an implicit submission to his instructions, a compliance, after all, which could not be expected from men of great professional abilities, such as Yates and Woodward. All that can be expected from genius is to take the outline and observe a few hints toward the coloring of a character; the heightening or finishing must be left to the performer. During the greater part of the rehearsals of Every Man in His Humor, Woodward seemed very attentive to Garrick's ideas of Bobadil. But in his absence one morning he indulged himself in the exhibition of his own intended manner of representation. While the actors were laughing and applauding Woodward, Garrick entered the playhouse, and, unperceived, attended to the transaction of the scene. After waiting some time he swept on the stage, and cried: 'Bravo, Harry! Bravo! Upon my soul, bravo! Why, now, this is—no, no; I can't say this is quite my idea of the thing. Yours is, after all—to be sure, rather—ha!' Woodward, perceiving the manager a little embarrassed, with much seeming modesty, said: 'Sir, I will act the part, if you desire it, exactly according to your notion of it.'

"'No, no; by no means, Harry. D——n it, you have actually clenched the matter. But why, my dear Harry, would not you communicate before?'"

A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR PATRON.

Starting with the initial number of THE MIRROR, *twenty-five years ago, I have advertised my business in and read its every issue. I have watched with interest its growth in circulation, influence and prosperity; have noted the many good works it has initiated and carried to successful completion. In those years the growth of the Drama and its kindred enterprises has been marvelous, but* THE MIRROR *has kept pace with it all. I hope it may have many more quarter centuries of such success.*

Truly yours,

Jony Paster

The Low Comedian: "Ahh! The villians! So they think tragedy is my forte"—
Character: "B-a-a-a-h!!!"
THE OLD TIMER: "They should have seen my performance with Booth!"
THE LEADING LADY: (notice the nose) "I'll show them my New York notices!"
Juvenile: "Gawd! Too old for the part? Rot! A man's as old as he feels."

SHERIDAN'S RIDE AND THE MEN WHO MADE IT FAMOUS.

CEDAR CREEK in the Shenandoah Valley, W. Va., joins the Shenandoah River four miles from Strasburg. Here on Oct. 19, 1864, the confederates under General Early surprised before daybreak and defeated the federals under General Wright. General Philip H. Sheridan was at Winches-

GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

ter, about twenty miles from the field, on his return to his command from a visit to Washington, and hearing of the reverse, rode rapidly to the scene of action. He reformed his corps, and before the close of day had gained a decisive victory. For this success Sheridan was advanced to be a Major-General, the terms of President Lincoln's order being: "For personal gallantry, military skill and just confidence in the patriotism of his troops, displayed by Philip H. Sheridan on the 19th of October at Cedar Run, where, under the blessing of Providence, his routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed Major-General in the United States Army to rank as such from the eighth day of November, 1864."

On March 4, 1869, General Sheridan was promoted to be Lieutenant-General, and on the retirement of General Sherman in 1883 he became General-in-Chief.

It is not my purpose to speak further of the career of General Sheridan. The world knows in his case of "A thousand glorious actions that might claim triumphant laurels and immortal fame."

General Sheridan was born at Albany, N. Y., March 6, 1831, and died at Nonquitt, Mass., August 5, 1888.

Thomas Buchanan Read composed the poem entitled "Sheridan's Ride," on October 31, 1864, and it was read by James E. Murdoch at a testimonial benefit given him (Murdoch) by the ladies of Cincinnati on the evening of that day.

General Sheridan and Mr. Murdoch were warm personal friends, and Mr. Murdoch has frequently ridden the horse the poet immortalized. Mr. Murdoch recited this poem hundreds of times.

The following article on Mr. Read is from the "National Encyclopedia of American Biography," and is used by permission of James T. White and Co.: Thomas Buchanan Read, artist and poet, was born in Chester County, Pa., March 12, 1822. His father was a farmer in reduced circumstances, and the boy's youth was spent in poverty and hardship. He had but little schooling but devoted all his spare moments to reading, of which he was passionately fond. Upon his father's death, in 1839, his mother apprenticed him to a tailor, but he ran away and took service with a cigarmaker in Philadelphia. He soon tired of that humdrum life, and after following many employments, drifted to Cincinnati, O., where he was befriended by the sculptor, S. V. Clevenger. Having gained some rudiments of artistic and general education, he roamed about the country, painting signs, and occasionally portraits and at one time held an engagement with a theatrical troupe at Dayton. He afterward learned to paint in oils and made rapid progress in portrait-painting. He returned to Cincinnati the next year, and attracted the attention of Nicholas Longworth, who recognized his talents and assisted him to open a studio as a portrait painter. He gained some reputation from having painted the portraits of distinguished men, such as Benjamin Harrison. When business was dull he wandered from town to town, painting signs, giving public entertainments, and even returning to cigarmaking when all else failed. Thinking he could find a wider field for his talents, he moved to New York in 1841, but, failing of meeting immediate success, he went the next year to Boston. Here made his first attempts at literary work, publishing in the *Courier* several lyric poems, and contributing some desultory pieces to the periodicals. He moved about in a restless way, painting and writing, but finally, in 1846, settled in Philadelphia, where he published his first volume of poems. The next year he published "Lays and Poems," which was followed by "Female Poets of America." He wrote a prose romance, entitled "The Pilgrim of the Great St. Bernard," which was published serially in a magazine, but was afterward issued in book form. His restless spirit led him to visit Europe in 1850, and again in 1853, with his wife and daughter, where he devoted himself to the study and practice of art in Florence and Rome, where he had his first real opportunities for artistic study. Read had great original talent, and his work is notable in view of his sad lack of early advantages. . . . His most famous poem, which was written for the elocutionist, J. E. Murdoch, was read throughout the country for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. His genius of expression seemed to flow in every direction, and he did some good work also in sculpture, producing a bust of Sheridan which commanded universal admiration. . . . During the Civil War he returned to America and wrote many patriotic songs, which he himself recited to the soldiers in the camp and for their benefit in the North. In 1856 he published "The House by the Sea," which was more dramatic and attracted wide attention. Then appeared "Sylvia," "A Voyage to Ireland," and "A Summer Story," which consisted chiefly of war poems. . . . His last long poem was "The Good Samaritan." Mr. Read divided the later years of his life between Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Rome, but spent the greater portion of his time in the latter city. His earlier poems are the inspiration of foreign song and story, two of the most exquisite of which are "Drifting" and "The Closing Scene." It was upon one of his visits to this country that the artist-poet died. He was stricken down with pneumonia, and after a short illness, died in New York, May 11, 1872.

Thomas Buchanan Read's published poems, the paint on his canvas and the work of his chisel will ever live to perpetuate his memory, but in the case of James Edward Murdoch it is different since, although he wrote various books, notably the ones entitled "Analytical Elocution" (John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, said of this publication: "I have examined with much satisfaction Professor Murdoch's 'Analytical Elocution.' It strikes me that it will be found the best treatise on vocal culture which has been published in the United States. It deserves a place in all our Public Schools), "The Stage," "A Plea for Spoken Language," and made a collection of "Recitations in Prose and Poetry," this was not his life work, it was devoted by him as an actor and elocutionist to giving voice and action to the words of others. For these he received short, passing notices in the papers, and but for the remembrance of those who had seen and heard him, there would be only tradition to tell of what this marvelous performer had done.

Col. T. Allston Brown in his "History of the American Stage" says of him: "He had a clear and remarkably distinct articulation, correct and spirited in his gesture, and a perfect master in the delineation of the passions. Mr. Murdoch was a scholar in his art, with a mind and soul full of the poetry of the world and a voice musically organized and attuned to melody."

James E. Murdoch was born at Philadelphia on June 25, 1811. The following announcement appeared in the *United States Gazette*, Philadelphia, October 12, 1829: "A young gentleman named Murdoch is advertised to make his first appearance to-morrow evening at the Arch Street Theatre, in the character of Frederick, in Kotzebue's drama of Lovers' Vows. We have not heard any of the recitations of the debutant, but have heard others praise him, and that too highly in correct reading and just conception of his part. A fair and full hearing is due, with proper allowance for the novelty of his situation."

This performance was so successful in a professional way that Mr. Murdoch decided to adopt the stage as his life work. I will pass over his years of drudgery and come at once to the time when he opened at The Park Theatre, New York, as Hamlet in 1845, and was so eminently successful that the papers of the day said of him, "At last we have a Hamlet."

Joseph Jefferson says of Mr. Murdoch in his autobiography: "In 1853 I became stage-manager at the Baltimore Museum for Henry C. Jarrett, who frequently made flying trips with his company. On one occasion he produced The School for Scandal at the capital with a cast including James E. Murdoch, Henry Placide, J. W. Wallack, J. M. Dawson, Thomas Placide, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Adams, A. H. Davenport, J. M. Barron, J. B. Howe, Lizzie Weston, Kate Horn, Mary Devlin, Jane German and others. The undoubted hero of the occasion was Murdoch in the character of Charles Surface. As an actor he was not only extremely versatile, but entirely original. . . . I do not remember any actor who excelled him in those parts that he seemed to make especially his own."

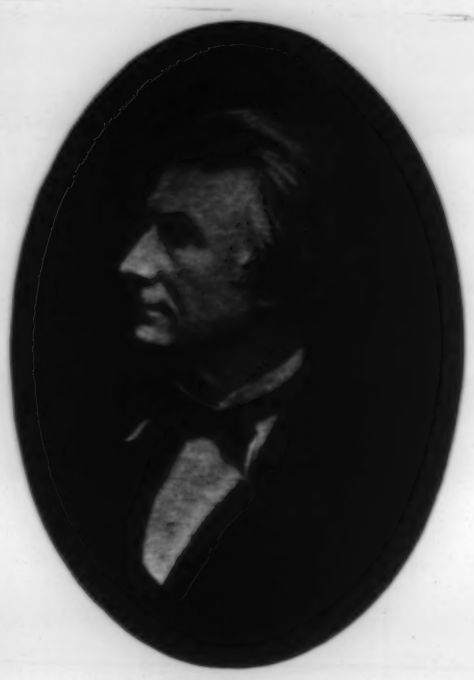
The season of 1853-4 was spent by Mr. Murdoch on the Pacific Coast, and I believe he was the first great dramatic star to visit California. On September 22, 1856 he opened a remarkable engagement in the Theatre Royal, Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., which lasted for one hundred and ten nights and was by far the most successful in an artistic, social and financial way played by an American actor up to that time or for many years thereafter.

MURDOCH AS THE STRANGER.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

On the occasion of the presentation of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's play of Money the author came especially from Edinburgh to see Mr. Murdoch in the part of Alfred Evelyn, and was so pleased that he congratulated him in the warmest terms possible.

It might be in order to mention the fact that



JAMES EDWARD MURDOCH.

Mr. Murdoch was the second one to play in America Claude Melnotte in Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's play of The Lady of Lyons, Edwin Forrest having been the first.

In a recent conversation with Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, who for many years was Librarian of Congress and who is still connected with that institution as Chief Assistant Librarian, in regard to his remembrance of Mr. Murdoch as a club member, he said: "He was resident in Cincinnati for some years between 1850 and 1860, when my slight acquaintance with him was caused by his joining the Literary Club of Cincinnati, of which I was one of the original founders in 1849. He was then, and always, full of a magnanimous enthusiasm, which marked his whole manner and utterance, and was vastly impressive upon all who came in contact with him. His high-bred courtesy, genial companionship, unfailing good humor and ready wit were the life of every company, and did not fail to make him highly popular as a club member."

Having completed his London engagement, Mr. Murdoch opened in Liverpool and was fully as successful as in London, but here, unfortunately, he had a serious sickness which caused him to abandon his tour of Great Britain. Returning from Europe, he opened at Burton's Theatre on September, 1857, as Young Mirabel in The Inconstant.

Mr. Murdoch had in 1861 reached the zenith of his fame, everywhere the people thronged to hear him. On April 21, 1861, he completed one of the most remarkable engagements ever played at the Academy of Music in Milwaukee, Wis. His next engagement was at Pittsburgh, but he canceled, and under an impulse which he could not restrain, he "made a vow not to appear upon the stage as an actor until the fearful strife in which the nation was engaged should cease." He devoted the four years then following to the service of his country, reading for the sick and wounded soldiers, and for the Sanitary Commission, never taking remuneration excepting barely enough to cover actual expenses. During this period he read many times in the House of Representatives and in the Senate Chamber.

The sock and buskin were resumed by Mr. Murdoch on October 25, 1865, at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. This engagement terminated on November 1, he having played for three weeks to the largest "business" ever seen there; it was a continual ovation. His repertoire for this season was a round of his favorite parts—*i.e.*, Rover, Charles Surface, Young Mirabel, Benedick, The Stranger, Hamlet, Alfred Evelyn, and Vapid.

For several years he continued to act, but his health sometimes failed him, and the great demand for his readings induced him to abandon the stage for the rostrum, though he did not take final leave of the stage until May 22, 1889, at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, nearly sixty years from his debut on October 13, 1829.

A BUST OF MURDOCH.

This memorable performance is spoken of by Mrs. John Drew in the autobiographical sketch of her life as follows: "About three years before I gave up management I acted for the testimonial benefit given by the citizens of Philadelphia to their representative actor, Mr. James E. Murdoch. Mrs. D. P. Bowers acted Mrs. Haller in The Stranger, Mr. Murdoch as The Stranger, followed by a three-act version of The School for Scandal, with Mr. Murdoch as Charles Surface and myself as Lady Teazle.

"Mr. Murdoch was in his day one of the most delightful of actors. His Charles Surface, Young Mirabel, Don Felix, Vapid, etc., have never been exceeded in excellence. He was also a very fine Hamlet. I knew him well from 1840 up to the time just mentioned. He was a delightful companion—would talk far into the night upon any congenial subject, the theatre being the most favorite topic. He would recite whole poems, and his vocabulary was of the richest description. I never heard him make use of an oath or a slang word in my life, and in youth he possessed the greatest spirits.

"Though he came on the stage a very young man, in the American company at the Arch, he hadn't a tone of Mr. Forrest, a rare thing in an American actor at that time, all being imitations, more or less consciously, of that great actor. Mr. Murdoch was 'himself alone,' not imitating anybody in the least, though his style was modeled on the Kemble school."

I am enabled through the courtesy of Gebbie and Company to present a portrait of James E. Murdoch as he appeared on that occasion; the portrait is taken in the first scene of the first act, where the Stranger, dismissing Francis at the door of his hut, takes from his pocket a copy of "Zimmerman on Solitude" and begins to study.

Mr. Edwin Booth, who had not acted since the death of President Lincoln, returned to the stage on January 3, 1866, at the Winter Garden Theatre, in New York, when the remarkable season of one hundred consecutive performances of Hamlet occurred. It has been said that Mr. Booth's Hamlet was fashioned after Mr. Murdoch's performance of the part.

I have it from the memoirs of Edgar L. Davenport that he happened to be in New York during this memorable time, and called at the rooms of Frank Chanfrau, who was also playing in the city. In the course of their conversation Mr. Chanfrau spoke of having seen Mr. Booth in Hamlet, and Mr. Davenport asked his opinion of him in the part. Mr. Chanfrau replied: "If James E. Murdoch had never lived Ned Booth would be the finest reader of Shakespeare the world has ever seen, but there it ends; he is not a great actor, but his reading of the text is divine."

Hon. Marcus A. Hanna wrote me from the Senate Chamber of the United States as to his remembrance of Mr. Murdoch. "I have heard James E. Murdoch read and act a number of times, and considered him a past-master in the art of elocution and one of the greatest interpreters of the legitimate drama of his day."

Sir Henry Irving writes from the Lyceum Theatre, London. "I regret very much that my recollections of my friend James Murdoch are really of no biographical interest. I can only say that I knew him as an admirable actor and a very worthy man."

Jean Margaret Davenport Lander, the actress and widow of General F. W. Lander, wrote me, shortly before her death, as follows: "I wish to express my admiration of the last of the delightful comedians of the last century, one of those ranking in his exquisitely courtly manner with Charles Kemble and Charles Matthews, and he, Murdoch, the last. Alas!"

Mr. Murdoch's Young Mirabel, as remembered by Clara Morris in "Life on the Stage": "As he spoke he was an old man, pallid, livid, weary faced, but that same night he was Young Mirabel—in spirit, voice, eye and movement, fluttering through the play, Wine Works Wonders, in his satins and his laces—young to the heart, young with the immortal youth of the true artist."

Photo Vander Weyde, N. Y.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Whose Work has contributed to the Repertoire of the Theatre.

William Winter says of James E. Murdoch in his article on George Farquhar, author of The Inconstant, in "Old Shrines and Ivy": "Mirabel has been played by many dashing light comedians of the last hundred years or more, but upon the American stage the part is inseparably entwined with the name and fame of that glittering comedian of other days James E. Murdoch. The serious side of Mirabel's nature was made earnest and sweet by him, and by establishing a conviction of his inherent manliness and generosity he intensified enjoyment of his superficial insincerity and his manifold pranks."

In a recent letter from Miss H. Kate Murdoch, his favorite niece, she says: "My blessed uncle was my idol, my beau ideal of a perfect man."

I am indebted to his eldest daughter, Miss Ida E. Murdoch, for much that I have here said as to his life. She wrote this to me: "Few men in public life have kept themselves so unspotted; his private life was literally without a flaw."

Mr. Murdoch had a passion for introducing American drama, and spent many thousands of dollars to make these a success, but unfortunately he lived at too early a period in our history and was compelled to return to the "legitimate" comedies of England.

While life shall last his words of advice, his instructions, his quaint sayings "shall live within the book and volume of my brain." Each day he read to me from Shakespeare. Once he was reciting from Hamlet and forgot the line. "This is terrible, Lee; this is like a preacher forgetting the Lord's Prayer." Of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" he said: "It is a monstrosity. Why did Hood write pathos in a 'jingle'?"

It is something to be proud of when one has intimately known the gentleman of whom the "National Cyclopedia of American Biography" says: "He was one of the most finished and scholarly actors of his time, his versatility making him almost as effective in tragedy as in comedy. His Mercutio, Benedick and Claude Melnotte have never been equaled on the American stage."

From the annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the year ending June 30, 1899: "A bust of James E. Murdoch, that distinguished citizen, patriot and actor, was presented to the Library and placed upon a mottled marble pedestal in the center of the main hall. The bust—the work of Ezekiel—pedestal and balustrade of polished brass which surrounds it were the gift of the librarian, A. W. Whelpley, a lifelong and devoted friend of Mr. Murdoch. The ceremonies occured March 11, 1898. An oration was delivered by Rev. David H. Moore, then editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. A poem by the Hon. Wallace Bruce was read by Mrs. Lily Hollingshead James, a granddaughter of Mr. Murdoch. An address was made by the distinguished player, Mr. Francis Wilson. The presentation speech, on behalf of the librarian, was made by Mr. James A. Green. The bust was unveiled by Captain James E. Murdoch. President Robert H. West accepted the gift on behalf of the library trustees, and a formal letter of thanks from the family of Mr. Murdoch to the donor was read by Mr. Herbert Jenney. The letter characterized the bust as a "lasting memorial of one of the truest and most faithful friendships that ever gladdened the heart of man, which will endure while love exists for a beautiful work of art and the story it tells of an unfailing affection."

Mr. Murdoch died from a complication of diseases on May 19, 1893, at 5.30 A.M. at his home on Richmond Road, Cincinnati.

Mr. Murdoch esteemed it one of his greatest honors that he had been made a companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Commandery of Ohio. The committee appointed to prepare a tribute to his memory concludes their memorial: "Companion Murdoch warmly prized his fellowship in this Commandery, and the constant regret of his last years—a regret which was thoroughly reciprocated by his companions—was that growing physical weakness kept him from its periodical gatherings, to which to the end he sent constant messages of patriotism. He died at his home upon the Reading Road in the serene trust of an upright mind and attended by

"That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

At the request of Mr. Murdoch there was no useless expenditure for flowers, but the glorious stars and stripes, which he so much loved, draped the receptacle in which he was to repose.

"And he lay like a soldier taking his rest,"
"With the American flag around him."

EDWIN A. LEE.

THE FORTUNE PLAYHOUSE IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

IN old London—the London of Queen Elizabeth—the feeblest imagination can roam with unceasing delight. Time with a kindly hand has worn away the rougher edges of those crude days and turned the age, with all its imperfections, into a realm of fancy. The narrow, crooked streets, the quaint houses with homely fronts and lozenged windows, the huge oxcarts rumbling over fashionable thoroughfares—all these afford a taste of delightful antiquity.

But to see the old city in its holiday mood, when all is uproar, when everybody, from the Queen's page to the corpulent councilman, is abroad in gala attire and ready to squander his last shilling, it is necessary to visit London on a theatre day and catch the ancient Londoner in a humor for being amused. On such festive occasions he becomes suddenly a wave in a devouring stream of people, a bubble in a millrace. A crowd of excited Spaniards on their way to a bullfight is not more stormy than were the enthusiastic throngs which flocked to a good show at the Fortune in the reign of Elizabeth.

The Fortune Playhouse, like most of the popular theatres of that time, was a wooden structure, by no means elaborate, but capacious, and that quite satisfied the average Englishman. A flag, gaily flaunting from the roof, was the means of attracting in an incredibly short time vast crowds of every age and condition. So scandalized was a certain clergyman of the period that he essayed to save his people from perdition with these words, little knowing what their value would be as history: "Those flags of defiance against God, and trumpets that are blown to gather together such company, will sooner fill those places than the preaching of the Holy Word of God." Over the main entrance there shone, in resplendent letters, also the sign of the theatre. Through this ingress poured the vulgar, separate doors being reserved to admit to their boxes persons of rank or estimation. As there was at the main entrance only one doorkeeper, such a turmoil arose that finally a royal ordinance was published to abate the nuisance and to remove temptation from those who were inclined to slip in without paying the stipulated fee. The author of "If it be not good, the Devil is in it," finishes his dedication by wishing his friends and fellows "a full audience and one honest doorkeeper"—a sentence which speaks more forcibly than a page of description.

The disorder by no means ended at the door, but within it was of a more entertaining kind. In the two-penny galleries sat a promiscuous mob "glewed together by streams of strong breath." Here those who were ironically called gentlemen could indulge in their knaveries to their hearts' content. In the pit below and in the surrounding boxes were the staid and dignified, estimable persons like Sir Roger de Coverley, who went simply to see the play.

Places next the stage were in especial demand, not merely because of their nearness to the actors, but also because tinker or tanner—provided he paid his twelve pence—could hobnob and feel hail-fellow-well-met with the biggest lord in London. As we may glean from the following lines, wits and gallants were wont to flatter the public by sitting in the most conspicuous positions:

"When young Rogero goes to see the play
His pleasure is you place him on the stage,
The better to demonstrate his array
And how he sits, attended by his page."

That young Rogero smoked is also certain. In fact, everybody smoked before the play began, and, if history is not incorrect, the whole audience regaled itself with nuts and apples, and endeavored to slake the thirst of Summer by quaffing plenteous quantities of good old English ale. While the spectators were thus enjoying themselves a diminutive band of musicians discoursed music from viols, recorders, lutes, hautboys, and a few other instruments: but it is highly probable that the audience liked their apples and tobacco better than the feeble strains of an Elizabethan orchestra.

As to the stage settings—if a modern carpenter could have been present to see the way in which Macbeth's witches vanished through a large hole in the stage floor, or a sign put up bearing the legend "Ye Castle Moat," he would have been edified. At the rear of the stage, eight feet or so above the ground, was a balcony, representing, according to requirement, anything from the abode of Almighty Jove to the back wall of a country tavern. The roof over the stage was tinted a delicate blue, and designated—principally because custom said so—the heavens. The looker-on had to rely on his imagination for the effects which are now produced by the shifting of painted scenery.

"The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
The martlet, guest of Summer, chose her nest;
The forest walks of Arden's fairy domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein;
No pencil's aid as yet had dar'd supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye."

Though the scenery was so crude, compensation was made in the costumes, which were often costly and magnificent. As in the theatres of the ancients, no woman appeared upon the stage, but their parts were taken by boys so dressed as to make a clever deception. That this was entirely rational becomes evident when one stops to consider the surroundings of the stage.

As the play progressed, a clown, clothed in fantastic garb, broke forth in sallies of wit and extemporaneous buffoonery. The play closed with a jig—a doggerel poem, which the clown sang as he danced about to the tune of the tabor. To crown all—to proffer a repast which would satisfy every side of the patriotic Englishman—the actors, one and all, fell on their knees and offered a prayer for Her Majesty.

Such was the general character of the stage in the age of Elizabeth—a time when men seemed to join with natural coarseness a dramatic beauty which has remained unsurpassed. Modern days have developed wonderfully the art of realistic representation, but the modern stage, with all its beauty of scenic effects, seems to be without that genius which inspired the poetical drama of the days when people flocked to "The Fortune."

R. T. HOLBROOK.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM'S FAMOUS STOCK COMPANY.

IT was on the crest of a great tidal wave of the theatrical sea that I entered the society of one of the most famous, if not the most eminent, of theatrical organizations in the history of the American stage, the Boston Museum Stock company of 1871-'72; an organization that to-day would be a company of stars of the first magnitude, but which, at that period of fine stock companies, lifted its head above several others only enough to be acknowledged as the highest peak of the mountain chain.

Contemporary with that organization at its highest were such stars as Booth, McCullough, Forrest, Cushman, Jefferson, Owens, Florence, Lotta, Barney Williams, Barrett, Mrs. Bowers, Davenport, Boucicault, Fechter, Hackett, Chanfrau, J. S. Clarke, Maggie Mitchell, Sothern and others, only three of whom are living to-day.

It was the custom at that time to open with a season of the old comedies, and close the series with an elaborate production of some one of them. These special productions, notable as they were then, would look about "like thirty cents" compared with the present day standard, from a scenic standpoint—but then, the acting!

The second week of the season of 1871 witnessed the special production of Wild Oats—and to diverge a little, what a part is Rover for some modern romantic actor!—in which I made my debut as Twitch, a bailiff.

I was young, I was small, a pigmy among giants, intellectually and physically, and as I timidly sneaked into that ever dear old green-room and found myself among such brilliant luminaries as William Warren, Charles Barron, Frank Hardenburgh, R. F. McClannin, Annie Clarke, Mrs. Vincent, Jimmy Ring, Smithy, etc., it is needless to say that I was awed.

I had been in front many a time and oft, in previous seasons, and admired the art of these great ones, and here I was among them!

At that time the stage and auditorium were one story higher than they have been for many years past, and the green-room was a sort of triangular space in the proscenium. It had—ah! I can see it so well!—two long benches, one on each of two sides of the triangle, and these were plainly upholstered in green leather.

At the right, on entering, was the cast case, about two feet long and fourteen inches high, with a glass front. This case I have seen as full as it could be of casts written on small billet paper for a single week's bill.

When John McCullough came he played two or three weeks of the heaviest productions, with eight performances a week, and only two repetitions. The cast case, it will be seen, was of interest in those days.

Opposite the entrance was the clock, and beneath it the call board. Speaking of the call, I remember Jimmy Ring, who lived over on the back side of Beacon Hill, sending a little girl, Blanche, now a well-known actress, over to Miss Parker's one morning to ask what the call was. Not understanding the little tot aright, she said. "The gall? The gall is a little green bitter sack connected with the liver," which information little Blanche took to her grandfather, much to his amusement.

Near the call board was a plain wooden bracket, painted white, upon which reposed an ancient and highly respected dictionary. The fingers that in times past have turned those leaves! The arguments that book has settled! Like some great judge it rested there above the heads of most, but level with the greatest.

Over this highly respected authority gazed in solemn dignity a fine portrait of W. H. Sedley Smith, the first manager of the house. I believe it always hung there, until the final catastrophe—the catastrophe of commercialism that respects nothing, and suffers no sentiment to bar its way.

At the prompt entrance, close to the green-room door, stood—who, think you? A tall, slim figure in a long linen duster, with a well-marked prompt book in his hand—Jim Pitman, the Poo Bah of the old Museum. Bless his dear old soul, he was the busiest man, ever! He held the book, copied the manuscripts, made the prompt books, captained the supers, watched every move, and saw that every property was in its proper place. He is still active and invaluable.

Many a time have I listened to the jokes and badinage of those grand representatives of the drama's best days, and watched "Pit." at the door, with one ear for the stage and the other for the green-room. I recall one of those occasions, later, when Frank Cotter was on in a front scene, in which Ring was concerned, but Ring was telling stories in the green-room when Cotter walked off and dragged him upon the stage.

There were several occasions on which I experienced the value of Mr. Warren's kindly instruction. Once in Masks and Faces, in which he played poor old Triplet and I the callboy, when after a performance or two he quietly and gently admonished me not to show him the slightest deference in the part, but to be insulting in my manner, and remember that I was talking to a poor old nuisance, and not to the actor. Alas! he was so supreme'y great it was difficult to do.

Again, in The Streets of New York, he played Puffy and I the Newsboy, in one scene of which I was obliged to run against him. This, I fear, I did a little gently at first, until he insisted that I run into him with more vigor, which I afterward did, but with compunctions.

Annie Clarke, that lovable and gentle soul, who always had a smile or a kindly word; always the lady, revered by every one who knew her: a charming actress, brilliant and capable. Never a word of complaint or objection was heard from her, no matter what befell.

Charley Barron, one of the best of versatile actors I ever saw—I may say the best, for where, then, now or at any time, could or can an actor be named so excellent a Charles Surface, Richelieu, Hugh de Brass, Jean Renaud, Del Franchi, Ruy Blas, Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach, Rover, Young Marlow, Salem Scudder, Charles Cashmore, Richard III, Shylock, Macbeth, Bill Sykes, Shaun the Post, Danny Mann, and scores of other parts? Of that season's aggregation of great artists, he alone of the great remains.

Frank Hardenbergh, a character actor of heroic mould. Who that ever saw him play Myles McKenna or Old Orlick can forget them? Gone.

"Bob" McClannin. What an actor of the old men of the comedies! His Sir Oliver Surface was a classic, likewise his Sir Anthony Absolute, Old Dornton, Hardcastle, and in the whole line of the standard drama he was peerless.

Let me not forget "Smithy," an actor of a school long since passed away, and who was the last of the Sir Benjamin Backbites, the other dandies of the comedies and Morton farces, and of Jerome Splendid Silk; although in this latter part I had the honor of appearing many times after Smithy's retirement, I fear I merely "rattled around" after him.

Mrs. Vincent, so many years supreme in her position as the "old woman" *par excellence*. To name the characters in which she was great would take altogether too much time. At that period—1871—the old Museum still adhered to the rule of no Saturday night performances, and it was not until that season was well on that the innovation was made, and thereafter for several years one-seventh extra salary was paid each one who participated in that performance.

On July 4 a performance was given every two hours, and everybody put into the bill if possible, even without a line, and sometimes a week's salary was paid for that one day.

Before the Saturday evening performance came in, which started with Elfie, Nate Salsbury frequently took a small company of actors to Braintree or South Weymouth, where the rent was about five dollars, and where, with a few people like Jim Burrows, who became "Sterling Coyne," Barney Nolan, Jim Pitman, Jimmy Norris, Nellie Downing, Miss Parker, Hen. Wilson and myself, we gave a barnstormer's performance to the accompaniment of a parlor organ.

Salsbury himself figured as Le Roy Montague and spread himself in a leading heavy part, blacked up, did a banjo turn, and managed the enterprise!

This seems like prophecy, but it is a fact, that on one occasion when I was Nate's room-mate I was awakened by his talking in his sleep, and this was what he said: "Barnum, who's Barnum? Three tent poles. I'll have six!" This was years before he ever saw or heard of Buffalo Bill. Gone.

Another favorite outing of nearly the whole company was to Mystic Pond, where we were then permitted to fish and lunch. There Hardy and Burrows, "Pit.," Ring, Nolan, Charley Barron, John Blaisdell and the rest held high carnival. Royal times. The man who was "high line" was the king. It was an exclusive set.

Later on Charley Stevenson and Harry Crisp were favorite members, also that prince of fine actors, Le Moyne.

Stevenson was my dressing-room mate, a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care good fellow.

Le Moyne, Barron, Burrows, Stevenson, Pitman, Cotter still walk the earth. Long may they do so!

Sam Reed, still existent and well-known, was one of my first room-mates. Gardiner another, Hen. Wilson and Lucas.

Wilson went West and died. All the others still live, I think, but little known to fame, unless I except Sam Reed, known as an excellent actor and all-round good fellow.

Standish was another, nicknamed "Nickelplate," long since numbered with those gone before.

Pretty Rose Temple, too, whose sweet character and shapely limbs, when clad in the necessary tights of a page, were the admiration of all. Which? Yes, both.

Tom Graham was the stage manager that year, but in 1872 Fred Williams took the reins with a much firmer hand.

Haworth, Cotter, and George Wilson came a little later, also Mary Cary, but when I recall the forms and faces of that memorable season of 1871 and '72, and see, as Macbeth did, the long line of spectral visions pass before the mind that conjured them, it includes old friends and associates that far outnumber those who walk the earth in solid form to-day. The few who are left are waiting for the last act; but who—yes, who?—will speak the tag?

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

THE COURTING OF MRS SIDDONS.

Thomas Campbell in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons" tells of her attachment to Mr. Siddons in an interesting manner. Speaking of Mrs. Siddons, then Miss Kemble, he says:

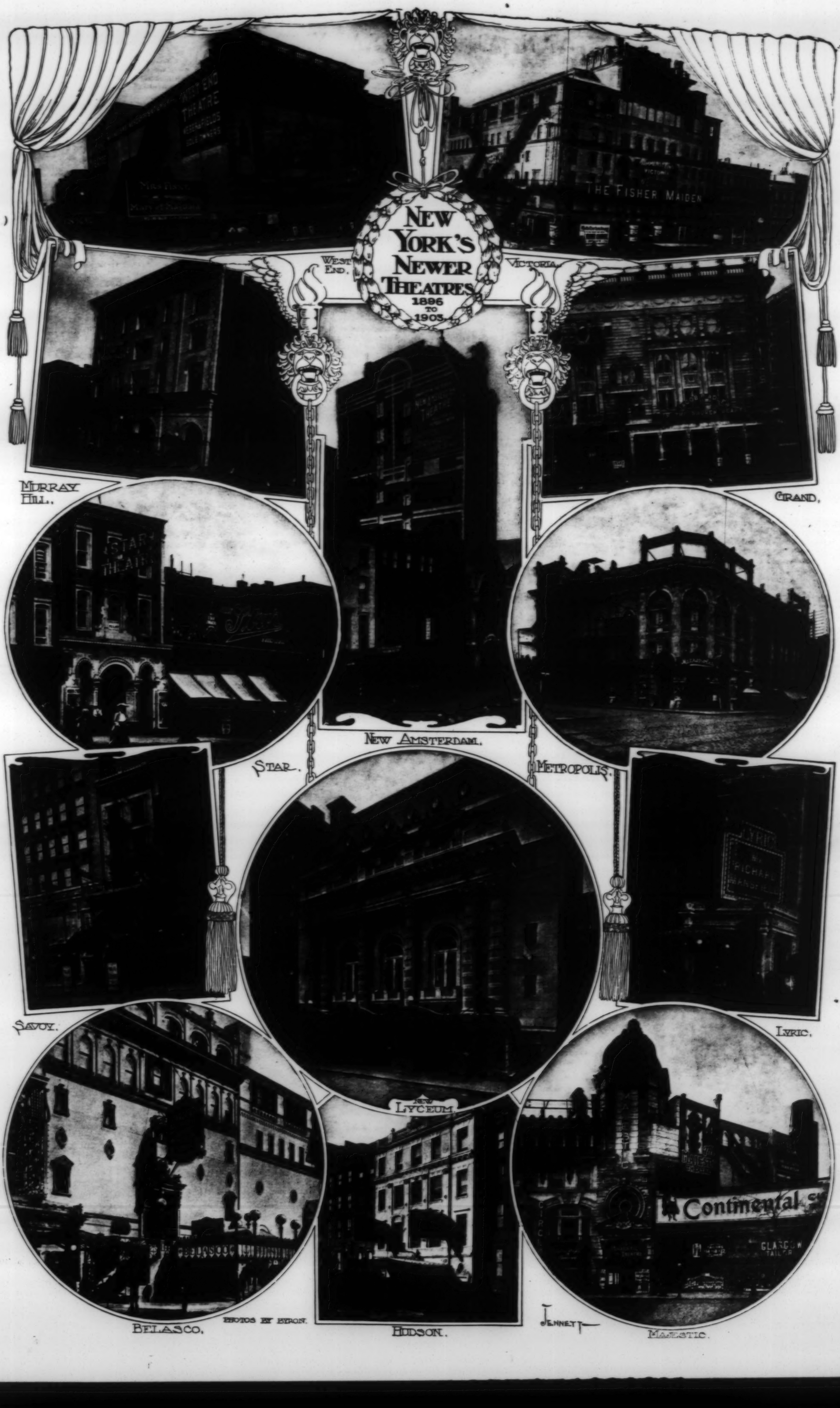
"When she was about seventeen Mr. Siddons, who was still an actor in her father's company, paid his first attentions to her, and it was soon perceived that they were acceptable. Mr. Siddons had been bred to business in Birmingham, but being handsome and active, and not without versatile talents for the stage, as his range of characters extended from Hamlet to Harlequin, he acquired provincial popularity as an actor. The people of Brecon even took an interest in his attachment to Miss Kemble, especially at one period, when he thought himself threatened with a disappointment. At this crisis Mr. Siddons made a public statement of his case, which, though it flowed in rhyme, might possibly contain more rhyme than reason. He alleged that, though he had been accepted by Miss Kemble with the approbation of her parents, they had suddenly forbidden his pretensions, on the prospect of a wealthy neighboring squire being about to solicit her hand, and that the young lady herself had acquiesced in their decision. The object of Mr. Siddons' terrors and jealousy was a Mr. Evans, of Pennant, a gentleman who, at that time, had an estate near Brecon, though he lived to consume it, and died an insolvent bachelor. It is still remembered by some survivors at Brecon that this Mr. Evans was rumored to have fallen in love with Miss Kemble on hearing her sing an opera song, "Sweet Robin," with peculiarly fascinating effect, and people expected that he would ask her in marriage. On the instability of Miss Kemble's affection, however, there is not the slightest proof beyond the word of a jealous lover, and though Mr. and Mrs. Kemble might well grudge their lovely daughter to a fellow stroller, we are not to take Mr. Siddons' song as evidence of their culpability. Mr. Siddons proposed to his beloved an immediate elopement, who, tempering amatory with filial duty, declined the proposal. The impatient lover then became so impetuous in his language to her parents that he received his dismissal, for the time being, from Mr. Kemble's company as an actor. He was allowed, however, to have a benefit, and the people of Brecon gave him a bumper house. The applauses were still resounding after his last bow, when Colin, retiring into the green-room, was met by the stately mother of Miss Kemble, who was fully prepared to avenge the honor of the family, and crowned Mr. Siddons' benefit by boxing his ears very heartily. How the feud was healed I know not, but the event proved that Mr. Siddons was cured of his jealousy. Miss Kemble promised to marry him as soon as her father and mother's objections could be overcome."

MARY ANDERSON AND MR. GLADSTONE.

Mary Anderson in her book, "A Few Memories," tells of her first meeting with Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister of Great Britain.

"As he came across the room with his hands stretched out in greeting," she says, "I could not believe that the fine countenance and magnificent eyes were the same I had seen in the numerous photographs and portraits of the eminent statesman. At breakfast I had the pleasure of sitting between him and the late Lord Granville. Mr. Gladstone was speaking amusingly of toys of to-day, when, to the horror of all, a loud explosion was heard which seemed to be in the house. Mr. Gladstone was the only one of the party who did not show the slightest sign of fear, and went to the scene of the explosion at once. We soon learned that an attempt had been made to blow up the Admiralty near by. On his return Mr. Gladstone, after expressing indignation at the cowardice of such proceedings, said nothing further on the subject. A few moments later he was helping me with my wrap, which he put on upside down, making amusing remarks about ladies' cloaks in general and mine in particular."

NEW YORK'S NEWER THEATRES
1896 TO 1903



AN ANNIVERSARY.

IT was a dark corner of an old second-hand shop. The dust had settled in little silvery clouds and the spiders, stealthily, secretly, had woven here and there threads frail as the thoughts of a poet. The room was long and low and in the distant nook the worn gown, the one-time pride of many wearers, now in rags and tatters, hung unobserved, forgotten, as the stars it had once adorned.

In the front of the shop were smart costumes, the discarded elegance of demi-mondaines, the cast off finery of worldlings, sold secretly that they might flaunt in the open, *chic* models and garments with the gilt lettered marks of famous

Out of a Paris Shop.

couturiers. No wonder that the attendants never penetrated farther than this magnificence kept free from dust, moths and the general air of desolation which was permitted to settle about the far corners, as one avoids a street which has fallen from its high estate into decay and nothingness.

One day a window was opened near it, and the fresh air coming in thrilled the old garment with sudden life, as a corpse might sigh itself back into existence and then return to its earth slumbers.

Next to it hung a brown dress of plain woolen. It was a dress which one would assert had never gathered a history of its own. It was quite evident that no hand had ever lovingly touched its folds, that no kiss had been imprinted on its undulent texture. It was one of those who would go through life living in the reflection of others' woes and joys, one who would love only through listening.

"You must have been beautiful," it said softly, as the brocade brushed against it and a faint scent of faded sweetness floated its way.

The old costume had been long silent. Its voice was husky as it answered simply, "I was."

The brown dress had been a *confidante* of many. It knew how to unlock the door of reserve.

"Tell me," it whispered softly.

"There is so much to tell, and so little," was the response. "There were mad, sad days. When one comes to the end—the hospital or the second-hand shop—one remembers only that one was happy or that one was sorrowful, but the thoughts interlace like these spider webs, and it is difficult to disentangle them; when one attempts it there is nothing, less than nothing, a thread that the sunbeam catches for a moment, a thread that one cannot grasp for the shadows."

The hearer was persistent.

"You were born—?"

"Yes, yes. I was born—under her dainty fingers, livened by her breath. I remember nothing before that. I awoke in a Paris shop. She was smoothing me, holding me to the light, cherishing me with caresses soft as the touch of the first violet when it slips from its bed. She loved me then; she loved me to the end. It was not her fault of misfortune—"

"She was—"

"Ah, the firmament is large and there are many stars; yet a few shine whose light pales the rest into insignificance. She was one of the few. The greatest artiste, the most beautiful woman of her day—you would know her name, but why tell it; she is dead now.

"I was exquisite as the first dream of a child," she said. "Yes, those were her very words, and she was beautiful as the rose that springs from the grave of passion. She was a gorgeous, exotic creature, a queen in her life as she was a queen on the stage. How she was fêted and flattered! Yet in the midst of her triumphs, in the moments when she would return again and again for her recalls, when she could scarcely make way for the flowers, when she faced audiences wild with delight at her beauty, her grace and her charm, she would turn aside in a dark corner of the wings to brush the lace of my sleeve with her lips where he had touched it.

"For of course there was one, and the others with their titles and wealth were nothing. And he did not love her but for a day—as a butterfly is loved.

"Then there were wild hours when she tried to forget. If it were not so dark I could show you the wine stains that were spilled on me and the rents in my lace made by the huge diamonds pinned there by royalty.

"She would not part with me; other dresses had their brief days of triumph, came and went, and I remained. I was a part of her real life—of the few happy hours she had ever known.

"Then one day the door of her wardrobe was locked and for long months I hung there dreaming, sorrowing, wondering.

"There were whispers sometimes outside the door, and I learned that she had been ill; that she was poor, suffering, forgotten, and I could do nothing. That is the misfortune of insensate things—we can add to the joy but we cannot subtract from the sorrow.

"They said I was to be sold—with the rest. It is well that she did not know; she would have fretted, as I did.

"I was taken to an auction room with all the costly stage properties she had gathered in her triumphal tours, the gifts that had been thrown at her feet, the curios picked up in Old World niches, wonderful draperies, pictures, bronzes, jewels, fans, slippers—the paraphernalia of a successful star fallen upon evil days. I was only a unit among a number of lovely things—no one knew or cared how closely our life threads had been interwoven.

Sold to Buy a Wedding Ring.

One day some one lifted me gently and I heard a sweet voice say,

"'Poor Estelle! To think that she, so full of life, has gone and this remains. I must buy it for her sake.'

"'But you cannot use it,' her companion urged.

"'It will do when I go on the road; it is a little worn and out of style, but it will do for that.'

"So I went on the road. My new owner was with a stock company, and we traveled by one-night stands across the continent.

"Oh, the queer people and the queer adventures! There were lawless mining camps and the crude magnificence of mushroom cities; there were tired days and artificial nights and the wild gayety of those who live from hour to hour, for whom there is no past and no future. Finally, we were stranded, without money or hope. One by one they drifted apart and away; two were left together—Juliet and her Romeo

"I think sometimes," said the old brocade, "that gowns, like people, have about them an invisible atmosphere. I have always been loved—till now. He never touched me without a thrill of tenderness, and she adored me—as the other had done.

"They had lost everything by wrecks, by fires and debts. I was the one thing of value they kept, and I was sold at last—to buy a wedding ring.

"For weeks I hung in a miner's shack. There is a bullet hole in my folds," and the costume rustled toward its companion; "it was given at a card game, and the man died. 'It's a pity to hurt the frock,' said one of the gamblers—that was all; and the game went on.

"At length, after weary weeks, came a strolling company, and the miner gave a nugget of gold with me to the star. They played a week, and there was a change of bill every night—what a repertoire! Desdemona, Lady Teazle, Leah, the Forsaken, Annette, the Dancing Girl, Lady Macbeth, The Broken Heart, and on Sunday Little Eva. I appeared in every play; no one cared there for dramatic unity. Those who live hard and die quick don't stop to study detail.

"But never in my palmiest days have I seen such enthusiasm. I really felt young again—fresh from the loom. If I could make you see, make you feel it—as I did."

The brown dress sighed in sympathy and the costume continued,

"The stock company went on but the leading lady remained—with the miner. I stayed with her, and sometimes in the evening she would wear me and recite scenes from her plays while her audience—a band of rough men and rougher women, listened and applauded.

"One night there was a quarrel, and curses. She disappeared with me.

"We went back to the road, and little by little retraced our steps to the East. She could get only a third-rate part, but she said that she would rather weep in New York than laugh anywhere else. There was much of the gypsy, much of the Bohemian, in her, but she was a gypsy of the pavements, not of the open, a Bohemian of the city, not of the fields. She loved success, and the subordinate part fretted her and she would try to forget it when at night, after the play, in the tiny hall bedroom she would talk to me of the lawless times in the mining camp, of the long rides across the plains, of the moonlight in the valleys, but always she would end by describing her triumphs that were to be.

"And they came. A manager listened to her at length and gave her the opportunity she craved. The centre of stage was ours once more, for she was faithful to me in the days of her prosperity as she had been in adversity. I was furbished, freshened and made into a *toilette à la mode*.

"She had her brief season of joy as a popular favorite, and then, in the warp and woof of stage life, the dark thread came to the surface again. See, there is a stain here; it is not wine. One night she broke a blood vessel, and——

"She wanted to be buried in me, but they said no, that I could be sold to pay her debts.

"Again I was sold, and again I was thought worthy of preservation, for it is the good stock that tells after all, is it not? Neither years, hardships nor misfortune had spoiled the firmness of my texture. I was faded a little, but it was a graceful fading, a yielding gently to an old age which is always kind when one does not struggle against it. The gold and silver threads did not always shine and the roses in the brocade were not so bright, but I was beautiful still—for beauty is immortal.

"I came in again with a new fashion, a revival of the old, as all new fashions are. The heavy brocades were indispensable to the stage beauty as well as society. The chorus wore them, and in their freshness and youth they seemed like the figures of Watteau set in the heavy frames of the Charles I period.

"I led the chorus with Fanny, and the stately minuet was the talk of the town.

"Fanny was a will-o'-the-wisp, a humming bird, a night moth flying ever toward the mimic sun that it thinks real. She was a true artist, too. Never did she care that she was not the leading lady; to her it was enough that she was a part of a beautiful *mise en scene*. To dance the minuet, to hear the orchestra, to see the color flash and gleam and fade was joy enough. She knew neither ambition nor unrest. She felt no germ of greatness struggling toward the focus. She neither besieged manager nor wearied friends for place.

"I felt young again when she danced, and when the soft colored lights fell upon me the roses answered and the tarnished threads of gold and silver glittered with a new purpose.

"Such is the power of pure enthusiasm untainted by thought of self!

"She married—a young boy who made as much in a week as she in a night, and she left the stage without regret. She had found something more wonderful than its artificial lights, its mock scenes, its company of Pierrots and Pierrettes. She had found the perfect beauty her artistic little soul was ever craving—in love.

"They went to live in a tiny flat far off in the undiscovered country where those who "drop out" may be found—if one cares to look.

"I was exchanged for a silver teapot and six silver-plated spoons, the capital with which they began housekeeping.

"Dear little Fanny. I owe her the one pure note of comedy in my restless, changing existence.

"Then? There is little more. I became a supernumerary. I walked on in a supper scene and walked out again. I——"

The voice of a would-be buyer penetrated into the far corner.

"It is for an anniversary dinner, and I want something—not too new, something that looks as if it had a history. It is the theatre's golden wedding, you know."

"You will find nothing in that corner," said the attendant contemptuously, as she closed the

The Property of a Chorus Girl.

window. "They have had their day; to-morrow they go to the dust heap."

To-morrow! There was time but for one more dream.

And the dream was this.

In the weird, mystical duplication of things and persons which comes in sleep, the old costume seemed to live again, not in one form, but in many. It, too, had a golden celebration, an anniversary of joys and sorrows, a gathering in of those whom it had outlived and those who would outlive it.

There were shadowy hands that had softly touched its folds; there were shadowy lips that had secretly caressed it; the gold of its threads was repeated in the gem studded coiffures and the silver in the pallor of the cheeks. There were queens and supernumeraries, chorus girls and stately ladies of historic lineage—each had worn it, each had loved it.

And now about the dim dream table they were gathered to toast it—for the last time.

For every gown has its gay romance;
Its drama or tragedy;
In every fold is a story told;
In its laces a history.

And she who wears it plays her part,
To dance, or weep, or sing,
With the prompter, Life, to give the cue,
As he stands within the wing.

But when the curtain, rippling, falls,
And the costume laid away,
Covered with kisses or burned with tears,
Which one of us will say.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

In an Old Clothes Shop.

Her Début.

SHOP TALK.

"A FRIEND who edits a paper," said the tall man, "has written me, asking for a contribution to his holiday number. He particularly requests that I confine my effort to some incident personal to myself, some reminiscence of adventure, or some experience encountered in the pursuit of my profession. In trying to comply I have been forced to admit that notwithstanding my fifty years there is absolutely nothing to record that could by any possibility interest the general reader. We three are of one opinion as to autobiography. It is interesting only when written by men or women of genius, and then not always. And oh! the dreary, deadly waste of autobiographical mediocrity! You must help me out. Come! *allongé!* Tell me a story that shall make me laugh or cry, and all your sins shall be remembered in my orisons. I will also adopt your offspring and bestow upon it my name with the *sang-froid* of the true literary pirate."

"You are too modest," ventured the tragedian. "Somebody has said that there is one good book in each man's life."

"That's right," chimed the fat comedian. "And in those piles of stone and brick and sand and lime and iron which may be seen from this window there is a skyscraper, but we can't build it."

"And yet are we not the more to be envied? Here at our ease we sit and build our beautiful castles in Spain. For us there is a thought in each tinted Autumn leaf that falls upon our window sill. We catch the sound of music in the rivulet, read psalms in the shifting clouds, hear symphonies in the midnight surf, and rhapsodies in the echoing storm."

"In my own case," said the fat man, "much depends on the dinner. There have been times when, after one of our delightful evenings, I have risen from this corner, not without difficulty, and I have seen and heard more things than I have thought it possible to crowd into this grill-room, and as I have gone hence toward my modest lodgings, passing *en route* many stately mansions and massive piles, I have felt that if there was anything in sight that I didn't own it made no difference anyway."

"Let us hope," said the tragedian, "that there are many more such dinners in store for us. They are, like the laughter of children, 'the blessed boundary line,' with apologies to the shade of our dear old friend Ingersoll."

"All of which," said the tall man, "is interesting in the abstract, but in the concrete not to the purpose. Where do I get my story?"

"Back in those old New Hampshire hills. You have, almost unconsciously, told me a score of them, and each has somewhere touched the true, human chord that for the moment stills the heart, makes something well up in the throat, and forces a moist tribute from the eye. Now, while you collect your vagrant thoughts I'll bore you with a few personal recollections." The tragedian sipped his Chambertin for a brief time in silence. The tall man went Vermontward, wool gathering, and the fat comedian assured them that his time was theirs.

"In a foremost city of the Middle West two girl graduates sat cosily in a corner of a well-furnished drawing-room and talked wisely of the life just opening to them. One was fair-haired, blue-eyed and amply proportioned; the other *petite*, dark and dreamy. The life story of each has come to me from their own lips. The dark girl would be an artist. She could sing a little, paint a little, and play a little, and an indefinite something within whispered to her of great achievements, public recognition, fame. The fair girl would be a social queen. Men should lay wealth, fame, titles at her feet, and when she had tasted all the sweets of social triumph she would marry a Duke or an Earl and reign queen of his heart, his castles and his retinue.

"A shade crossed over the face of the dark girl. Her companion saw it, realized her own thoughtlessness, and tried to change the subject. She had unwittingly dug up the family skeleton. The dark girl was an only child. Her father was a prosperous business man, preoccupied, stern, but severely just, a merchant and the son of a merchant. No sentiment and no sympathy with the sentimental side of life. At thirty-eight he had married a girl of twenty. She was his reverse in all things. She was handsome, romantic. Had a good soprano voice, which was heard each Sunday in the choir of a fashionable church. Her parents were poor, the bachelor merchant rich and regarded as a great catch. To them was born the dark-eyed girl of whom I now speak. The young mother sees little of her busy husband. She yearned for something which her home did not supply. The prosaic, busy husband could not see the restless ill-content of his temperamental young wife. She became the centre of a social group that was a mild sort of 'fast set.' At the end of five years she eloped with a long-haired, sallow-faced music teacher, who was a local fad at the time. She, of course, took all of her jewels and as much of her husband's money as she could wring from him under various pretexts.

"The musician and the runaway wife were soon heard of in London, where the latter, to support her musician and herself, appeared as a concert hall singer. Her beauty and voice enslaved a young sprig of nobility. The musician was quickly disposed of, and the young divorced wife of the Western merchant became a member of the English aristocracy, and to-day, with her second brood of cubs, she is well up near unto the seats of the mighty."

"And thus we are again reminded that virtue is its own reward," said the fat man.

"The father, embittered and revengeful, she disappeared from her home, and the following week married a bushy-headed blonde who played the xylophone in the orchestra of a local theatre. The parental door was banged in their faces savagely. It remains closed to-day. The young couple eked out an existence for four years. Then the young husband, who had been once arrested for trying to blackmail his rich father-in-law, ran away with a fat woman who wore a blonde wig and did a turn of naughty songs with a traveling burlesque company. A month later he was shot to death by the woman's husband. The young wife, destitute, with her two little ones once more sought her father's forgiveness, which was sternly refused.

"The blonde girl, who would shine as a social queen, waited until she was twenty-four for the Duke who never came, then realizing that papa's figure was far too small, under the new scale of prices, she sensibly married a fine young fellow who had been a schoolmate. Two years later, following Colonel Roosevelt's polka-dot neckerchief up San Juan Hill, the young husband met a hero's death. One day there came to me a letter from that Western city. It was from one who stood beside me in the days that tried men's souls. We had touched shoulders 'mid the iron hail at Seven Pines and Malvern Hill. I had carried him wounded from the trenches at Petersburg, and he caught me in his arms when a bit of shell knocked me out in the Wilderness. He wrote to bespeak my consideration for his youngest daughter, recently widowed. She had a son to raise and educate. She believed she had talent for the stage. She was personally attractive, a good singer, etc. Gentlemen, that lady is to-day among the most successful of our juvenile and ingenue actresses. She is admired for her beauty and talent, and esteemed for the true womanliness of her character. Some months ago we were playing in the same company in a Western city. As we were about to enter the stage door on the opening night the back door-keeper called my companion's attention to a *petite* figure in black, standing just inside the door. He said she was a very worthy woman, with two children to support. She washed, cleaned and mended ladies' laces and general wearing apparel, etc. The actress moved toward her with a pleasant smile, said she had a lace gown badly in need of mending and renovation. Would she kindly come to her dressing room? The dark figure turned quickly, as though the voice had startled her. There were two suppressed exclamations, the sounds of many kisses, and the two girl graduates were locked long and tenderly in each other's arms.

"In a superbly furnished mansion, cold, childless, cheerless, the rich merchant, older than his years, sits looking into the fire and thinking—What?

"The mother, her name besmirched with a dozen scandals, wrinkled, painted and bleached, is still in the giddy whirl of London's fast set.

"The two young widows, in a cozy little hotel bedroom, are holding each other's hands and kissing away each other's tears.

"Each day, in every walk of life, tragedies, comedies, poems and histories are being enacted. Our own lives are replete with them. Given the mind to grasp, the soul to feel, the tongue or pen to portray, and everything in nature is a book each incident of our daily lives a lesson. Happy the man or woman who can gild the leaden and idealize the commonplace. Our sympathy for the dull brain that is content to delve forever in the mediocre. Give us the eyes that penetrate the mind with wings—

'Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.'"

The coffee was brought, and for a time sipped in silence. The tall man was first to speak:

"The force of your logic is irresistible. It is manner more than matter that charms or delights. If I could have you tell my story, I'm sure it would be acceptable to my friend, though all of its characters and incidents are of the deadly commonplace. But, like your own, it is truth. I can see Mandy Whitmore now, just as I remember her more than forty years ago. There were about a dozen of us boys and girls, trudging through the snow to the little old frame schoolhouse hidden away among those New Hampshire hills. We all wore home-knit caps and mittens and dragged our home-made sleds behind us. Mandy was twelve. She was large and strong of limb. Her feet encased in heavy shoes, with knit leggings tied above the knees. A red and white comforter about the neck half hid her full red face and big, laughing blue eyes. Her mouth was just large enough, lips full and teeth large, even and pure white. A perfect type of the buxom, wholesome New England country schoolgirl. Mandy knew that all of the boys were in love with her, and enjoyed it, for she was just a bit of a coquette. Indeed, Mandy in Winter always wore a white and red fascinator. Mandy never had to drag her own sled up the hill. I saw her pass from this chrysalid to the full-blown butterfly at sixteen. Her boy schoolmates and admirers were thinning out—some, the older, going West, others to work in the mills in near-by towns, others whose parents were able were sent to academies and colleges. I was among the latter. Mandy's father was a farmer, as had been his father. My next vivid remembrance of Mandy was her wedding day. I was visiting the old homestead for a Summer vaca-

Photo. Marceau, N. Y.

CHARLES B. HANFORD.

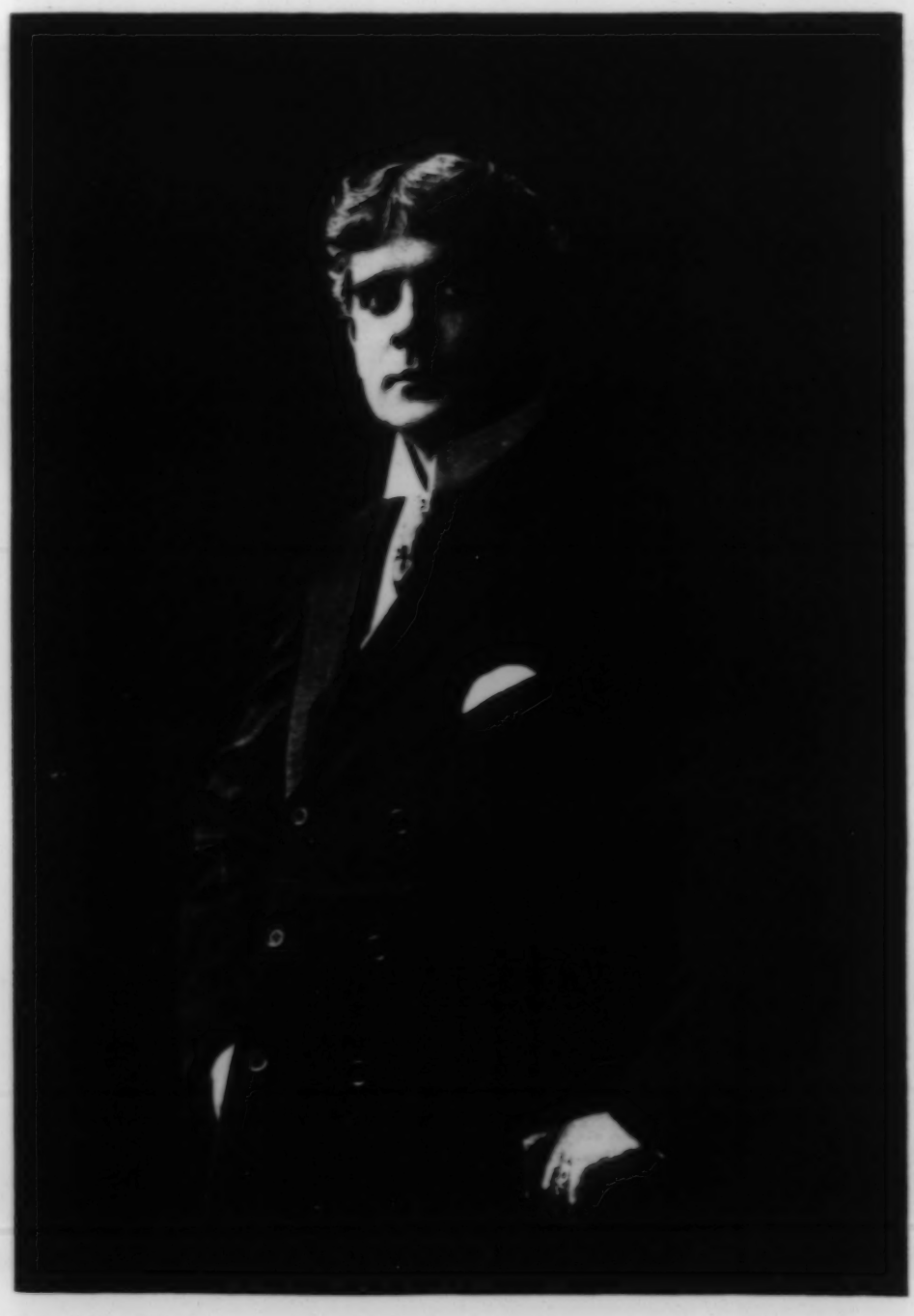


Photo. Kuebler, Phila, Pa.

BARNEY GILMORE.

THE ONE STAGE JOURNAL.

When I was a dramatic critic, wishing detailed news about the stage, THE MIRROR *was the only professional paper which gave me what I needed. Now that my interest in the theatre, although equally strong, is more general, less professional, I still find* THE MIRROR *the one stage journal which tells me what I wish to know.* Yours sincerely,

Barney Gilmore

tion. Mandy was then nineteen and a splendid specimen of physical beauty. She was such a woman as should be the mother of heroes and poets and orators and all kinds of history makers— a girl full of warm, red blood, a pure mind,

Photo. Ryder, Syracuse, N. Y.

DAMON LYON.

a wholesome body and a strong, healthy brain. She was married to one of her father's farm hands, a perfect specimen of the genus 'slob.' Many of her old schoolmates were present. Some from stores and mills in town, others from the distant colleges. They were all trim and smart looking, well dressed and up-to-date, in striking contrast to the clumsy lout who stumbled up the aisle of the little country church beside her. Some such thought must have entered her mind. There was no laughter in her merry eye. Her cheeks, in which the blood was wont to come and go, were ashen, her lips were colorless, and the faint smile that fell upon her schoolmates was a strained parting of the lips, with no echo in the downcast eyes. Five years passed before I met her again. I had left college and blighted my father's ambition to make a lawyer of me by becoming a wandering son of Thespis. Mandy was then twenty-four. She had three children living and had buried one. She looked thirty-five. She lived on a farm, which her father had given her adjoining his own. I found her over a washtub. The 'old man' was in the field, with his four hired men. It was harvest time. There was no servant. Mandy cooked, washed, scrubbed and mended for the farm hands as well as her husband. She milked four cows, and did her own churning. Her once beautiful hands were large and knotty and the joints swollen and hardened by rheumatism. Still, the pride and character were not all crushed out of her, for when, at supper time, I came up from the field with her husband and the 'hands,' she had on a clean dark calico frock, with a neat white collar and cuffs. It must have been unusual, for even her stupid husband noticed it and his mouth fell apart and his dull eyes opened in blank surprise. The children were also washed and dressed in their Sunday clothes. I remained at the farmhouse over night. The men were all in bed at seven. I visited with Mandy while she pealed potatoes, chopped hash and made other preparations for a four o'clock breakfast. This after she had gotten the two elder children to bed. The youngest, being ill, she had in a rough pine board cradle always near her foot.

"'Yes, I do get pretty tired sometimes,' she said. 'That's my only complaint. I sometimes feel that if I could just lie down and sleep for a whole day and night I could stand almost anything. But John don't feel able to keep a servant. He says his mother never had any. Mamie will soon be big enough to help, he says, and then I won't have to work so hard.'

"I bade her good-night, and taking a candle passed into the small room off the parlor, which was the company room. But I could not sleep. For an hour I tossed restlessly, haunted by that poor martyr's tired and suffering face. Dressing noiselessly, I slipped out. It was a perfect early Autumn night. The fragrance of the fields was everywhere. I went down to the barnyard and stroked the cows as they drowsily chewed their

Photo. Morrison, Chicago.

GRACE WELBY.

cuds. Some hogs grunted as I passed. I gathered some windfalls from under an old apple tree and threw them into the muddy stye. I wandered about meadow and pasture for an hour. Climbing a fence, I took to the dusty road and made a circuit of the house, coming up on the L or kitchen wing. There was a light in the kitchen window. I drew near and looked in. Mandy was seated by the table, her foot upon the cradle. She was darning socks. The table was covered with them. It was then ten o'clock. As I watched the pinched face the eyes would close, the hand guiding the darning needle would pause, and her head would fall forward on her breast. She would lift it suddenly, pass her hand over her eyes, and darn, darn, darn, till the eyes would close again and the head fall forward. This continued for another half-hour, when, gently lifting the little one from the cradle, she took the hand lamp and moved on tiptoe from the room. The men were up at half-past three, feeding the stock. Mandy must have anticipated them, for I heard her grinding coffee as they went to the barn. At four o'clock the men were in the field. Mandy was washing the dishes, with the same tired, heart-broken look in her face. Milking would follow the dishes. Then the ironing and mending and churning and dinner and children and supper, and wash and dig and darn, darn, darn.

"I tried to be cheerful as I said good-bye, but I couldn't. 'I hope you'll get rested up after harvest,' I said.

"'I hope so,' she replied; 'just a little rest. That's all I need.'

"I saw her twice during the next ten years. At thirty-five she appeared sixty. Spirit and pride were crushed. Many of her teeth were gone, others decayed and yellow. There were seven children living and three in the graveyard in the rear of the little frame church. Mamie was old enough to help, when she wasn't at school, but the family was larger, there were more farm hands and more washing and mending. But Mandy bore all uncomplainingly. But she couldn't help saying occasionally, 'Oh, I'm so tired, so tired. I wonder if I shall ever feel rested again.' She was thin, round-shouldered and shrunken chested.

"Five years ago I visited the scene for the last time. Mandy was on her deathbed. She smiled faintly as I entered. A touch of the old sweetness in the smile brought back the roguish schoolgirl with her red and white fascinator, her white wool mittens and her painted sled. Her children, some of whom were married and leading little ones of their own, were gathered about. The husband, prematurely old, bent and stolid, stood at the foot of the bed and stared at her with the intelligent sympathy of an ox. I sat beside the bed and took her wasted hand. 'I am resting now,' she said, 'but I am still so tired, so tired. I wonder if I shall ever be rested again?' After a pause she continued: 'Do you think there is a God?'

"'Yes.'

"'And heaven?'

"'Yes.'

"'For me?'

"'Yes, a thousand times yes. It is such lives as yours that convince us there must be a God, a heaven, and a final recompense.'

"'And I shall go to heaven?'

"'Yes.'

"'Right away, as soon as I die?'

"'I hope so.'

"'I'd rather not.'

"'Why?'

"'Oh, I'm so tired, so tired. I hope He will let me lie for one whole day in my coffin, just to rest, before He takes me. I'm so tired.'

"They placed the poor, tired body in the graveyard behind the frame church, in the midst of her little ones. There is a small slab at her head on which is the word 'Mother,' and under it 'At rest.'"

During the silence that followed the tragedian shaded his eyes for a moment with his hand. The tall man held his black coffee to his lips unusually long, and the fat comedian executed a bit of pantomime which the *garçon* evidently understood, as he placed the ponies on the table.

"Can I ever forget Maria?" It was the fat man who spoke. The tragedian, observing that the comedian had refilled his pony, intimated that he appeared in a fair way to forgetting anything he didn't want to remember. The tall man said that if he felt as though he would like to forget they would both "stay," as neither had to play that night.

"My acquaintance with this particular brand of Maria began and ended in Pittsburgh during the early seventies. It covered a period of less than one week. I had not then developed those unique gifts that gave me my subsequent fame. I was one of the all-around utility at eighteen per. Hence I did not occupy apartments at the principal hotel. I chose instead a small room over the kitchen in an unpretentious boarding-house. I shared it with a young man who worked in a drug store, the weekly consideration for each being four-fifty. The one window

HERRMANN THE GREAT.

looked out upon the back yard. If you have not looked out upon the back yard of a Pittsburgh boarding-house you have lived in vain. The house on the street paralleling our own was also a boarding-house, the two rear yards being separated by an eight-foot alley. Cincinnati is built upon the same lines. These alleys, in those days at least, usually contained the ashes, debris and garbage of the entire block; that is, such as the yards wouldn't hold. There is a tumble-board fence, a dilapidated brick wall, with a door from each yard, leading into the alley. Semi-annually carts go through these alleys and skim off the top. The vocabularies of the men who drive these carts are a liberal education. How well I remember my first afternoon in that little room. I didn't have to study, as my part consisted principally of 'enters with others,' 'shout with others,' 'exit with others,' etc. I seated myself at the little window with my well-thumbed Shakespeare. I think I was studying King Lear at the time, with a view to contingencies. I had also commenced to write my first play. That is, I had bought the paper and pens, also several blotters. I had them always before me, waiting for the inspirational moment. I may add in parenthesis that I am still waiting. Alas! that we should be always the slaves of our environments. Had my surroundings at that crucial moment been otherwise, had I looked out upon undulating plains, babbling brooks, lowing kine, fleecy clouds and distant mountain peaks, how different might have been the condition of contemporaneous dramatic literature! But I looked out upon the back yard of a Pittsburgh boarding-house. And this is about the way it looked: We can begin by omitting the fleecy clouds. You never see the sky in Pittsburgh. The yard had been paved with brick. About two-thirds of them remained. The rest was mud.

Photo. Hinsted, London, Eng.

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH.

There were five or six barrels, all in different stages of decay, filled with ashes and garbage. Two shipwrecked iron beds, an old stove and several joints of rusty pipe, chicken feathers, wings and legs, odd pieces of oilcloth laid in the mud where there were no brick. Empty bottles, mud. A hydrant, and some more mud. There was also an aroma which I will not attempt to describe. Likewise three dead rats. But there was a relief to the avalanche of filth. It was the landlady's daughter. She was also chambermaid and table waiter, as I subsequently learned. Anywhere else she would have been a blonde. But in Pittsburgh you never know. She was at the hydrant and surrounded by an array of bedroom furnishings of a useful and ornamental character. Some of them were snowy white, others were yellow with white stripes around them. Possibly these suggested the song she was singing as she pushed them under the hydrant and turned on the water. The song was having a great run just at that time. It was called 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' and this is the way she sung it:

"'Darling, I am ya, ya, ya,,
Silver threads, a ya, ya, ya,
Smile again on ya, ya, ya ya,
Ya, ya, ya, ya! ya!! ya!!!'

"Her voice had both timbre and fibre. I don't know what that means, but whatever they are she had 'em.

"As she finished her solo, with the *aqua pura* accompaniment, I observed in the alley, through a hole in the fence where the boards were gone, the dead body of a cat, half buried in the mud. This pleased me, because I think cats, like 'Injins,' are better when they are dead.

"And this recalls the subject of this true story—viz., Maria. My first night in that back room had an important bearing on my future in two respects. It turned my heart to stone in its relation to all cats, and it launched me upon a career of profanity from which I have never entirely divorced myself. In the morning when I got permission to go through the kitchen into the back yard to dig up my hair brush and shoes and cake of soap, the washstand drawer, an old Roman sword and a wig block, I noticed the boarding-house cat, fat, black and innocent-looking, curled up in front of the fire. I asked the landlady's daughter whether Maria had been the contralto, soprano or baritone of last night's continuous performance. She said, indignantly, that their cat didn't go out nights at all. Its name was 'Reggie,' not Maria, and he didn't mix with common back yard cats. The girl had gotten several layers of Pittsburgh atmosphere off her face, and I discovered that she was really very pretty. I continued calling the cat Maria, for which I received many withering, sarcastic glances. The second night was worse than the first, only I was better prepared, having filled my coat pockets with cobble stones on the

Photo. Robinson, Visalia, Cal.

CLARA MATHES.

way home. In the morning Maria, calm, innocent and purring, rubbed against my legs, and put his feet up in my lap at breakfast time. I congratulated him on that high note he struck in the closing trio, just as my last cobble stone

landed at 3.40 A. M. The landlady's daughter said, savagely: 'That cat's name is not Maria, and he don't go out nights.'

A big Irish plumber, with a dyed mustache, who sat across the table from me, separated his

Photo. Purdy, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES BALSAR.

knife blade from his larynx long enough to say: 'The hell he don't.' My room mate, the boy that worked in a drug store, wasn't bothered by the cats, said he had got used to 'em, but he hated cats anyway, and we became co-conspirators. That evening he brought home a pretty pink ribbon for Maria's neck. It had a little bell on it. He had already given the landlady's daughter a bottle of perfumery and a cake of scented soap, so they were getting on very well. That night there was a new chord in the concert. Every time 'Maria' humped his back and threw out his big note the bell would ring. That night the boy brought home several little packages and phials, and a book on chemicals and explosives. We began our experiments, and about 12.20 something happened. Our layout was on the oilcloth in front of the open grate. The explosion blew the coal out of the grate, broke three panes of glass, scattered photographs and chromos about the room, and burned the hair and eyebrows off the head scientist. There were screams and a wild rush of men and women in all sorts of costumes. We rushed our pans and bottles into a closet and opened the door. I explained that I had been quietly reading when an explosion occurred in the fireplace, just as I had put on a little fresh coal. I assumed an injured air, and said I knew someone had put some explosive in the coal, either as a practical joke or to injure me for some fancied wrong. I turned to my room mate for confirmation, but he had just caught sight of the landlady's daughter in a long, white garment, and was speechless. My explanation was accepted, and everybody went back to bed. We had discovered our combination. I produced a pound of chuck meat from my overcoat pocket. The pans, phials and mortar were again brought out, and this time we worked with great caution. The meat was cut into about twenty small pieces. Ten of them were loaded with one residuum, into the other ten we injected an igniting acid. Then we put out our lamp, and sat down by the window. There had already been several preliminary overtures in the back yard and along adjoining fences, but the real thing in the concerted movement usually reached a climax about two or three in the morning. We could see several backs humped up along the fence, and a couple more down in the yard. About 1.30 there was a prolonged baritone solo, ending with a growl and a snap, and the tinkling of Maria's bell. This seemed to be a signal for the chorus to assemble. In ten minutes there were five of them humping and prowling about the yard. We threw out the pieces of meat. 'If any cat gits one of each," said the head chemist, 'there will be cat all over this end of town.' There was a lull in the concert. One soloist on top of the fence was still in action, but the chorus was busy. We knew by their movements that they were eating the meat.

"Presently a soprano led off with tremolo movement in a minor. The contralto sprung a cadenza, the baritone threw in a little agitato, moderato, and the buffo hit a falsetto, which was followed by beer bottles, old shoes, lamps, blacking brushes and profanity from every back window on the block. In the midst of this came a dull, sickening thud, followed by one or two more of the same kind. We could see things flying around, and cats disappearing in all directions. Then an awful silence reigned. We crawled into bed, and snored sweetly. At an early hour we were awakened by loud and earnest conversation under our window. Lifting the shade we saw the landlady, her daughter and several boarders in the back yard. We dressed hurriedly and joined them. We were examining pieces of cat and things that were scattered about the yard. Presently the landlady's daughter screamed: 'Oh! Mamma! Mamma! Look here!' It was the front half of 'Maria,' with the pink ribbon and bell around the neck. The drug store boy and myself rushed to catch her, but she didn't faint. She did, however, say several things which I am sure she must have regretted afterward. I said I knew the people who kept the boarding house across the alley had shot 'Maria.' I had heard several shots myself. I got the fire shovel and dug a hole in the back corner of the yard. Then the drug store boy took the tongs and gathered up the pieces of cat and placed them in the hole. I covered them reverently with ashes and garbage and dirt. During this time the landlady and her daughter continued to say things. I learned that she had a brother on the force and an uncle who was a police judge or something, and that she proposed to find out what this thing meant, also that explosion in the kitchen bedroom. Leaning against the fence was a piece of gray flag stone, that should have been under the hydrant. I placed it flat on top of 'Maria,' and, taking from my pocket a large, blue pencil, I wrote:

"'*Requiescat in pace.*'

"The landlady and her daughter eyed it suspiciously.

"'What's that?' demanded the landlady.

"'Latin,' I said.

"'What does it mean?' and I replied:

Photo. Siegel Cooper, N. Y.

CLARA TAPSFIELD.

"'Rest quiet, cat, in pieces.'

and, notwithstanding I had paid a week's board in advance, I moved right after breakfast."

MILTON NOBLES.

THE UP TO DATE DRAMATIST.

PLAYS WRITTEN TO ORDER WHILE YOU WAIT.

SCENE: Business Office, Cashiers, Clerks, Typewriters, Stenographers, etc.

THE DRAMATIST: Mr. Samuels, have the checks been deposited and the eleven plays finished yesterday mailed, with parts and scene-plots?

MR. SAMUELS: Yes, sir; I seed to it myself.

THE DRAMATIST: Miss Hartmann, please make a note of pun on the word "seed." Edwin, here is a list of my appointments. I will receive callers in that order.

EDWIN (*announces*): Miss Blanche Haymore.

THE DRAMATIST: Good morning; I have seen your name in the papers, I think.

MISS HAYMORE: Yes; I have just secured my fifth divorce, and the papers are making quite a fuss about it.

THE DRAMATIST: Have you—ah—seen my cashier?

MISS HAYMORE: Certainly; here is his receipt for the advance payment on your royalties.

THE DRAMATIST: Very good; thank you. Now what can I do for you?

MISS HAYMORE: I thought it would be good business to take advantage of my fame—call it notoriety, if you will——

THE DRAMATIST: Fame is preferable.

MISS HAYMORE: To come out as a star in a play written expressly to show off my good points—if I have any.

THE DRAMATIST: Tall, fine figure, blond, handsome, not over thirty——

MISS HAYMORE: Twenty-three next month.

THE DRAMATIST: I may presume you have funds to repay the expenses of a starring tour?

MISS HAYMORE: Oh, yes; a friend of mine, a broker, has made a fortune for me in Steel.

THE DRAMATIST: Excuse me. Miss Rosebaum, please make a note—pun on the word "steal."

MISS HAYMORE: Sir!

THE DRAMATIST: That is not for your play; it's for an extravaganza. As I was saying, you have good points enough for any star. Have you ever been on the stage?

MISS HAYMORE: I am on the stage. I have played a speaking part in Hubble-de-Bubble for two seasons—on the road.

THE DRAMATIST: Excellent practice. You will have a fine wardrobe?

MISS HAYMORE: I have ordered my dresses from Paris.

THE DRAMATIST: Then your play must be modern. Shall we say in England or America?

MISS HAYMORE: Give me America every time.

THE DRAMATIST: Very well. Miss Barry, please to take this dictation. Haymore comedy: You will be the handsome young wife of the first old man, who is wealthy and devoted, and you will flirt with his nephew, the leading juvenile. You are all in the smart set. There are a lot of old tabbies who make a scandal about you.

MISS HAYMORE: Do I—do I—yield?

THE DRAMATIST: No; you are innocent at heart, and so is the juvenile. But he has an elder brother, the leading man, whose intentions are dishonorable. At a large reception you and the juvenile are supposed to be making love in a corner. Your husband throws down a screen, and there you are with the elder brother. You see the dramatic surprise?

MISS HAYMORE: I seem to have seen it before in some piece or other by Sheridan.

THE DRAMATIST: You are mistaken; Sheridan is a very different class of play. I need not trouble you to hear the last act, Miss Haymore; everything is explained and your husband loves you more than ever.

MISS HAYMORE: How nice! That will vindicate me before the public, too.

THE DRAMATIST: Excuse me. What is it, Lewis?

LEWIS: Manager Claus telephones what rehearsal he shall call to-morrow?

THE DRAMATIST: Telephone him the comedy at the Empire, 10 sharp; the comic opera at the Hudson, 2 o'clock; the melodrama at the Academy, with scenery, at 8 o'clock.

MISS HAYMORE: When can I have the manuscript?

THE DRAMATIST: Where do you open?

MISS HAYMORE: At the Girard, Philadelphia, some time next week.

THE DRAMATIST: All right. This is Thursday. I will send on the scene-plot at once. Call your company for the reading on Saturday; that will give us three rehearsals, and you can open as soon as your costumes arrive.

MISS HAYMORE: But the title—you have forgotten that.

THE DRAMATIST: Not at all; I always think of that first. I can't give you The Wife; that has been used; so we'll say—now—The Wife and the Nephew. Mr. Samuels, please have that copyrighted. Morning, Miss Haymore. (*She exits.*)

EDWIN (*announcing*): Mr. Frank Pushedon.

THE DRAMATIST: Hello, Pushey; I'm glad Slogit is going to star you at last.

PUSHEDON: I'd rather he'd raise my screw.

THE DRAMATIST: That will come when I make a hit with you. Miss Verning, please note—a pun on the word "screw." Now, Pushey, let me look you over. Thin, pale, carelessly dressed, about forty——

PUSHEDON: Thirty-three next month.

THE DRAMATIST: Um! It's a pity Sardou has done Dante.

PUSHEDON: It's a worse pity he has done Irving.

THE DRAMATIST: No matter; there are other historical characters. Nathan Hale has been pre-empted; so has Major Andre; so has old Putnam; and so, I hear, has Benedict Arnold. What do you say to Washington?

PUSHEDON: I should have to pad for him.

THE DRAMATIST: Physically, yes; but you would have the title-role, the centre of the stage, and the applause of a patriotic public, stimulated by the national airs between the acts.

PUSHEDON: But Washington is a first old man.

THE DRAMATIST: There's the dramatic surprise. We'll show him young, just returned from the Indian war. Miss Koehling, please take this dictation: While you are fighting the Indians, your father has died and your mother has married your uncle. Your wits sharpened by your Indian experiences, you do a little Sherlock Holmes business, and discover that your father was murdered. A powerful scene. You are in love with a beautiful girl, but you cannot marry her because you are devoted to your revenge. So you give an open-air amateur performance of Hamlet at Mt. Vernon to catch your mother and uncle by the conscience. See?

PUSHEDON: But where does the Ghost come in?

THE DRAMATIST: In the amateur play, and, I hope, every Saturday night during the season. Miss Ohyiz, please make a note—pun on the word "ghost."

PUSHEDON: What's the wind up? Do I fence with Laertes and have a death scene?

THE DRAMATIST: Not at all. Let's stick to history. The young girl and your uncle die while you are leading the army against the British, and you come back, pose as the Father of your Country in a grand tableau and marry the Widow Curtis.

PUSHEDON: But a Washington play wouldn't do for my London season.

THE DRAMATIST: Why not? It's the latest English fad to love their enemies; they have even made friends with the French. I'll send the scene-plot to Slogit this afternoon; tell him to hustle the scenery and properties. I go to Philadelphia on Saturday, but shall be back on Tuesday next for a 10 o'clock reading, with principals and orchestra. Miss Mayroe, please give me a list of the national airs. That's all, Pushey, except that, as you're a slow study, I'll write your part first and shall expect you to be rough perfect at the reading. Good morning. (*Exit Pushedon.*)

EDWIN (*announcing*): Miss Elfrida Fridella and Mrs. Yeatman.

THE DRAMATIST: Be seated, ladies. I believe, Miss Elfrida, you are in vaudeville.

MISS ELFRIDA: Yes; you must have heard of my trousers act.

THE DRAMATIST: Precisely. But I have not written for vaudeville in years, and I understood your deposit was for a play.

MISS ELFRIDA: So it is—allow me to introduce my mommer, Mrs. Yeatman, who has played in stock companies and on the road since before I was born.

THE DRAMATIST: Your mother? She looks young enough to be your—ah—sister.

MISS ELFRIDA: Say "daughter;" I don't care. She's such a mite, and so pretty when she's made up, that she's played Eva, Lord Fauntleroy and all the child parts. Now, I'm rich—a friend of mine, a broker, has made a lot of money for me by investments in cotton——

THE DRAMATIST: One moment. Miss Hornby, please take a note—pun on the word "cotton." Pray go on.

MISS ELFRIDA: I want to star her in a play where she can be a young lady. If there's a short trousers part for me, all right.

THE DRAMATIST: Not tights?

MISS ELFRIDA: No; I have got out of tights. To tell the honest truth, my friend objects to them.

THE DRAMATIST: Then we must have a modern play. East or West?

MISS ELFRIDA: West, for choice. Mommer is better known there.

THE DRAMATIST: Very well. Miss Lateby, please to take this dictation: Your mother will be the pretty young daughter of a rich Chicago merchant. At the Charity Ball she falls in love with the young son of a pork packer. Their mansions adjoin, and there is a lovely balcony scene on the fire escape.

MRS. YEATMAN: Isn't that sweet? You know, Elfy, how I have always longed to play Juliet—"Oh, swear not by the moon!"

THE DRAMATIST: There'll be a moon for you to swear at; but this is a moral play, and you mustn't go beyond "By Jingo!" Your father and your lover's father have a business quarrel and the families don't speak. So you get married clandestinely and return to your respective homes. Then comes the sensation scene. You hire a doctor to give you a dope, and your folks think you dead and bury you in the family vault. Your husband is waiting for you in the cemetery with refreshments and a party of friends, and all ends happily with a merry dance among the tombs.

MISS ELFRIDA: Good enough; but what is there in it for me?

THE DRAMATIST: Why, you can play the lover, if you feel up to it—though it would be stronger to have a man—or you can come on in the cemetery scene as one of the friends, with a topical song and dance.

MRS. YEATMAN: Will the play be in blank verse, like Juliet's is?

THE DRAMATIST: No; the critics would say my verse was too blank. Miss Darby, please take a note—pun on the word "blank."

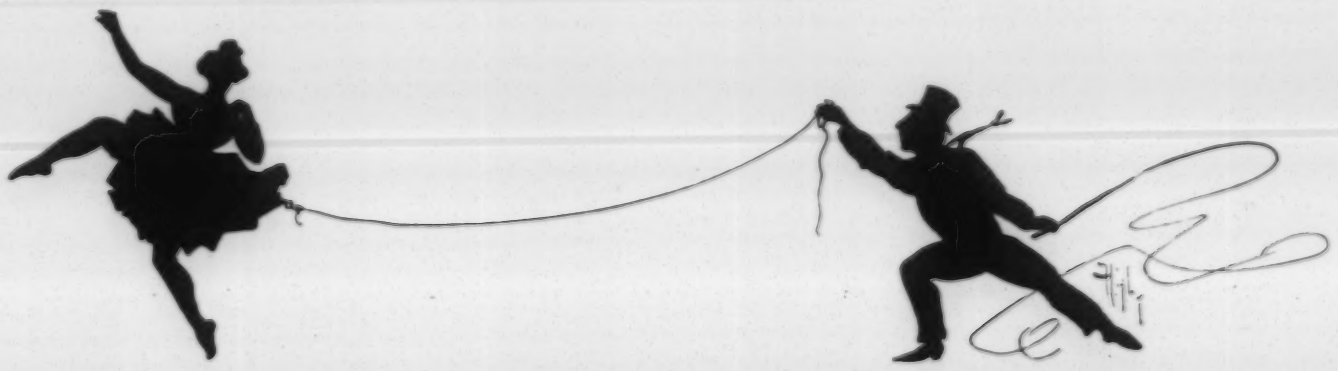
MISS ELFRIDA: Shake! It's a go.

THE DRAMATIST: I hope it will be. Miss Sieber, take a note—pun on the word "go." Now, ladies, I shall send the play to your flat next Wednesday. In the meantime, Miss Elfrida, get a theatre and order some new clothes, college style. You'll be a Chicago University undergraduate. That is all, I think. (*Exit ladies.*)

EDWIN: Your automobile is at the door, sir.

THE DRAMATIST: Mr. Fredericks, wire to Willard, London, that he can save a week by having his play cabled to him. I shall be rehearsing at the Savoy until 4 o'clock; don't let me be interrupted. I will see the other appointments at 4.15 sharp. (*Exits.*)

STEPHEN FISKE.



THEATRE TRUSTS AND OTHERS.

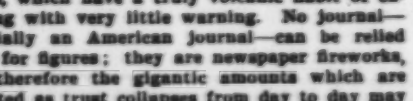
JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

AMERICA, with the largest area of virgin soil, excepting Russia, and the largest and most intelligent homogeneous population in the world, ought to be the freest trading country in all matters of barter and exchange and all the varied art and principles (for honest business has principles) of shophooping—wholesale and retail. It is nothing of the kind, and shows little disposition to become so. It is the home—the hothouse, the forcing ground of most trading vices. It is the great market place for "corners," cornering and forestalling—once a criminal offense in England, when the Pilgrim Fathers were migrating. It has even altered the English language to suit its purpose and disguised the grossest monopolies under the name of "Trusts," in which no trustee is trusted, and trustees trust no one.

We once had such "combines" in England, but no one respected them, and after they had obtained so-called charters—probably by bribery and corruption—the charters were superseded in obedience to popular demand, and fair, open, unprotected trade took the place of licensed, pernicious and privileged dealings. We are still struggling in the octopus grip of water and gas, but, as the orator said who was very partial to mixed metaphors, "we are about to give the hydra head of faction a rap over the knuckles."

The great affairs of the world of trade may be left with a passing shrug and protest to these trusts, which have a truly volcanic habit of exploding with very little warning. No journal—especially an American journal—can be relied upon for figures; they are newspaper fireworks, and therefore the gigantic amounts which are reported as trust collapses from day to day may be taken with as many tons of salt as any salt corner can purchase. Such figures, as the elegant Bismarck put it, "may be allowed to stew in their own grease," and if they "upset the apple cart" of commerce, as Cecil Rhodes put it, with almost equal elegance, what matter?

I may turn to a craft, a trade, a calling, an art, and a business which interests, amuses and sometimes tries to elevate the universe. This is the dramatic profession—sometimes distinguished as *the* profession—which has always been licensed and watched over much. It has at various time had to dance its hornpipe in fetters, and been injured by courtly patrons, masters of the revels, aciduous Puritans, censors—imperial and parochial, and monopolies, thinly disguised as "Royal Patent Theatres." What these infamous monopolies—now happily removed from the theatrical scene for a time, if not forever—did or tried to do to strangle the drama and its representatives is matter of history of a very discreditable kind, and their "Jack the Ripper" tactics seem to be taken as a model for action by the American Theatre Trust, or its directors. It is of little importance who or what these directors may be. They may be builders, contractors, storekeepers and less important tradesmen. They may be the soul of honor and as spotless as Melancthon, but the business they are engaged in would corrupt the Twelve Apostles. What *the* profession—English and American—has to do is to study the effect of monopolies and monopolists on markets, the limitation of salaries and engagements, the enforcement of one-sided regulations, and the shifting of expenses and liabilities. The multiplication of theatres is no benefit, but threatens to be a menace and evil to actors and actresses, if all the houses—or nearly all—are under the same denomination. The week is no longer merely six nightly performances, neither more nor less, but is six nights, *plus* an indefinite number of matinees. Endless details might be given of items of expense that are usually borne by managers and not by performers, and these, under a trust or monopolistic direction, must all be enumerated, until an engagement of a few weeks at a small salary will require contract documents enough to convey an important freehold. "Trusts" may soon become such a dishonored name that no one will use it, but unless the thing is altered who is benefited? Changing a signboard means nothing.



London, November, 1903.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good-night, sweet love, may angels keep
A tender watch above thy sleep,
And in the deep and silent hours
Waft thee on to dreamland's bowers;
So, sweet, good-night.

Good-night, dear love, may thoughts of me
In sleep unfold themselves to thee,
And thy dear lips in dreams proclaim
The whispered accents of my name;
So, sweet, good-night.

WILLIAM SIDNEY HILLYER.

OLD GRAND OPERA DAYS.

IN these days of grand opera when the orchestra is half the show and the imported conductor must sit on a pedestal and divide attention with thousand-dollar-a-night prima donnas, it may be interesting to know that there was a time, early in the history of grand opera, when the conductor and his little corps of five or six musicians were of such insignificance that they were hidden away in the stage depths with the "props" and carpenters.

The first orchestra mentioned in the history of opera was that of the Greek band of lyres and flutes that is said to have accompanied the choruses sung in Æschylus' Agamemnon and Sophocles' Antigone, five hundred years before the Christian era.

The first real Italian grand opera—that of Peri's Eurydice, produced at Florence in 1600—had an orchestra of only seven instruments, three of which were flutes. The conductor was Signor Corsi, a nobleman, and he sat at the harpsichord behind the scenes, yet this first opera was written to grace the festivities of the marriage of Henry IV and Maria di Medici.

The process of elaborating the orchestral feature during the infancy of Italian opera grew rapidly, however, and in seven years, when Monteverde's Ariadne was produced at Mantua, he had an orchestra of thirty-three instruments, but still behind the scenes. Of course, there were no such finished brasses and reeds that are heard to-day in a modern grand opera orchestra, and it is not presumed that they could be used to drown the voice of an off-the-key singer, a trick frequently resorted to in Italian opera within the memory of everyone.

During the early days of grand opera there was great strife among composers for novel effects. Each musician, when his star began to rise, endeavored to present a different style of opera. One of the queerest freaks recorded in operatic history was the tendency that ran unchecked at one time to give grand opera by means of automatons, the singers being concealed behind the scenes. This became something of a fad in the latter part of the seventeenth century, until it found its climax in a famous production called Damira Placata, produced in Venice by Ziani. Life-sized puppets were introduced to represent the characters, while the singers vocalised their parts "off stage." Had this practice been maintained impresarios to-day might snap their fingers at Jean de Reszke's demand for twenty-four hundred dollars a performance to sign his name to a contract for a "farewell" American season.

Realistic productions to marvel at began to appear during the first century of Italian grand opera. While composers were struggling to restore the music of the ancient Greek drama, stage managers and producers forged ahead in their own departments until they achieved astonishing results. To-day we marvel at some race-track scene on the stage with three horses in a treadmill and forty men-and-boy supers shouting in purple-faced mimicry of a "hot finish" under the wire. Impresarios Heinrich Conried and Henry W. Savage are both said to have devised very realistic and thrilling effects for the great storm scene in Verdi's Othello, and a waterfall of real water in dear old Martha, but neither operatic nor dramatic modern producers have yet approached the effects introduced in grand opera before the lyric drama was a century old.

In those days the production of a new opera required a fortune, and then, as now, the stage had its wealthy and titled patrons. Opera was especially the entertainment of princes, and was produced only on occasions of great public rejoicings. Hence its extravagance. One of the earliest great composers was Domenico Freschi, of Venice, whose famous Berenice was produced in Padua in 1680, with a mise-en-scene exceeding all previous attempts, making the efforts of a Savage or Conried seem as child's play.

The libretto for Berenice called for the following enormous chorus and supernumerary equipment:

100 virgins.
100 soldiers.
100 horsemen.
40 cornets on horseback.
6 mounted trumpeters.
6 drummers.
6 ensigns.
6 sackbuts.
6 flutes.
12 minstrels playing on Turkish and other musical instruments.
6 pages.
3 sergeants.
6 cymbaleers.
12 huntsmen.
12 grooms.
12 toreadors.
2 lions led by 2 Turks.
2 led elephants.
4 horses drawing Berenice's triumphal car.
12 horses drawing six other cars.
6 chariots for the procession.
A STABLE containing 100 living horses.
A FOREST filled with wild boar, deer and bears.

The "opera house" stage in those days at Padua must have resembled a Noah's ark.

The fate of grand opera since the earliest times seems to have hung on the favor of princes or society leaders. For instance, in old days in France, even as powerful a man as Cardinal Mazarin vainly attempted to reintroduce Italian opera in Paris during the minority of Louis XIV. That little monarch was so fond of dancing that nothing but ballet music would delight him. Any musician that could not write dance tunes was *persona non grata* at the French Court.

Recently all Broadway was chuckling at a story being circulated at the expense of a certain well-known and ambitious young man, husband of a prima donna now famous in London. He applied to the former manager of Alice Nielsen for a place in the chorus.

"What's your voice?" asked the manager.

"I don't know," truthfully replied the aspirant, "I guess you might call it soprano."

Had he lived in the eighteenth century days of Handel his answer would not have excited laughter. During a large part of that century it was the custom in England to assign operatic male roles to women and female roles to men. This was the origin of the female baritone. Anastasia Robinson, afterwards the Countess of Peterborough, was a celebrated one. Male sopranos were even more common, until finally it became the proper thing to have all the male cast of an opera assigned to artificial sopranos and contraltos. Imagine Temagno or De Reszke soaring to a high C in the "Celeste Aida" aria, or Winfred Goff chanting in falsetto Boito's interpolated "Credo" for Iago in Othello.

FRANK C. PAYNE.

HOW HE ASKED THE OLD MAN.*

PEEBLES had just asked Mr. Merriweather's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelordom, and she had said "Yes." It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old man's permission, so that, as Peebles said, arrangements might be made for hopping the conjugal twig.

Peebles said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Merriweather's daughters, and his sisters and his female cousin, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Merriweather; but it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was to disgorge to old Merriweather the very first chance he got to shy it at him. So Peebles dropped in on him one Sunday evening when all the family had meandered to class meeting, and found him trying to do a sum in beer measure—trying to calculate the exact number of quarts his interior would hold without blowing the head off of him.

"How are you, Peeb?" said old Merriweather as Peebles walked in, as white as a piece of chalk and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake.

Peebles was afraid to answer because he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip away from him quicker than a greased eel through an auger hole. So he blurted right out:

"Mr. Merriweather—Sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of five years I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise?"

"Is that so—and keeping it secret all the time, while I thought you was tending store? Well, by George, you're one of 'em now, ain't ye?"

Peebles had to begin all over again to get the run of it.

"Mr. Merriweather—Sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of some five years I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with a determination to procure a sufficient maintenance——"

"Sit down, Peeb, and help yourself to some beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with the paralysis. What's the matter with you, anyhow? I—I never saw you behave yourself so in all my born days."

Peebles was knocked out of time again, and had to wander back for a fresh start.

"Mr. Merriweather—Sir: It may not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of some five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with a determination to procure a maintenance——"

"A wichance?" asked old Merriweather; but Peebles held on to the last word as if it was his only chance, and went on:

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt it is not good for a man to be alone; therefore——"

"Neither is it, Peebles, and I'm all fired glad you dropped in. How's the old man?"

"Mr. Merriweather—sir," said Peebles, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of a lonely man I have been engaged to enter wedlock and bestow all my commercial enterprise on one whom I could procure a determination to be good for a sufficient possession— No, I mean—that is—that, Mr. Merriweather, sir it may not be unknown——"

"And then again it may. Look here, Peebles, you'd better lay down and take something warm; you ain't well."

Peebles, sweating like a four-year-old colt, went in again:

"Mr. Merriweather—Sir: It may not be lonely for you to prosecute me whom you call a friend for commercial maintenaces, but—but—Oh, dang it! Mr. Merriweather—sir, it——"

"Oh, Peebles, you talk as wildly as a jackass! I never saw a more first-class idiot in the whole course of my life. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Mr. Merriweather—sir," said Peebles in an agony of bewilderment, "it may not be unknown to you that you prosecute a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, but——"

"See here, Peebles, you're drunk, and if you don't behave better than that you'd better leave. If you don't I'll chock you out, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"Mr. Merriweather—sir," said Peebles, frantic with despair, "it may be unknown that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man who is not good for commercial maintenance——"

"The bloody duse he isn't! Now you just git up and git, old hoss, or I'll knock what little brains out of you that you've got left!"

With that Merriweather took Peebles by the collar and shot him into the street, as if he had just run against a locomotive going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Before old Merriweather had a chance to shut the front door Peebles had collected his legs and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement and arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:

"Mr. Merriweather—Sir: It may not be unknown to you—" which made the old man so savagely mad that he went out and set a bull terrier on Peebles, who went home half a pound lighter, while Merriweather asserts to this day that they had to draw all the dog's teeth to get the flesh out of his mouth, "for he had an awful holt for such a small animal."

JACK MCCANN.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

O'BRIEN: "How is it that the goat's milk has such a funny taste the lasht few days?"

MRS. O'BRIEN: "Bekase there's been nothin' but comic plays at the Harlem theayters lately, an' the poor baste has had nothin' to ate but funny picthers for the pasht two weeks."

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR: This little story is interesting from the fact that it was the first writing by John Ernest McCann to be embalmed in print. It was published in the "New York Weekly" of Jan. 5, 1874, when Mr. McCann was a lad. The brilliant one-act play contributed to this number of THE MIRROR by Mr. McCann, entitled The Lady of the Nile, shows the development of his genius from this happy boyish effort of a generation ago.

AUTOGRAPHS.

AN anecdote! It seems to me as if all my anecdotes had been told before I was born—and told wrong, too. Funny little things happen to me every day, but they have a way of shrivelling up and not being at all amusing when I write them down. Besides, it's not my business to write, though since the invention of picture postcards I seem to be writing my name, at any rate, all day and all night. The diary of a public favorite might be condensed like this:

Before Breakfast.—A heap of letters—appeals from the unfortunate; business letters; requests by the score for autographs.

To Rehearsal.—More work and worry letters, and more *autographs!*

Home to Dinner.—A hasty meal because there are more *autographs!*

To the Theatre.—For my evening's hard work. Stacks of letters, cards, albums and *autographs.*

Home to Supper.—No appetite because of a mountain of *autographs!*

To Bed.—No sleep because of a roomful of *autographs.*

When I said something like this once I was asked if I felt insulted by being asked for my signature.

Insulted? No! I am delighted to give it when be or she who asks for it has reflected a little and considered that the autograph of a public person is a marketable commodity, and should be used to benefit the needy. I ask all who wish for my signature to send me a trifle (anything from £100 to 1 shilling) for a charity. When they do this they turn the dreary, weary work of signing my name over and over from a thoughtless, vain, selfish task into a pleasure—the pleasure of earning a little money for those who want everything and have nothing.

Autograph-hunting is a subject one has to be serious about! Now let me tell you that to-night I was playing Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing, and when I came to the line

". . . there was a star danced . . ."

I looked up for the bright, beautiful star in the sky of my imagination and I saw the word "BAR" twinkling above the gallery in letters of light!

These are things which upset one at times!

Ellen Terry

MRS. HALLAM'S UNWIELDY PERSON.

Thomas Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," relates some very interesting anecdotes and gives excellent character sketches of some of the old-time actors and actresses. He says, in speaking of Mrs. Hallam:

"Mrs. Hallam was an actress of such uncommon merit that she deserves to be particularly remembered. She had signalized herself so greatly as a member of the company acting at Norwich, when her name was Parker, that she received an invitation from Mr. Rich to join his company at Lincoln's Inn Fields. There she long struggled with difficulties, for I have been told she was by no means a favorite of the manager; but on the death of Mrs. Boheme many of her principal parts fell to the lot of Mrs. Hallam. The great encouragement she constantly met with from the audience at once raised her reputation and increased her income. Her merit, indeed, was indisputable, for she succeeded a performer as remarkable for beauty as skill in her profession. Mrs. Hallam was unhappy in a large, unwieldy person; notwithstanding this unfavorable circumstance, the public always wished to see her in characters which received no advantage from her figure. Monimia was a part which her good understanding would have taught her to resign; but neither the public nor the management would permit it. You may guess at the unfitness of her figure for young and delicate ladies by Quinn's sarcasm. He observed one morning at rehearsal a large tub or barrel in which the mad Englishman in The Pilgrim rolls about the stage. He asked the prompter what it was, but before he could receive an answer he cried out: 'I see what it is—Mrs. Hallam's stays, in which she played Monimia last night!'"

Mrs. Hallam's death occurred about the year 1738.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

To say "Merry Christmas!" to THE MIRROR *is a pleasant thing for all its readers, and a natural thing, for it has done its share, from Christmas to Christmas, during many years to make our own lives brighter and more full of interest. We all hope these Christmases "of the past" will have many "of the future."* THE MIRROR *represents what is cheerful, sincere and wholesome in journalism. Therefore, with all our hearts—Merry Christmas!*

Brander Matthews

THE COLLOQUY OF CHRISTOPHER AND STEPHEN.

SUMMER before last—or it may have been the Summer before that—on June 16, Mr. Benson's well reputed Globe Theatre company of players went out from London and gave a performance of Hamlet in Deptford. Deptford, as every one knows, is a nautical suburb, a few miles down the Thames on the Surrey-Kent side, though within sight of St. Paul's dome, fog permitting. 'Twas holiday weather, and one of the actors—he who had acquitted himself creditably as the Ghost—stayed over in the old village tavern that night, with the purpose to enjoy a leisurely lounge before returning to town the following day.

Strolling solitary with his pipe through the adjacent churchyard, after breakfast, in the jocund golden-misted morning, the actor met a morose-looking fellow-being, whom he vaguely associated in recollection with the local theatre where he had played the night before. The quasi-recognition seemed to be mutual, for the sombre one stopped short and exclaimed, by way of greeting:

"Lo, it comes again! Stay, illusion! If thou hast any sound or use of voice, speak to me."

"Thanks, my dear fellow," laughed the actor. "I see you've detected me. Was I so very bad?"

"Oh, no. Worse acting than yours has been seen at the Globe, I dare say—when we poet-players were wont to drop the pen and don the Lydian buskin, taking part in our own tragedies."

The man from London flushed a little, as if from surprised self-consciousness, but continued with very good grace:

"I am with the Globe company since several seasons now, although the art of acting is in itself but a secondary consideration with me. Perhaps—but, may I inquire your name? Mine is Phillips—Stephen Phillips, as possibly you knew already, seeing you have the advantage of me in some other trifling respects."

"I am Kit Marlowe," said the other, shortly.

"Marlowe, eh? Well! you outface me fairly. But I thank you, for I love the name of Christopher Marlowe. 'Tis a rare thrill to hear its echo now, and in Deptford, of all places."

"Yes, our names outlast ourselves and our works, as it seems. But ghosts are of less perishable stuff than all else—bear me witness, royal Dane!"

"Nay, and thou'lt mouth—I'll rant as well as thou!" cried Phillips, catching the mood of the jest. "Come, shade of Marlowe, and with me repair to yonder tavern which, I think, thou knowest. We two will try how spirits can quaff wine."

"Ay, marry, we will!" assented the mysterious one; "and in the best of humors, so say I, because on this anniversary date I quitted mortal life, being killed while brawling with a friend of mine. We, of beyond Avernus, celebrate our passing from earth as you do birthdays here."

Mine host of the inn served them a flagon of canary at a rustic table on the grass plot beneath his shimmering mulberry trees, and the two dramatic poets, yielding to the spell of the occasion, talked as their fancies listed. Phillips from time to time gazed curiously upon his *vis-a-vis*, who had dark, curling, buccaneer locks, a sallow face with great black eyes smoldering in it, an eager, proud and reckless yet often appealing expression, and a strange, contradictory aspect of youthfulness and age, as though he might be either twenty-nine years old or three hundred and nine.

"Your post-mortem years have touched you lightly, Marlowe, wherever passed—you of 'the self-consuming flame of Catullus,' of the 'golden lynes,' the 'rare conceyts and sweet-according rimes.' Indeed, I think now your face somewhat recalls that pictured one of Keats, who resembled you in spirit and in gifts—Greeks, both of you, by virtue of your passionate worship of the principle of Beauty in all things."

"Why, Beauty is your great preserver—yes!" mused Marlowe, "and I've adventured desperately for that same:

"'Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophiles?
Why should I die? or basely, then, despair?'"

"Oh, why, indeed!" chimed in Phillips, swept away by the other's sudden exaltation,—"arguing, with Faust, divine astrology, gazing on Grecian Helen across the Styx:

"'Was that the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!—
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter thou art than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!'"

"Brave, my lad! and do they still bombast out my verses thus on the stage of England?" inquired Marlowe, with a pathetic flash of boyish eagerness.

"Such purple passages as those," responded the actor, "are more often in our hearts than in our mouths. Yet we hear their echo, and what they also echo, in the still-enacted plays of—of your contemporary and friend, Shakespeare."

This last was said quizzically; but not so Marlowe's rejoinder:

"We both equally had the general people's ear; but that Will held it more surely than I may well be credited, since he shared in the management at Blackfriars and the Globe, and thus did study to give rude spectators their full desire. Roaring humor they demand most: so Will Shakespeare, less from heart than out of wise thrift, wrote them light comedies—nor did he stop at mingling foolish jigs and catches with his most mournful tragedies in King Cambyses' vein."

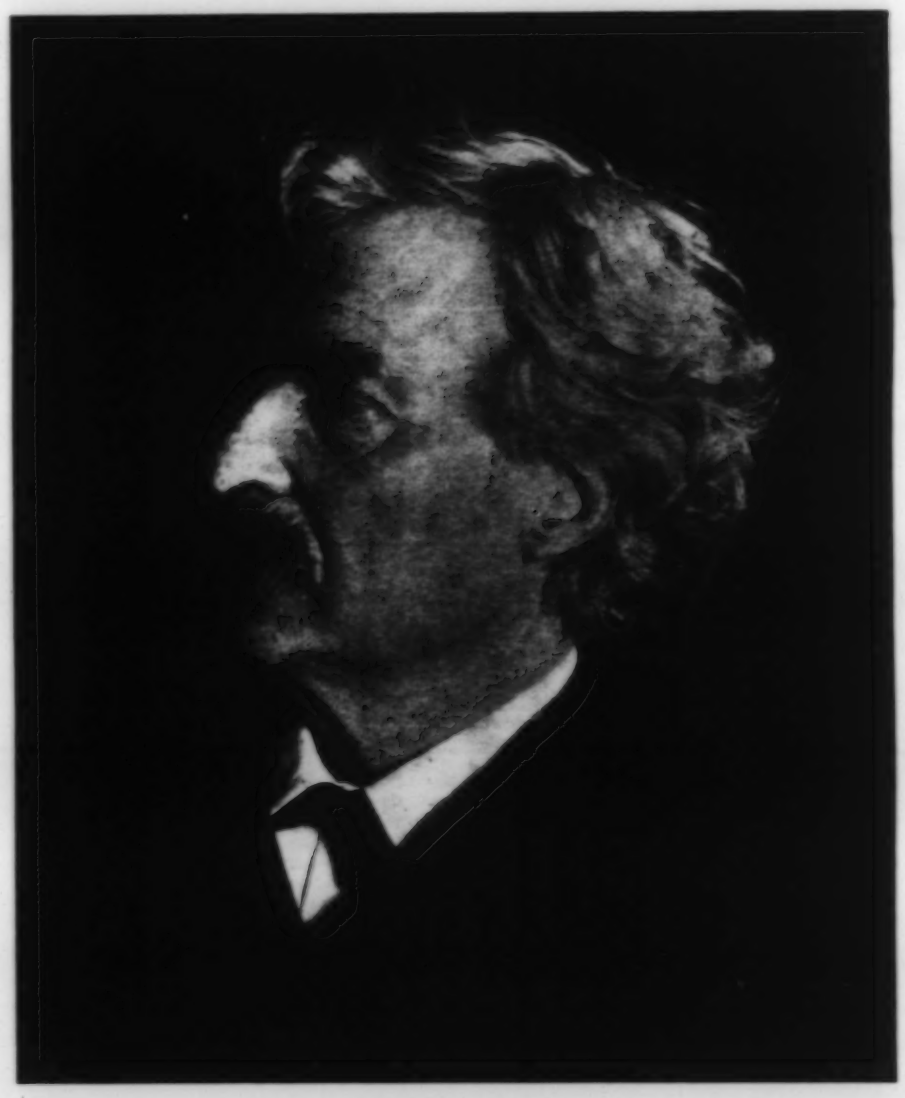
"May it not with profit be considered by the dramaturge that audiences demand comedy?"

"Euripides did not so consider."

"Well, Aristophanes did. And, after all, Marlowe, I should think you were the last one to be tradition's bondman, particularly as to the ancients. Who but yourself first broke the iron classic rules, and freed English drama from the three unities? You must know, Kit, that your Tamburlaine wrought a revolution in popular taste and changed the current of our literature. You razed to the ground the lifeless old Mysteries and Moralities of Bible history, and on their ruins you built the foundations of the Elizabethan drama."

Marlowe, seeing that his companion was now beginning, despite himself, to take their conversation in all seriousness, went on:

"It is your business, I hold, if you are bringing a new force into the world, to begin by killing, or at least disabling, a tradition. Every age has its literary tradition, perchance worthless, at best of only temporary value. If you and I hark back to Euripides, to Virgil, 'tis not for their formal, outward fashion and show, but for the great, unformulated tradition that underlies all poetry. Is it not so?"



MARK TWAIN,

Whose Genius has enriched the Stage as well as Literature.

"True, Marlowe! and, by the same token, I hark back to you. My prologue on Olympus, for the Odyssean drama of Ulysses which I have had the temerity to plan, is closely copied—and I am proud to say it—from your opening scene of Dido, Queen of Carthage. And, by the way, my Christopher, in that same scene you did for once daily with the comic Muse—that bit of burlesque always tickled me mightily."

"I *did* weakly yield, there," said Marlowe, indifferently—"and to what result? Why, that Dido is the poorest of all my things. Indeed, I never had heart to finish it, but turned the mass of silly speeches and formless scenes over to Nash, to make a play of it if he could."

"That only proves what a prodigal spendthrift of genius you were. Whatever your hack collaborator may have done, the world should thank him for leaving intact your lines about the Greekish warriors of the wooden horse—

"'In whose stern faces shin'd the quenchless fire
That after burnt the pride of Asia;'

and that impassioned cry of Dido for Æneas' love:

"'I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glistening eyes shall be my looking-glass;
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands.
Instead of music, I will hear him speak;
His looks shall be my only library.'"

Marlowe's regard softened at the reciting of these mellifluous numbers, and he said, dreamily:

"Such things are dear, but too delicate, methinks, for the robustious boards. Hence twas our custom to print them, in poems and sonnets, with plums of sugared rhymes. Will Shakespeare being likewise of my opinion, we writ in rivalry, as it were—I my Hero and Leander, he his Venus and Adonis, the suggestions of classic theme and allusion being mine own. For we had conned together Ovid and Lucan, in translated couplets which I had made for a college exercise at Cambridge; and Will's motto, from the Amores was of my choosing:

"'Villa miretur vitreus; mihi flavus Apollo
Poculo Castalia plena ministret aqua.'"

"And which of you two was adjudged victor in that friendly contest?"

"He finished before I did, to the loud praise of his private friends, yet was generous to say he preferred my poem, though incomplete, to his own, and would fain be taught of me. My belief was ever that he had more learning than he professed, and in that he differed from Ben Jonson, who girded at him because of his borrowing from our British chronicles and translations, instead of delving in the Greek and Latin originals. Whereupon Shakespeare laughed, and answered him: 'Nay, Ben! shall I swim the Thames, when I may cross at mine ease over London Bridge?'"

Phillips, charmed with this familiar gossip, recurred to the subject of idyllic poetry, and told Marlowe how he had himself dressed up the tale of Marpessa—she who, being given her choice by Zeus between the god Apollo and a mortal, chose Idas, the man. With frank enthusiasm he repeated some passages:

"Her life has been
The history of a flower on the air,
Liable but to breezes and to time,
As rich and purposeless as is the rose.
—She, indeed,
Lately upon the Summer was disclosed."

and this instinctive plea of the feminine heart:

"'I should expect thee by the Western bay,
Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate smiles
And pitiful devices of my dress
And fashion of my hair: thou wouldst grow kind,—
Most bitter to a woman that *was* loved.'"

"That's a new note," interjected Marlowe, who was listening as if to the sound of harp-strings.

"To you, perhaps," answered Phillips; "but I come after Shelley and Tennyson. I have to thank heaven for all I inherit, before trying to create a little."

"As for me," pursued Marlowe, "heroes were ever my chiefest care. Of queens and wenches I made less ado—in my play-writing, of course I mean. For rich inheritance, I too had my Virgil."

By such analogy, Phillips' Christ in Hades presently fell under discussion, and the following lines, among others, were cited by their author:

"O Christ, canst thou a nail move from these feet,
Thou who are standing in such love of me?
Thy hands are too like mine, to undo these bonds."

"Ah! there you have less of Christ than of his antetype, Prometheus, as drawn by Æschylus," declared Marlowe. "And your Hades is true Virgilian."

"You think so? Well, that is not to be despised as a compliment, coming from you. And yet—and yet, my dear Christopher, when was it you became a doctor of Christianity?"

"Why, then," Marlowe retorted with warmth, "I'll stand on my record in The Jew of Malta. Where will you find a character more strongly contrived than Barabas, to stimulate the public hatred of greedy Jews? I've made him more hideous than Will Shakespeare's Shylock—and yet you question my Christianity!"

At this they both laughed loudly, and Phillips poured more wine, before resuming:

"As one who aspires to be, like yourself, a 'gracer of tragedians,' let me say I am most curious to learn, from such good authority, in what manner you and Shakespeare worked. You must have shared ideas or borrowed metaphors to one another's treasures, and read across simultaneously to the same rich mines of word. One comes across lines, phrases, even whole stanzas and songs, which are identical in the writings of both of you. For example, only yesterday, in your Hero and Leander, I met with the line—'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?' which same Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Phebe the shepherdess in the third act of As You Like It. However, he gives it as a saw, and in quotation marks, so I presume it belongs originally to you."

"Unless I myself had borrowed it from elsewhere—I remember not," replied Marlowe, carelessly. "You must know, in those merrie days, we put our plays together in free-booting fashion, taking our materials wherever we found them. We looted libraries, took pages out of the novels and gazettes of the day, and gathered in what we saw to our liking on foreign stages—for our English players were of famous excellence and journeyed much abroad. Shakespeare, as I know, was sundry times in France. I myself traversed Flanders and as far as Dresden and Berlin, whence I brought my German legend of Doctor Faustus."

"But, if these sources were thus open and common to all, why did not your other contemporary dramatists produce plays like, say, Shakespeare's As You Like It or your own splendid Edward II?"

"So they did. There were Jonson, and Greene, and Nash, and Peele, Decker, Rowley, and Heywood—talented rogues all, writing pamphlets, poems and plays, always ready, and always in penury, since:

"'Poverty and learning always kiss,
And to this day is every scholar poor.'

But Shakespeare, at the Globe and Blackfriars, not only had his will as an original maker of plays, but he was also employed to alter and control the efforts of others. To his control the greater men submitted with best stomach, while the lesser ones—when they had no favors to ask—would oft complain. Greene used to jibe at our 'braggart blank verse'; he scorned my 'drumming decasyllabon,' and called Will 'an upstart crow that hath decked himself in our feathers.'"

"That sort of criticism has not altogether gone out of vogue, even in our present enlightened century," said Phillips with a smile. "In these days of Argus-eyed reviewers we dramatic poets have to be mighty careful what we put our names to in print."

"But our plays were not for print," broke in Marlowe. "If they got into books, 'twas surreptitiously, through stolen and imperfect copies from the actors' manuscript parts. Shakespeare, I dare say, would neither claim nor acknowledge, as a whole, what nowadays you know as his 'works.'"

"Quite a number of people are busy trying to take that responsibility away from him," remarked Phillips, dryly. But the sarcasm was lost on Marlowe, who proceeded quietly with his discourse.

"Stage poetry, as I at last began to learn," he said, "is different from all other. It need not be so lofty and pompous, but still should have adventure, love and romance, and the flush and glow of fancy, all in simple terms, and in smooth verse."

"Literary enough for the dilettante, yet superficial and with tact not to displease the average sensual person—is that the secret?"

"Perhaps," assented Marlowe, dubiously.

"Fortunately we have in this century, as you had in yours, the actor-manager who can bring poetry across the footlights."

"Only, the characters must not talk your poetry so much as speak straight out for themselves. Your fine fancies are best cloaked in commonplace, so as to flatter the audience that *they* are the philosophers, not you."

"Sometimes I doubt, though," ventured Phillips, "if modern audiences even wish to *pretend* to think. It seems that the majority take their theatre as morphia, to forget—or as champagne, to titillate."

"Better, then, my brother, to write for the minority—fit, though few. Put not thy faith in the honeyed poison of friends' praise—still less heed the abuse of jealous rivals. Had I my brief time over again—"

The stroke of twelve pealed startlingly from the church tower. The speaker paused, listened, and then in a changed tone cried out:

"It strikes, it strikes! Now, body turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be chang'd into small water-drops.
Exit, Kit Marlowe!"

Stephen Phillips started up, rubbed his eyes, and found his pipe gone out, his glass yawning empty before him, and the flagon drained to the last scented drop.

HENRY TYRRELL.

CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

I cannot understand why any actor or actress should not contribute to THE MIRROR, *containing as it does all the important theatrical news, both in America and foreign countries. It cannot be surpassed by any professional paper in the world.*

Charles Frohman

GREETING!

God bless ye, merry player folk
On this glad Christmas day!
May naught but joy and love be yours,
And nothing bring dismay;
For tuneful bells ring merrily
And music fills the air
With joyful sounds, and love abounds
On this, the Christ-child's day!

CHARLES BALSAR.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR *on its jubilee.*

Edw. J. Willard

THE LADY OF THE NILE.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.*

CHARACTERS: CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, MARK ANTONY, CAPTAIN ADRIAN.

SCENE: *Interior of Cleopatra's palace, Alexandria, Egypt.* TIME: 32 *B.C. Beautifully worked, delicate matting on black cloth, to look like ebony floor. The chairs and tables are supported by carved lions' and tigers' legs. Tables and chairs encrusted with red, blue and white enamels and metals. Bronze cat and monkey on floor. Tall, golden vases, filled with flowers, at different points of the room, resting on the floor. The flowers: chrysanthemums, heliotropes, myrtles, clematis, crocus, ruby roses, red and blue broad-leaved lotus flowers, violets. The basin of onyx fountain, seen through entrance C, filled with lotus flowers. Mediterranean seen through window opening R. The fountain is on a balcony overlooking Mediterranean C. and orchard L C. Orchard palms seen through window L C—the tops of them, as orchard is supposed to be below. The room is up in the palace, not on a level with the orchard. The table near Cleopatra's couch, at window R, overlooking the Mediterranean, to be of sandal wood, covered with vases of flowers, gold plates of melons, plums, lemons and pomegranates; vessels of gold, containing wine, glasses and golden cups. Cleopatra's couch to be a carved tigress, in ebony, with a young dead lion under her paws. The curved, hollow back of the tigress to be covered with a light green mattress; and an alabaster crescent, delicately padded, as a support for Cleopatra's neck when she reclines on it. On the table L are flowers in vases, a workbasket, containing needles, pins, threads of varied colors, thimble, pieces of linen, napkins and handkerchiefs. Table to imitate ivory. Harp R C. On the walls R and L brilliantly painted scenes in the lives of Cleopatra's ancestors. The vases to be of gold, porcelain and delicate glass. Time of action: morning. Birds heard singing in the trees L. Water whistles will imitate birds. Entrance L, as well as C. At rise of curtain Charmian discovered, seated at table L sewing and singing.*

CHARMIAN (*singing*):

Dear love, dear love, the birds are on the wing:
The dying year thinks sadly of its spring.

Dear love, dear love, thy love is on the wing,
And my heart will not let me smile or sing.

The brooks no longer hide behind my eyes:
They babble tales untold among the wise.

Ah! the spring of my dear love's love is dead;
My brooks are like the rose's petals—red.

I loved too much. I should have loved thee less;
Or, loving much, have let thee guess—and bless.

Then, till I passed, thy love would keep its spring;
And to my love in Summer fashion cling.

(*Speaks*) Poor Sappho. She must have been pretty sad when she wrote *that* song, so many centuries ago. That Phaon was a fool not to have appreciated such a lovely girl as Sappho. I wonder if Sappho was finer than Cleopatra? (*Thinks*) No—impossible. I'll wager that if Cleopatra stood in Sappho's sandals my lord high-and-mighty Phaon would not have been so (*pause*) so (*pause*) *remote.* Oh, *what* a fool that Phaon—. (*Clear sound of bell heard off L.* CHARMIAN *quietly puts aside her sewing.*) That is the Lady of the Nile's bell. (*Fixing things in work basket as she rises.*) Now she must gargle her throat with salt and water, have her tongue scraped, and a drink of sweetened lemon water. She's been long enough in her bath, goodness knows. (*Enter* CLEOPATRA, *L, in seamless garment of finest gauze, with purple belt, hair down her back.*)

CLEOPATRA (*gently*): Thou dilatory girl! (CHARMIAN *starts.*) Why didst thou not attend us when we rang? (*Coming on and crossing to couch, R.*)

CHARMIAN (*abashed a little*): I—I—was thinking, dear mistress.

CLEOPATRA (*sitting on couch*): Of what?

CHARMIAN: Of you and Sappho, O Queen.

CLEOPATRA: Your thoughts. Give them to me.

CHARMIAN: I was thinking that were you Sappho, you, dear Empress, would not have allowed yourself to be snubbed by a ferryman like Phaon.

CLEOPATRA: Do you know what would be Phaon's fate had I been Sappho?

CHARMIAN: I can only guess, sweet lady. (CLEOPATRA *points significantly at the dead lion in the paws of the carved tigress of her couch.*) That? The young dead lion in the paws of the tigress? Well, it would serve him right, the low-born fool!

CLEOPATRA (*reclining on couch*): My hair, Charmian. (CHARMIAN *takes brush and comb from table L.*)

CHARMIAN: Instantly, O Queen. (*Stands at* CLEOPATRA'S *head and begins to massage* CLEOPATRA'S *sculp.* CLEOPATRA *murmurs with delight.*)

CLEOPATRA: Murr—murr—murr! . . . Ah! Charmian, what would I do without thee?

CHARMIAN (*frankly*): I do not know what you could do, madame.

CLEOPATRA: Nor I, sweet girl. Murr—murr—murr! . . . But where's Iras?

CHARMIAN: Iras is with Mardian, in the orchard, or garden, sweet lady.

CLEOPATRA: Well . . . she wastes her time. . . . Where's Mark Antony? Has he called this morning? No?

CHARMIAN (*astonished*): Called, madame?

CLEOPATRA: He went from the banquet last night—or this morning (*thoughtfully*) and forgot to return . . . The brush and comb now.

CHARMIAN (*manipulating brush and comb*): Well, madame, as you do not know, I'll tell you. General Antony started for Rome at daybreak.

CLEOPATRA (*rising on elbow*): Gone to Rome? (CHARMIAN *nods.*) Why to Rome? Did Octavius send for him?

CHARMIAN: A messenger from great Cæsar's nephew acquainted him with Fulvia's death, and——

CLEOPATRA (*sitting up*): His wife dead? (CHARMIAN *nods.*) And you the first to news it to me? (*Joyfully.*) Dear girl! The snake ring with the ruby eyes is thine! (*Exhales a sigh of delight and sinks back upon the couch.*)

CHARMIAN (*kissing* CLEOPATRA'S *hand*): O thank you—thank you, lovely mistress!

CLEOPATRA (*puzzled*): But why should Antony to Rome, now that Fulvia's dead? (*Knitting her brows.*)

CHARMIAN (*mock mournfully*): To attend her obsequies, madame.

CLEOPATRA: Humph! . . . But why did not Antony come to me before he went to Rome?

CHARMIAN: He did not wish to disturb your sleeping majesty after such a boisterous night, madame:

CLEOPATRA (*slowly and thoughtfully*): Is Captain Adrian gone with Antony?

Courtesy of *The Literary Digest.*

Statue of Cleopatra, in the Metropolitan Art Museum, by Story.

CHARMIAN: Captain Adrian?

CLEOPATRA: He who sat last night between Ventidius and Canidius. (CHARMIAN, *puzzled, apparently, and silent.*) Thy thoughts seem to be down the Nile, my good girl! (CHARMIAN *doesn't want to talk, apparently, of* CAPTAIN ADRIAN. CLEOPATRA, *impatiently, sitting up and looking hard at* CHARMIAN). Why, I mean the young Greek, with the violet eyes beneath the dancing brows. How obtuse you grow, girl!

CHARMIAN (*coming out of her trance*): Oh! . . . Captain Adrian . . .

CLEOPATRA: Yes, Captain Adrian.

CHARMIAN (*unwillingly*): He is down below, your majesty.

CLEOPATRA (*looking through her*): How know you?

CHARMIAN (*reluctantly*): We talked together this morning.

CLEOPATRA (*dangerously*): So . . . what about?

CHARMIAN (*almost at her wits' end*): About . . . about . . .

CLEOPATRA: About and about! Come, what about?

CHARMIAN (*hesitatingly*): About . . . about poor, sweet Sappho, his countrywoman.

CLEOPATRA (*narrowing her eyes*): About what else?

CHARMIAN (*carelessly*): Oh! About the tale of troy—Hecuba—the respective merits of the Trojan and Grecian women—Penelope—Alcibiades—Aeschylus—Euripides—the golden age of Athens—Pericles—Aspasia——

CLEOPATRA (*interrupting at "Aspasia"*): And why did not Captain Adrian accompany General Antony to Rome?

CHARMIAN: General Antony left him to guard the palace, and—— (*Pauses.*)

CLEOPATRA (*amused, with arched brows*): Me?

CHARMIAN (*relieved*): Yes, madame.

CLEOPATRA (*relaxing, as she lies on the couch*): Well, . . . speedily with my hair, girl, (CHARMIAN *works rapidly on hair*) and send Captain Adrian to me. (CHARMIAN *starts to obey.*) Stay! (CHARMIAN *stands at attention.*) Are all the captains—Enobarbus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Eros, and the rest—gone?

CHARMIAN: I think many of them are in the wine shops—or in bed, dear mistress (*sticking a ruby rose into* CLEOPATRA'S *hair, back of the left ear*). There, madame!

CLEOPATRA: My mirror. (CHARMIAN *hands her a gold-backed mirror. She critically examines herself.*) The rose should be a little higher, Charmian. (CHARMIAN *places it higher.*) That is better. (*Again critically looks into mirror from all sides; looks at throat, bust, skims an eyelash with little finger tip, then hands mirror to* CHARMIAN.) Well, send Captain Adrian. . . . (CHARMIAN *starts for entrance C.*) One moment. (CHARMIAN, *arrested in her journey, turns.* CLEOPATRA *clasps her right knee, her right foot off the floor, as she gently rocks.*) What think you, Charmian, of Captain Adrian?

CHARMIAN (*heartily*): I think that he is a clean, clear, goodly man; presentable and fair to look upon; tall, strong and well proportioned; active, graceful and young; honest and honorable; with golden hair, eyes that glow like twin moons in the Nile at midnight; a courageable heart; with a love for and a loyalty to Mark Antony that are God-like!

CLEOPATRA (*sneeringly*): Indeed? And what prompts thee to enumerate so elaborately and ornately, like a Homeric or Ciceronian catalogue, Captain Adrian's many physical and moral attributes and virtues? (CHARMIAN *silent.*) Is he thy lover? (*Dangerously, rising, standing close to* CHARMIAN.)

CHARMIAN (*frankly, innocently, fervently*): Would to the high, great and wise gods that he were, madame!

CLEOPATRA (*angrily*): Ah! (*Slapping* CHARMIAN.)

CHARMIAN (*astonished*): And what is that for, madame?

CLEOPATRA (*calmly*): For thy insolence . . . and my pleasure. You chatter too incessantly, and forget that you are . . . what you are . . . and I—a queen!

CHARMIAN (*in tears, reproachfully*): Oh, madame! And Charmian thy ever loving slave!

CLEOPATRA (*after a silence, as* CHARMIAN *weeps*): There (*kissing* CHARMIAN) is a kiss to balm the blow. Now, my breakfast. (*Sits on couch.* CHARMIAN *moves table near couch.* CLEOPATRA *looks at things on table and slowly enumerates them.*) Honey cakes—sliced melons—amber and purple grapes, green Phœnician and red Falernian wines. (*Nibbles at grapes.*) Did I not hear you singing a little while ago, Charmian? (*Sorry for having struck her.*)

CHARMIAN (*very down hearted still*): Y-e-s, your majesty. (*Wipes eyes furtively.*)

CLEOPATRA: Come, no more tears, dear girl. You shall sing now a gay song to aid my digestion. (CHARMIAN *shakes her head sadly.*)

CHARMIAN (*sadly*): I could not sing a gay song now for half Egypt, O Queen!

CLEOPATRA (*good-humoredly*): Well, we shall not give you half Egypt, Charmian, . . . but you shall have the purple robe and peacock gown, for which thy greedy eyes have so longed and asked.

CHARMIAN (*brightens instantly, claps her hands and dances with delight*): O most lovely and generous queen!

CLEOPATRA (*amused*): *Now*, wilt thou sing me a gay song?

CHARMIAN (*taking harp at R C and sitting C*): Oh, the gayest Aristophanes ever wrote, madame! (*Sings, accompanying herself on harp*):

O, listen to me,
And so you shall be
Warm-hearted and fresh as a daisy;
Not eager to chatter
On every matter,
Nor bent over work till you're crazy!
No spreader of news
That's born in the stews,
Making white seem black with cunning;
But wandering down
Outside of the town,
And over the green fields running.
Kiss, quarrel and play
With the fellows so gay,
Like so many birds of feather;
All breathing of youth,
Good-humor and truth,
In the time of the jolly Spring weather—
In the jolly Spring time,
Under poplar and lime,
When the boys and the girls get together!

CLEOPATRA (*quietly*): Excellent! (CHARMIAN *rests harp against wall R C.*) Now draw up a seat for Captain Adrian. (CHARMIAN *places chair at L of table.*) So; and send him. (CHARMIAN *starts to obey.*) Wait. (CHARMIAN *turns.*) Are my eyebrows dark enough?

CHARMIAN: As the Nile at midnight, gracious queen!

CLEOPATRA: Not one white hair showing?

CHARMIAN: Not one, madame.

CLEOPATRA: And the lines about my eyes, when I smile (*smiles*). So?

CHARMIAN: Very, very, very fine, madame.

CLEOPATRA: Not deep enough for love or passion's grave?

CHARMIAN: General Antony doesn't seem to think so when he looks into thy inch-long, sea-green eyes.

CLEOPATRA: Bah! . . . Antony is a man . . . and passion-blinded! But thou art a woman. Answer me!

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IN MR. RABBIT'S TIME

Yo' kin hab yo' Summer weather,
when de sun he shine erlong,
But I laiks de fros' an' freeses when
hit come ter makin' song.
Mr. Rabbit got de twidgets kaze he
hotfoots on de road,
And Brer Possum stroke his whiskers whar de tater crap is throwed.

Take yo' lemonade an' palm leafs—I'se a-biddin' fo' de frost.
Yo' kin hab a pile ob embers fo' de honey dat yo' lost,
An' way early in de mornin' es yo' breth am gittin' thick,
Yo' kin see poor Mr. Rabbit beatin' bushes wid er stick.

So hits come erlong heah, honey, git yo' bib an' tucker out,
There's gwine ter be er frolic an' ef Possums is erbout
Den we chase him en we ketch him and we stick him in er pot,
En we keep a-eatin' possum till he touches er de spot.

Keep yo' 'lect'ic fans a-bussin', but I'm after Winter days,
Wid de Possum an' de Rabbit an' de pender-shuckin' craze.
So hits git yo' bonnet, honey, an' we'll kiver up our shins,
Fer de Frost King mighty cheeky es he wait fo' us an' grins. W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

OLD SANTA: *"Here's the place I'm given a jolly welcome!"*

CHARMIAN: They are, truly, almost imperceptible, lady—quite, when thou doest not smile.

CLEOPATRA: My lips?

CHARMIAN: A cardinal couplet, dear mistress.

CLEOPATRA: Sweet girl! . . . but—my mirror. (CHARMIAN *hands her mirror; she looks at her lips.*) Ah! . . . the carmine! (CHARMIAN *takes carmine and camel's-hair brush off table, R C, and applies carmine to* CLEOPATRA'S *lips.*)

CHARMIAN (*protestingly*): But your majesty is coloring nature!

CLEOPATRA (*kissing her*): Sweet girl! (*Looks in mirror; starts.*) Am I? Look there! (*laying tip of little finger upon an eyebrow*). Nature is coloring me!

CHARMIAN (*looks*): I see nothing to startle you, madame.

CLEOPATRA: There (*tapping her eyebrow*) is one frosty blade from old Time's sickle. . . . The pincers! (CHARMIAN *runs to work basket on table L and back.*) Pluck it out! Derascinate it! (CHARMIAN *does;* CLEOPATRA *grows calm. Quietly*): I would not have Captain Adrian see that (*holding solitary hair between thumb and forefinger*) for (*looks at* CHARMIAN *and smiles*) the other half of Egypt, girl!

CHARMIAN: Oh! . . . then madame loves Captain Adrian?

CLEOPATRA (*falling back on couch, quietly*): He interests me.

CHARMIAN (*in half an aside*): Oh! (*as much as to say, "Oh, well, that settles it—and me." Peculiar kind of an Oh. To be explained at rehearsal. The right kind of an Oh will get a good, sympathetic laugh from any audience—especially from ladies in an audience*).

CLEOPATRA: Send him (CHARMIAN *starts for entrance C*). *Wait!* (*sitting up;* CHARMIAN *turns*). Am I young or old, to look upon, Charmian? (CHARMIAN *silently looks at her.*) The truth (*as if fearing the truth*).

CHARMIAN (*diplomatically*): You will never be younger looking, O queen!

CLEOPATRA (*imperatively*): Come, the truth!

CHARMIAN (*bravely*): Young, O queen!

CLEOPATRA (*suspiciously*): Truly?

CHARMIAN (*gently*): Yes, truly, dear lady. Not a day over thirty.

CLEOPATRA (*seriously*): And yet I was born nearly thirty-seven years ago, Charmian, . . . I am old enough to be— How old art thou?

CHARMIAN: Sweet one-and-twenty, madame.

CLEOPATRA: Thy mother. . . . (*Pensively, retrospectively.*) I grow old, Charmian. (*Sighs and falls back on couch.*)

CHARMIAN (*sweetly*): Not so, madame. You will never be old!

CLEOPATRA (*sitting up*): Ha! . . . Is that prescience—a compliment—or flattery?

CHARMIAN (*expostulatingly*): Madame!

CLEOPATRA: Do you mean an early death?

CHARMIAN (*alarmed*): No, no, gracious one! . . . Death may be forgiven for wanting you——

CLEOPATRA: What!

CHARMIAN: But he is too gallant to press his 'vantage, once having seen you, dear lady.

CLEOPATRA: And you were Captain Adrian, sweet girl, wouldst think me young?

CHARMIAN: Mark Antony, a greater man, thinks you are, madame.

CLEOPATRA (*quietly*): No quibbling, Charmian. . . . Besides, Mark Antony is my elder, by fourteen years, and old lions are not particular about their quarry. Now, were you Captain Adrian, wouldst thou think me young?

CHARMIAN: Were I Captain Adrian, madame, General Antony would be wise to hurry back from Rome.

CLEOPATRA: Why, dear child?

CHARMIAN: Because when I look at you, and think of you, dear lady, I believe that the resources of nature have been exhausted.

CLEOPATRA (*delightedly*): Begone, sweet jade! (CHARMIAN *starts to go.*) Stay! (CHARMIAN *turns.*) Thou shalt have that necklace of lapis-lazuli and cornelian, credited to thy honey-tipped tongue.

CHARMIAN (*with clasped hands, ecstatically*): O my beloved empress!

CLEOPATRA (*rising*): Now send Captain Adrian to me. (CHARMIAN *about to dart out C.*) Yet a moment! (CHARMIAN *turns at C.*) Encircle my hair with the golden asp. (CHARMIAN *takes golden asp from casket on table L;* CLEOPATRA *sits in chair at table R;* CHARMIAN *encircles* CLEOPATRA'S *head with asp, hands her mirror, she looks into it, fixes asp a little.*) Now, go.

CHARMIAN (*at C*): At once, most lovely queen (*glides off R C*).

CLEOPATRA (*rising and placing mirror on table L, then crosses to R and looks out on the Mediterranean*): That blue Mediterranean never ages. Why should man or woman? Why shouldn't man? But why should woman? Women should be forever young; man, only so long as it is necessary for the welfare of the world. Poetry never ages, either. Why, that song that Charmian sang to me is as fresh to-day as it was four hundred years ago, when it leaped from the pen of Aristophanes . . . (*coming from window*). Oh, to have been one of those merry-makers, under the poplars and limes, in those far-away years, when the world was young! (*Sits C.*) Oh! oh! oh! that beautiful, outdoor Grecian life, in the golden days of Athens! Would I were a girl again! . . . Pooh! (*Rises, snaps her dream away, crosses to couch, sits, then reclines on it. Suddenly rises, crosses to table L, takes from it mirror, hurries back to couch, reclines on it, holding mirror at her right side, ever and anon raising it and looking into it to see if Captain Adrian has entered.*) So, Marcus Antonius goes to Rome to bury, or burn, that violent strumpet, Fulvia, without a word to me? (*looks at entrance C in mirror, then drops it at her right side*). Yet that same Fulvia played schoolmaster to his part of pupil ever since their wedding day (*bus. with mirror*). There was never a great man so hectored by his mate; and the strangeness of it is that Antony is more rough soldier than scholar and courtier (*bus. with mirror*). Yet he feared Fulvia. Had I been Antony I would have bent or cracked her neck across my knee! (*Bus. with mirror.*) And he doesn't fear me. . . . Strange, not to fear one more dangerous than fifty beef-blown Fulvias! . . . (*Bus. with mirror.*) The ways of man are past finding out . . . the ways of men's souls, I mean (*bus. with mirror*). And women are . . . devious . . . even to themselves. . . . Why am I interested in this young Greek? Because I am a Greek by descent? No! (*Bus. with mirror; enter* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *from R; stands at entrance C and looks L, as if expecting to see* CLEOPATRA *there.* CLEOPATRA *quickly lowers mirror, slips it under her on couch.*) Ah! he is here! I sleep (*pretends to sleep.* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *comes down stage, looking toward door L. When down C he turns, looks R and sees* CLEOPATRA, *apparently asleep. Her arms are above her head and she looks unconsciously beautiful.* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *coughs gently.* CLEOPATRA *opens her eyes, sits up suddenly, half awake.*) Captain Adrian?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: You sent for me, your highness? (*with a bow*).

CLEOPATRA (*putting her foot on floor*): Yes—O yes! Now, I remember. Come here and sit (*making room for him on couch*).

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*dropping into chair L. of table, looking intently at her, the table between them*): Here, if it please your majesty.

CLEOPATRA (*imperiously*): I am used to being obeyed, sir!

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Oh, a command? (*Rising and sitting at her side*). I thought it merely a conventional request. (*Good-humoredly.*) Pardon me, your majesty. (CLEOPATRA *good-naturedly places her right hand upon the back of his left, as it rests upon his knee, and looks kindly into his face.*)

CLEOPATRA: Why did your eyes avoid mine at the banquet last night?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Why? I know not—unless it was the wine that held them slaves (*laughs boyishly*). Ha! ha! ha!

CLEOPATRA: How long hast thou been one of Mark Antony's captains? (*Moving closer to him.*)

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Ever since the death of Brutus, when Antony went to Greece.

CLEOPATRA: Did you see Brutus die?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Oh, no! No such luck!

CLEOPATRA: Luck?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Certainly; it would have been luck to see one of the murderers of great Cæsar die.

CLEOPATRA (*gratified*): Ah! (*clutching his hand tighter*). But you are not a Roman, so what matters it to you how one of Cæsar's assassins died?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: I admired Cæsar, and do not believe in assassination.

CLEOPATRA: How came you and Antony together?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: I, as you perhaps know, madame, am a Grecian—an Athenian. When Antony came to Athens, I, one night, had the rare good fortune to do him a service.

CLEOPATRA: Of what nature?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: He was out late—had supped well—was alone—when attacked by four shore-going Sicilian pirates; and I, I thank the gods, in passing was of assistance.

CLEOPATRA (*with interest*): The result?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*quietly*): Four dead pirates.

CLEOPATRA: And then?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: I joined his legions. He made me one of his captains. We passed into Asia. I've been with him ever since.

CLEOPATRA: You like Mark Antony?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*simply*): I love him! He is the bravest, kindest, simplest, best of men and friends!

CLEOPATRA: Not wild, luxurious, cruel, selfish, stubborn, vain, passionate, animal——

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*shocked*): Your majesty, no! Indeed, no!

CLEOPATRA (*quietly*): His enemies say he is.

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Oh! and we judge a man by what his enemies say we would indeed be simple.

CLEOPATRA: But friends flatter—heartlessly.

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: And enemies lie, flat-footedly. Mark Antony is no god——

CLEOPATRA (*quietly*): Nor devil?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: He is all man, with all a man's faults and virtues.

CLEOPATRA: Do you love women as well as you love Antony?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: My capacity for loving has never been tested.

CLEOPATRA: You are like an unused wine skin, then?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: How, madame?

CLEOPATRA: You do not know how much you can hold?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Well, judging by my love for Antony——

CLEOPATRA: You think you could love a woman?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Yes, I think I could. But I've never been tempted.

CLEOPATRA: Then you have no wife, or—or——

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: None, your highness.

CLEOPATRA: What a paragon of cautiousness and virtue!

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Ha! ha! ha! ha! I have always heard that you were the most brilliant, as well as the cleverest and wisest, woman in the world; and now I believe it. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

CLEOPATRA: Why, your laugh is like a boisterous brook, racing over snowy pebbles, from dim woods, to river and sea.

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: I annoy you, then?

CLEOPATRA: On the contrary, you pleasure me.

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Generous queen! (*Laying his hand on hers.*)

CLEOPATRA (*touching his chin*): Why do you not wear a beard, like the other captains?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: I, a beard? The gods forbid! We young Greeks prefer an unadorned face—like your own, madam.

CLEOPATRA (*pouring wine with trembling hand*): Have some wine (*handing him glass.*)

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Wine, from the jewelled hand of the Lady of the Nile! With pleasure—if your highness will graciously not permit me to drink alone? (CLEOPATRA *fills another glass, touches* CAPTAIN ADRIAN'S; *both drink.*) What wine is that, madame, may I ask?

CLEOPATRA (*refilling both glasses and handing him one*): That, my dear friend, is green wine, from Phœnicia. Does it like you?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*taking it*): As I lit! (*Both drink, and the tigress is aroused in* CLEOPATRA. *Both place their glasses on the table.* CLEOPATRA *sits quickly beside* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *on the couch.*)

CLEOPATRA: Let me see thy hand! (CAPTAIN ADRIAN *surrenders his hand without a word.* CLEOPATRA *takes it in both of hers, and examines it. She strokes the back of it, then turns it, palm up in her lap.* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *shivers.*) Why, you shiver as if struck by a wind from Britain—Ah! (*Suddenly looking from his palm to his eyes.*)

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: What is it, madame?

CLEOPATRA: How old art thou?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: I have just passed thirty.

CLEOPATRA: You should be dead at thirty! Your life line says so (*crushing his hand between her hands and looking passionately into his face*).

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*rising and trying to free his hand.* CLEOPATRA *rises also, retaining it, and leaning close to him, her cheeks aflame.* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *full of suppressed excitement, too*): Not I, madame! I intend to live to comb gray hair! Life is too good to leave! Even at the worst it is to be preferred to clammy death! Ha! ha! ha! ha! I die? Not I! (*He tries to back away from her, but she only clings the closer. He then stands quite still and looks her straight in the eyes.*) But as much as I love life, your majesty, I would die for Mark Antony, or before I would betray him!

CLEOPATRA (*passionately*): I do not ask that you should betray him, Adrian. Mark Antony, in the past nine years, has often betrayed me—and I do not complain! No man is true to a woman—or true only until he is tempted! Why should women be true to men? Cæsar, Pompey, Antony—all were untrue to me; and now the gods have sent thee to be my true friend! (*She holds him closer.*)

CAPTAIN ADRIAN: Consider me that, your majesty, until death!" (*He unconsciously draws her closer. She, mistaking his meaning, throws her arms around his neck and kisses him passionately. He wavers for a second—is tempted—then tears her arms from around his neck and casts her off.*) Oh, thou wanton and would be fouler of mine honor! Was there no more unworthy officer in Mark Antony's legions to whom thou couldst have offered this affront? (*Looking up.*) Oh, ye gods! In what have I offended, to meet with this blasting fate? (*As he stands, with his eyes to heaven, and* CLEOPATRA *looking at him, shamed, humiliated and astonished at his act,* CHARMIAN *suddenly appears at entrance from R, catches* CLEOPATRA'S *eyes, forms her lips into the word "*ANTONY*!" points significantly with her forefinger down; then, with an upward and inward jerk of the thumb, disappears L.* CLEOPATRA *understands that* ANTONY *is coming. She utters a cry of pain, presses her hand to her heart, staggers, and is apparently about to fall, when* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *catches her.*)

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*compassionately*): Oh! I have been too brutal! Pardon me, O queen, and forget! (MARK ANTONY *appears at C.,* CLEOPATRA *sees him,* CAPTAIN ADRIAN'S *back is to him and he doesn't see him.*)

RICHARD OBER.

CLEOPATRA (*lowly, hurriedly*): And Mark Antony shall never know?

CAPTAIN ADRIAN (*aloud*): And Mark Antony shall never know! (*Very quick action from now till curtain.* ANTONY, *at entrance C, draws his short Roman sword and strides furiously towards them, in each other's arms.* CLEOPATRA *knows he is coming and tears herself from the thunderstruck* CAPTAIN ADRIAN'S *arms, who stands petrified at his false position, unable to speak or move.*)

CLEOPATRA (*tearing herself free of* CAPTAIN ADRIAN'S *arms as* MARK ANTONY *approaches, grinding out oaths under his breath*): Never! never! The love that has been Mark Antony's shall never be the camp-and-wineshop boast of an ungrateful Greek traitor! And when Mark Antony returns from Rome——

ANTONY (*roars*): Mark Antony has not gone to Rome! (CLEOPATRA *and* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *look at him in astonishment.* ANTONY *stands before* CAPTAIN ADRIAN, *furious.*) Dog of a Greek traitor! is this thy gratitude for all my favors? Speak! or by the immortal gods——

CLEOPATRA (*afraid* CAPTAIN ADRIAN *will betray her*): Strike, Mark Antony! Strike, or nevermore touch lips to mine!

ANTONY (*to* CAPTAIN ADRIAN): Speak!

CLEOPATRA: Strike, Mark Antony! and avenge thy honor, as well as mine! (ANTONY *stabs* CAPTAIN ADRIAN, *who falls with a crash, face down.*)

ANTONY (*holding out his arms to* CLEOPATRA): The traitor!

CLEOPATRA: The fool! (*Gliding into* ANTONY'S *arms.*)

Curtain.

JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

STRONGER AND BETTER THAN EVER.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

The silver wedding of your valued offspring to the cause of dramatic art in the United States finds it stronger and better dowered than ever to carry on its mission. Its success is encouraging to all devoted to the betterment of our theatrical conditions. Like all soldiers in battles worth the winning, it has given and taken hard blows, and wears the veteran's scars as well as the victor's laurels. Riper, richer and experienced, may THE MIRROR *renew its youth and see the fruition of many ideals before the year of its golden jubilee comes around.*

Joseph M. Clarke

New York, November, 1903.

DRAMATIC MIRROR

DAVID GARRICK AND MRS. CIBBER

In speaking of the production of Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda at the Drury Lane Theatre by the elder David Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, Thomas Davies in his life of David Garrick, Esq., says:

"The play was well acted in all its parts, but its success depended chiefly upon the two principal characters, acted by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, who were formed by nature for the illustration of each other's talents. In their persons they were both somewhat below the medium size; he was, though short, well made; she, though in her form not graceful and scarcely genteel, was, by the elegance of her manner and symmetry of her features, rendered very attractive. From similarity of complexion, size and countenance, they could have been easily supposed to be brother and sister; but in the powerful expression of the passions they still approached to a nearer resemblance. He was master of all the passions, but more particularly happy in the exhibition of parts where anger, resentment, disdain, horror, despair and madness predominated. In love, grief and tenderness she greatly excelled all competitors, and was also unrivaled in the more ardent passion emotions of jealous love and frantic rage, which she expressed with a degree of sensibility in voice, look and action that never failed to draw tears from the most unfeeling."

THE ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

FROM ADA PATTERSON.

A CHRISTMAS THEFT.

The celebration of Christmas with me has so generally meant an extra matinee that I suppose my "queerest" Christmases have been those of the recent years during which I have not been active professionally. However, there is little of interest in that, but my Christmas of 1896 was not only queer but uncanny.

From copyright photo. Dupont, N. Y., 1897.

On December 23, 1896, you may recall, a big production of Much Ado About Nothing was made at Daly's Theatre. In spite of the extra matinee Christmas Day the members of the company had all resolved to celebrate the occasion as best they could, and as usual there was an exchange of greetings which had long since become the custom.

The production had been immensely successful, the entire cast had accredited itself splendidly, and yet there was an air of depression about the green room which no one could understand but which was tacitly recognised by all of us. Early that morning Nancy McIntosh's favorite terrier, which had been a general pet, had died, and this loss was the only tangible reason for the general gloom. But this was as nothing to the succession of disasters that followed.

When Miss McIntosh entered the theatre the evidences of a good, long cry were in her eyes, but she rallied sufficiently to greet Sidney Herbert and Marie St. John and ask them if they had received her gifts. Each solemnly answered in the negative.

"But I sent them an hour ago to you here," declared Miss McIntosh.

Inquiry and investigation followed which resulted in so much mystery that we were all quite unnerved. One after another of the company related how he or she had carefully sent little remembrances to the stage door, as had been our custom, and of all these dozens of gifts not one had arrived.

"Stolen!" declared Charles Richman.

"But all the messengers in New York can't be dishonest," argued John Craig. "There's a conspiracy."

I believe I shuddered. At any rate, Mrs. Gilbert told me afterwards that I did. There was no time for further parley, however, and we silently filed into our dressing-rooms.

We were a depressed company that afternoon, and other things happened to add to our discomfiture. First one of the stage hands fell from the flies, where he was trying to unloosen a piece of scenery that had stuck, and fractured his arm. A little later a woman in the audience fainted, and right in the midst of one of the overtures a member of the orchestra was stricken with an epileptic fit. We began to wonder if the theatre wouldn't burn down, or if at least the roof wouldn't fall in. We got through the day somehow, but it was a tug at our nerves.

Oh, yes, we did afterward solve the mystery of the missing Christmas gifts. The police were informed of their mysterious disappearance and the next day arrested a discharged stage hand, who confessed the theft and returned such of the gifts as he hadn't already pawned or sold. Knowing the custom of our exchange of gifts, he had stood just outside the stage door, passed himself off as the door tender, and received each one of the packages as they arrived.

ADA REHAN.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN QUANTICO.

Christmas under the most favorable circumstances in the world isn't a day of great rejoicing for the player. Essentially a holiday to be spent at home and among friends, it becomes merely twenty-four hours of work and loneliness when divided between two performances and a dinner of carefully sliced turkey in an out-of-the-way town. To the tender aspirant for histrionic honors it is nothing less than terrible—a difficulty, like many other difficulties encountered, surmounted only by the aid of ambition and a strong stomach.

My first Christmas on the road was by far my most desolate and disagreeable, albeit I was much helped by the humor of my situation. I was an unimportant member of one of Charles Frohman's smaller companies, and we were touring the South. Just what town was to have been reached for the Yule matinee I do not remember, but I do recollect that the junction at which we were to change cars was Quantico, and that when we arrived there were no cars to change. The train that was to have taken us away was snowbound somewhere, and we actors, shivering with cold, huddled together in a little wind-swept station. There we waited hour after hour, until, determined not to bear the discomfort any longer if I missed every train on the road, I sought the village hotel.

When I reached this hostelry it was closed fast. No amount of pounding at the door elicited any response, and I was on the point of returning to the station when I discovered an unlocked window, the bottom of which was only a few inches from the porch. I entered. The hotel lobby was deserted. I touched a big bell on the counter, but no night clerk responded, and so I prepared to make myself at home. First I registered. Then I selected a key from the rack and wrote its number opposite my name, adding a shaky "I." to signify that my tenancy had begun with lodging. Finally I left a seven o'clock call for myself and began searching for my room. I found it after awhile—a cold, cheerless apartment—and, throwing myself on the bed without disrobing, was soon fast asleep.

I was awakened something after ten o'clock by a pounding at my door. The pounder was the manager of our company, and he had been searching for me nearly an hour. The hotel was deserted in earnest; the owner had failed a week before, the furniture had been sold at auction in the rooms, and, wth the exception of a drowsy watchman, who was supposed to attend to the place but who had not heard me come in, I was the only person in the great, vacant building. My companions, after waiting until nearly daylight for their train, had been guided to the proper resting place, where my absence had caused considerable alarm. Had I known that a negro asleep in the basement and I were the only occupants of the building every dollar in town could not have tempted me to remain there. As it is, not all the comfort of after years nor all the success achieved in this, my profession, can ever make me forget my first professional Christmas—the Christmas spent in Quantico.

WILTON LACKAYE.

THE ONE AUDITOR.

The first performance of Zaza was given on Monday, Dec. 26, 1898. The occurrence of which I speak took place on the previous day, Christmas, and for that reason, perhaps, made an unusually strong impression upon me. Of course, I had been made happy by many gifts of love and esteem from my friends in almost every corner of the earth, and yet none touched my heart with such eloquence and pathos as one sent to my rooms just as I was preparing for the last rehearsal.

Its pathos lay in its simplicity, for the little gift was nothing more pretentious than a small bunch of forget-me-nots, combined with a few delicate sprays of lilies of the valley. The eloquence of the modest gift, which came without card or token of any kind, seemed to lie in the little band of scarlet ribbon which served to bind them. I placed the flowers in a little vase on my dresser, and, with a mental question as to who the unknown sender might be, was obliged to dismiss the dainty problem for a time.

At length came the eventful first night. All was excitement and suspense when the curtain rose. The opening scenes passed, and it seemed that before I knew it I had made my own entrance and had plunged into the part, which I was sure would be, one way or the other, fateful in its results.

And yet what puzzled and worried me was that I could seem to find no sign to measure the truth of Zaza's appeal to the hearts of her first judges. At that moment, by the merest chance, my eyes were attracted to a face in the front row. It was that of a woman, but the signs of her class were stamped only too clearly in every detail of her appearance. I knew at once that here was a woman of the Zaza type, and yet the rapt attention with which she followed every word, every scene, every change of the story passing before her, made me know she understood, and my heart was carried out to her with an impulse of sympathy and pity. It was only a passing glance at first, and did not reveal what struck my attention like a thunderclap the very next moment. For, closely fastened to her bodice was a bunch of forget-me-nots with its cluster of lilies of the valley, and all tied with the same ribbon of scarlet.

That second look gave inspiration for the moment. I resolved to play to that poor creature as one who would know what life must mean to Zaza, and who, if the best ends were accomplished, might obtain from the play years, a month, or even a single hour of better thoughts and purer ideals.

The fourth act came and was finished. The demonstration at its close surpassed anything my experience had known. The curtain rose, and rose again, and yet again, times without number. The theatre was deafening in its applause, and yet each time my eyes sought instinctively for the verdict of the woman with the forget-me-nots and lilies and scarlet ribbon. She sat absolutely motionless, her head bent forward and her fingers tightly pressing her handkerchief. There was not the slightest question that by one poor heart, at least, Mr. Belasco's story of Zaza's joys and griefs had been understood. That silent verdict seemed worth more than all the applause of the others.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

This day, consecrated in the Christian world, more than any other save Good Friday, to the memories of the Saviour, has been a curiously eventful one to me. I have spent it at various times in every conceivable quarter of the globe, under conditions that have marked it in my life as memorable. My earliest remembered Christmas was spent on the roof of a bungalow in Northeastern Bengal, surrounded by Sepoy mutineers, from whom my mother and three of us children were rescued by the timely arrival of the British troops. Later on, when I was at sea, I spent a Christmas day with four other castaways and a live pig in a twenty-four foot gig in the Indian Ocean. We subsequently reached Colombo after many days of hardship. My first Christmas in Australia, starving and destitute, I crawled at midnight, while the Christmas mass was being sung, into St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, and was taken up fainting and cared for by the kindly priests.

I have spent several Christmas Days in the far-removed, trackless "Never, Never Land" of Australia; on the diggings in the York Peninsula; in New Zealand, in India, China, Japan, South Africa; many a one on board ship, both in the torrid tropics and the frigid ice fields of the stormy Southern seas. I have made my Christmas at home—but this very, very seldom. It has been made welcome to me abroad; it has been saddened by loss of old friends, gladdened by the gaining of new ones. I have few Christmas Days to look back on, however, with shame and regret—in fact, only two as yet. I spent them on December 25, 1901 and 1902, in a great Christian land, discovered years ago by Christopher Columbus, and named America, where to the accompaniment of church bells, proclaiming the birth of Christ, the customs of the country compelled me to play a matinee and an evening performance of the Gentleman of France to packed houses, in Allentown, Pa., and Providence, R. I.

KYRLE BELLEW.

IN A CHINESE THEATRE.

The strangest Christmas I ever spent—and I have since spent many which could not be duplicated by the most persistent globe trotter—was in San Francisco some ten years ago. I was then playing leading parts with a prominent stock company. It was my first season on the stage, for although both my father and my mother were on the stage, I did not join the profession till I was nearly out of my teens. My first Christmas afternoon and evening performances I was expecting would be strange enough in themselves, but there was no such commonplace holiday in store for me.

It happened that my way from home to the theatre that afternoon lay through San Francisco's Chinatown, and that as I passed the Chinese theatre, which offered interminable performances to Orientals and curiosity seekers, there seemed to be more than the usual excitement on the street before it, on the sidewalk and in the lobby. A sudden impulse seized me. I had left home early, for our Christmas dinner was to come between the matinee and evening performances, and so I thought I had plenty of time in which to reach the theatre where I was playing.

Why not go inside a few moments and see what a Chinese play was like? I have always acted on the instant whenever struck by sudden fancy, and that moment was no exception to my youthful rule of life. I paid down my five sen, or whatever it was, and entered the house in company with many hundred others. Pandemonium reigned within. The noise which came from the stage was terrific, and there were already at least a thousand people in the little theatre.

I managed to obtain one of the few remaining empty seats, and it was well towards the front. I immediately became absorbed in the performance. The costumes were splendid, but the actors were bawling their lines at the top of their voices and the orchestra was adding to the din with its discordant musical accompaniment. Time flew faster than I realised, and when I took out my watch I found that it was half-past two. What consternation! I looked around me, and my consternation increased tenfold. The house was packed to suffocation. Every seat, aisle, and every inch of standing room was filled with human beings, mainly Chinese, but with not a few white curiosity seekers like myself scattered among them.

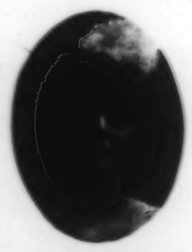
To get out was absolutely impossible. Even if it had been possible, I found afterward that the Chinese would not have tolerated so sacrilegious a disturbance of one of these sacred performances. There was only one thing to do. I resigned myself to the inevitable. I knew the state of mind my manager must be in, and I could almost hear the language he was using, with a large holiday audience waiting for the curtain to rise and his leading lady not to be found. But I couldn't help myself any more than he could. I sat there minute by minute and hour by hour. It was one o'clock when I entered, and it was nine o'clock when I emerged, weary and hungry, with a vast knowledge of the Chinese theatre in my head and an insatiate craving for turkey and other delicious Christmas things in my stomach.

It was useless to go to the theatre that night, and besides, I had had enough theatre for one day. So I went home at once and ate my belated Christmas dinner—the jolliest and heartiest I have ever eaten. The thought of what my manager would say on the morrow did not disturb me in the least. I was above the thought of such sordid commercial ideas. The next day he greeted me affably, though with something of constraint in his manner. I found out in a few moments, however, that all was not over between us. By good luck—both his and mine—there was an actress in the audience that wonderful Christmas afternoon who knew both parts I was to play, and she saved the day for all three of us.

BLANCHE BATES.

SNOWED IN.

The early part of the Winter of 1899 I spent in California, a thoughtless child of thirteen. En route East over the Central and Union Pacific Railroad I formed my first acquaintance with stage people and went through an experience—grewsome and sad—that I shall never forget. The overland train, crowded with nondescripts and theatrical people, I afterward learned, became stalled in a snowstorm which for severity has not been equalled in twenty years. Stopping without jar, the engine halted, and then the monotony of falling, falling snow, drifting ceaselessly, from



THE REALITY.

Out in the chilly night and wet,
Trot gay Pierrot and fair Pierette,
For what they do in the footlights' glare,
Doesn't always happen ev'rywhere.

However chill the night, it seems,
But brighter glow their hopes and dreams;
For fair Pierette and gay Pierrot
Are truly optimists, you know.

the heavens, appalled us. Everywhere snow, mantles of white on mountainside, covering the jagged harshness of granite and gneiss reaching to the skyline—for we were in a cañon—and then, creeping to and over tops of cars, a tunnel of white. Afterward the closeness of vitiated air from warm sleepers, then chilling cold, then hunger, then the awful waiting, and finally—death! The first to succumb was a tiny and dainty Mexican dwarf, who was coming East with her manager; then a consumptive boy from Kentucky. Others yielded, and the death list grew to ten people. Finally, after this terrible three days' tension, and on the morning of the Christmas, a rescue was effected and the snow ploughs reached us. Transferring the passengers across a frozen gulley, at the bottom of which in Summer flowed a little stream, there was met a grewsome sight, for the rising wind had brushed the snow crystals from a frozen pool as we stepped over to the other train, and there, imbedded in the cold ice, lay a tramp—dead! his wire-like beard masking a simian face, with staring mouth and eyes open ever to the sun. This dead, implacable bridge mocked us as the cheers and greetings of the rescuers saluted us with Yuletide murmurs and praise to Him for our succor.

GERTRUDE QUINLAN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE ROAD.

So many years ago that that Christmas fell on a Sunday I found myself spending the holiday before a big stove in the sitting-room of a hotel at Pittsfield. I was a member of a touring Charley's Aunt company—a No. 60 or thereabouts—and we had given a performance the preceding evening at the Academy of Music. That temple of Thespis was to be occupied the following night by a very cheap repertoire company, which was, like ourselves, Christmasing at the hostelry. They were an overdressed, under-cultured lot, and their noise as much as the cold had driven me from the privacy of my own room.

From copyright photo. Dupont, N. Y.

There was a child with the repertoire company—such a child as one usually finds on the stage—brazen, forward, knowing. I had seen her at the noon dinner, and had been annoyed at her strident voice and second-hand wisdom. I was very much annoyed when she bounced into the sitting-room and, after some hesitation, came over to me.

"Christmas is pretty hard on us actors, ain't it?" she inquired, despite my attempt to ignore her. One could hear the echo of older voices in her speech.

"Yes?" said I. "Why?"

She was so evidently nonplussed and unable to answer that, feeling a sudden pity, I prompted her. "No Santa? No tree? No presents?"

She shook her head. Then falling back to parrotship: "Christmas ain't nothing to us 'cept an extra performance."

I was disgusted again. The pathos of the thing hadn't struck me yet. This sophisticated Little Eva at my knee was talking such an ultra Eva-like language.

"Where's your mamma?" I asked, hoping to turn the child's thoughts and her steps upstairs.

"Over in the depot," answered the youngster, blithely.

The railway station was across the way.

I discerned a large woman through a window.

"Is that she," I queried, "in the waiting-room?"

"No," said the child. "She ain't *in* the waiting-room. She's in a box—she's dead!"

A burst of laughter floated from upstairs. I fell back in my chair stunned, amazed. At last sympathy for this little creature filled me. I saw that the thing was doubly grievous because the girl did not know grief, just as the whole affair was trebly dramatic because it was in no way theatrical. I looked ahead through the child's future; saw her growing up among those people—the dregs of our profession—unwatched, unloved, unconscious. My eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, she'd been sick a year," the tot remarked, indifferently, in answer to my question. "Died Friday in North Adams. We brought her here 'cause it was our next town, and this is where pop's buried."

"Aren't you sorry?" I couldn't help asking.

She nodded her head with more violence than regret. Then she added:

"The lady that sat next to me at breakfast is takin' her part, but she's no good. She spoilt my scene last night."

I wondered how little the child could have known a mother to know so little the bitterness of losing one. While I was wondering a man called from above.

"Kate!" he bellowed. "Kate! Mrs. Ferguson wants you!"

"Coming!" screamed the girl, and disappeared.

There isn't any end to my story because the tale is true, and I have discovered, with George Bernard Shaw, that true tales seldom have endings. I didn't give the orphan a dollar or a Christmas tree because I didn't think either would do her a vast amount of good. I didn't adopt her—for still more practical reasons. I didn't even talk to the repertoire people about her, for my train left less than an hour afterward. There wasn't a feature of the case that was consoling or romantic, as romances go. The child's "troupe" was the most uncompromisingly low one that ever ventured to call itself "theatrical," or to play in barn or tent. I have forgotten the orphan's family name—if I ever knew it—and I can't tell whether she is starring on Broadway or—or not. The entire narrative must be very disappointing to a reader. It's simply an incident of a player's Christmas.

GRACE GEORGE.

THAT'S ALL!

Nothing ever happens on Christmas—nothing at least but recurrent "blues." The monotony of our end of the year holidays never varies. To me it is rather a depressing day, with an extra performance to worry through. That's all.

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

MY STRANGEST CHRISTMAS.

I had just completed my first year at college, not very long ago, when my father, who was a wholesale merchant, living in the glorious State of Indiana, which has furnished so many worthy sons and daughters to the service of their country and in various ways, and where I am proud to claim my nativity, had occasion for business reasons to visit South Africa. He believed that travel was a broader form of education than books, and so I left my studies to accompany him on his tour, which he made quite extended. We went by way of London, thence to the Continent, back to Liverpool, where we embarked for Cape Town.

It had been my father's intention to spend Christmas with friends in Johannesburg, but "the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." Our ship reached port several days overdue, and we were further delayed by one cause or another in that Chicago of the East—Cape Town.

When finally we took train for our destination we were almost a week behind our schedule, and it was problematical as to whether the slow-going English engine could wheezily pull the cars fast enough to get us in by Christmas Eve. Of course—although not necessarily because it was English—it didn't, and when Christmas Day dawned we were steaming along in a dusty train with the sun hot overhead.

I was much disappointed, but my father had provided at least a few crumbs of comfort. He produced a canned plum pudding, made in America, which we heated over a spirit lamp—also one of Uncle Sam's products—and with this we topped off rather a strange meal, which by courtesy was termed our Christmas dinner. Gifts which tend so largely to give concrete expression to words of good cheer were lacking, but the spirit was there and the more substantial forms of Christmas were awaiting us in Johannesburg.

On the whole, it was rather a disappointment, but the joy of succeeding Christmases has cast a happier light upon it, and I remember it only as my strangest Christmas.

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD.

ALWAYS THE DAY AFTER.

In the first place, I never have my Christmas dinner until the day after Christmas. I can't, you know, for I have to be at the theatre at half-past one and can't leave until half-past five. Then I must be back at seven and stay until twelve. So when can I eat a real Christmas dinner with satisfaction? I never see a Christmas tree until the day after, and a Christmas tree when it is stripped is a sorry sight. We always have a tree at my sister's. No, the children wouldn't be willing to wait a whole day for their tree, and they are quite right. At any rate I have the pleasure of doing Christmas shopping, and that's something. I don't believe that grown-ups really care much for the day, do you? It is a children's day.

I made my debut on a Christmas, I remember well. I was sixteen then. It was in a melodrama called Time Tries All, and I felt very grand as a real leading lady. I remember, too, that I ran away from the tenor in an introduced duet. But I admired myself that evening more than I ever have since. That made my Christmas memorable, but the holiday ever since has been a blank, a nothing, as it is to all players who are filling an engagement during the holidays.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

WHILE A SCHOOL GIRL.

Quite the most unusual Christmas I ever spent was one that I had expected to be a very happy one. Not that I mean that I did not enjoy it, for I did, but it was altogether different from what I had been looking froward to.

It was — years ago—no, I won't tell how many, but not so many, anyway—when I was still a school girl in France. I had obtained permission to leave the convent for the Christmas holidays, and with my family was to visit some friends in Germany, where Christmas is celebrated as it is in no other land.

We had reached German territory and were aboard a so-called "schnellzug," which, although it means fast train, traveled at about the rate of one of our Broadway cars. Great preparations had been made to entertain us at the home we were to visit, and the thought of the pleasures awaiting cheered us up in the rather uninteresting trip. We had been delayed, and it was already the afternoon of Christmas eve.

The train was a couple of stations outside the quaint old town of Nuremburg when something happened: It stopped with a jerk and a rattle, and presently from the babel of voices of the hundred or so uniformed officials, which every German railroad carries, we learned that the track had been torn up, apparently by some mischief maker, and that at least five hours would be required to repair it. It began to turn cold then. There was not a sign of habitation about, and we became disconsolate. As a shining light in our despair a farmer drove by in his wagon, and without more ado we plied in, bag and baggage, and asked him to shelter us for the night. It was impossible to reach the town that night, and even if we could have done so, we had missed our connections, and so we would have had to stay at a hotel.

Between the city and the farmhouse we chose the latter as more of a lark. It was a dear, old-fashioned place, with immense porcelain stoves and furniture in keeping.

There were no less than seven children in the house, who still retained their faith in St. Nicholas, so we determined that they at least should have their fun. When midnight came the farmer dressed himself in the regulation jacket, and draping a Persian lamb cape—the dearest possession of my young heart—about his shoulders, made his entrance and distributed his gifts. We had eked out the comparatively few trinkets the old man had been able to purchase with things from our own stock, and such rare and unfeigned happiness as these children showed I have rarely seen.

We might have left early the succeeding morning, but so cheerful and homelike was the old place that we hated to go. We stayed long enough to eat a real Christmas dinner, and ever since not a Christmas goes by but that I receive some little token with good wishes from the family.

I bear few Christmases in mind more clearly than I do this one.

ANNA HELD.

Photo. Vander Weyde, N. Y.

JEANNETTE GILDER.

Editor of The Critic, a noted First-nighter and Student of the Drama.

TWO EPISODES.

The two Christmas experiences which stand out most clearly in my recollection were more than a decade apart.

The one gave me my first glimpse of the duplicity of man, even though he has not graduated from knickerbockers, and the other taught me that my profession was full of kind-hearted people.

Christmas No. 1 found me in my crib, rubbing my eyes and hearing wonderful tales of an individual named Santa Claus, who had slipped down the chimney the night before. When I entered into my possessions I was more impressed by the dolls, kitchen and dishes than by the sweets in my stocking. Not so my little brother. He neglected his drums, toy train, etc., and devoured the contents of his stocking. Then he suggested that we play at housekeeping with my dishes, my little tin kitchen and my—candies. I agreed to do the cooking and wash the dishes, and when I had finished that task I discovered that the head of the house had eaten up everything in the larder—otherwise my stocking.

Christmas No. 2 came to me at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. I was then a member of the Daly organization, and perhaps the baby of the cast. At any rate, I was a good bit of a kid in more ways than one, and the other members of the company took great delight in teasing me. I noticed on this particular Christmas night that the entire company seemed anxious for the fall of the first curtain, and when I entered my dressing-room there was a tree shining in all its glory. I was just young enough to be chock full of sentiment, and the gleaming candles set my heart aglow. I rushed around like a five-year-old, oblivious of the fact that everybody who could crowd into the corridor outside my door was "rubbering." And never were such presents sent to a soubrette. Imagine my amazement to find in one package an order on a charity organization for a load of wood. Another contained a fake meal ticket. A pair of garters that bore unmistakable marks of a five- and ten-cent store gave me a distinct shock as coming from Miss Rehan, and other equally dignified members of the company sent me a variety of impossible gifts. There was not one sensible gift in the lot—not one article that represented a monetary value—and yet I never had a Christmas that made me so happy! And I believe that pleasure was shared by every member of the Daly company.

PAULA EDWARDES.

IN THE SOUTH.

Think of Christmas Day in Jacksonville, Fla., and you will have a vision of a bright, sunny day, soft breezes, orange groves loaded with ripe fruit, and gardens full of flowers.

This day was nothing of the sort. It was the year of the great cold wave in the South, when oranges froze on the trees, and the air was as keen and cutting as any Northern Winter. And then, weather like this is so unusual in the South that no one is prepared for it. Houses there are built for warm weather chiefly, with few fireplaces, and fuel for the kitchen only.

However, I managed to secure the only room in the hotel with a fireplace, and of course shared it with Maria, my chum. Now you all know that a wood fire needs constant feeding, and I could only get about two sticks at a time. These smouldered and smoked, but gave out no warmth, and it was really more exasperating than no fire at all. When I returned from the matinee gusts of wind from the long French windows were dismally whirling ashes up the chimney. And then, the dinner! A holiday dinner is for the actor a hollow mockery at best, but in a hotel filled with consumptives, drafts, and served lukewarm, eating becomes an impossibility.

I determined that I wouldn't stand it. I would at least have warmth. I begged, implored and tried to bribe one servitor after another to bring more wood. They all had the same excuse:

"Dar ain't no wood only fer de kitchin, an' I sholy will get kingdom-come if I 'blige yer with any more."

Until I found Erastus. Luckily he had been to the matinee, and was so impressed with the part I played—they always identify you with the part—that he was willing to listen to the persuasion of a dollar bill and sneak in a goodly supply of wood, which I locked up in the wardrobe for fear the chambermaid might see it and report him.

All through the evening, though the wind whistled through every crack and cranny of the theatre, I felt warm in anticipation, and to make up for that awful dinner I invited some of my comrades to a modest little supper.

My impromptu party was an entire success, and it was pleasant to have given and received an hour or two of warmth and good cheer. Maria was asleep almost the moment her head touched the pillow, and I moved about quietly, making ready for our hurried morning flitting; then I threw another log on the fire, turned out the lights, and sat down in the big armchair beside the hearth to muse for a few moments over other Christmas days dead and gone. I don't know how long I sat with my eyes upon the fire, dreaming, when some slight noise disturbed me. I could see nothing and no one, but yet had that indescribable feeling of a human presence. I glanced at the door. It was bolted. The window, which opened upon a balcony, was fastened also, the shade rolled high, and a small pane of glass, hinged like a little door, had been left open for ventilation.

The sound was not repeated, and I was about to move to the bed when through the open pane there came slowly a dark, stealthily gliding object, the nature of which I could not see nor guess. I sat scarcely breathing, fascinated, al-

most doubting my eyes. The thing paused for a moment as though feeling its way, then moved downward. It was coming through that open pane, into the room; yet I could not speak or move.

I know very little of the habits of reptiles, but I felt sure that this was some monster of that family. A slight click and the long window began to open slowly; a moment more and a face appeared cautiously at the opening. I knew now that my reptile had been a hand and arm coming through the pane to unfasten the window.

I was no longer afraid. It is the unknown only that terrifies me. My watch and a few trinkets lay on the table, just where the firelight showed them plainly, and the face was that of the darkey who had brought the wood. His errand was not hard to guess. I sat in the shadow, and he, with the light full in his eyes, could not see me. He looked toward the bed, listened a moment to Maria's regular breathing, then with as little noise as possible made his way into the room.

I remembered that my revolver was on the mantel, just above my head. I always carry one on tour for the feeling of safety it gives me. I waited until he was well in, and to my surprise instead of going directly to the table he tiptoed toward the wardrobe. When his back was toward me I sprang up, grasped the revolver, and said:

"What do you want here?"

The surprise was complete. I still stood in the shadow and a hand holding a revolver was all he could see. He was so frightened that he did not even attempt to escape, but kept repeating "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

"I won't," said I, "if you don't move. I'm going to ring the bell and turn you over to some one, and I hope you'll go to jail."

"Oh, don't!" he wailed. "I didn't think you wanted it any more—I sholy didn't."

"That's likely," I retorted. "Why shouldn't I want my watch, you thief?"

"Watch!" he said in the utmost astonishment. "I didn't come for no watch. Man in Number Fifty-three jes' come in on de train 'most froze to death, an' he guv me a dollar to git some wood. I knowed you uns had some in the wardrobe, an' as yo' Christmas was done ended I dun thought yo' wouldn't want the wood no mo'."

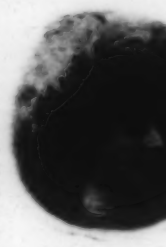
It was plain that he was telling the truth. Well, I unlocked the door and let him go. He departed with a wide grin on his face and his arms full of wood, saying as he went:

"Merry Chris-mus an' Happy New Year, lady; an' yo' sholy is spunky; yassum, yo' is."

ELEANOR MERRON.

A HAPPY DRAMA.

The oddest Christmas Day in all my life isn't remarkable for any strange adventure that happened to me, but because of a peculiar and yet singularly happy drama of which I was partly a witness. I was spending my holidays with my husband, Arthur Stringer, at Banff, the well-known health resort in the Canadian Rockies. A new-found friend of Mr. Stringer's in this little mountain town of chalets and sickness was an Eastern editor who had been sent up in the Rockies to die of consumption, or, if the fates might so ordain it, to get well and go back to his work. In fact, he used to come in and see us of an evening, and talk in his homesick way about New York, and about the old newspaper men there, and what had happened since his exile. Christmas afternoon my husband and I hired a pair of ponies and rode up Tunnel Mountain, climbing a beautiful winding bridle-path called The Corkscrew. On the summit we came unexpectedly on our newspaper friend, wrapped in his blanket-suit, his great, gaunt frame facing the East. There he sat, singing hymns solemnly, sincerely, and yet at the top of his voice. It seemed simple enough to tell about, but the picture of that great wreck of a man, clad in his bright-colored blanket-suit, lit up by the afternoon sunlight, on the topmost rock-crag of a high mountain, looking off into space and singing to himself, has always remained photographed on my memory. I though at first that brooding over his illness had perhaps driven him mad, as they say it sometimes does in Banff. But when he caught sight of us he came over, rather shamefaced, I must confess, though never in my life have I seen such joy on a Christmas face. Then he told us, wth a tear or two in his eyes, that his doctor had said he was to go East in three weeks; that he could go back to his city and to his work; that he was cured; that Santa Claus had put a brand-new, beautifully painted life in his stocking that morning. And then he rolled a cigarette—against his doctor's orders—and said that singing of his must have been a pagan outburst to the mountain gods for his good luck. But I have never forgotten it.



JOSINA HOWLAND.

A STEP UPWARD.

In general my Christmases have been rather joyous occasions, but I recall one during my stock days in San Francisco which was "queer" to the point of distraction.

The Frawley Stock company, of which I was then a most humble member, was presenting Men and Women—this was about six years ago—and my part was so tiny that it could scarcely be detected with the naked eye. In fact, after the first act I was in evidence by hearsay only as the other characters mentioned the name of the part I was playing. We had a Christmas matinee, of course, but I had completed my labors and removed all vestiges of makeup by three o'clock, and had generally decided that my Christmas Day was to be an unprofitable one, when a note reached me from an old family friend, inviting my mother and myself to dine with him that evening.

This friend, Robertson by name, was an elderly gentleman, who had known us in the East, and who had frequently dined with us as our guest. He had arranged a dinner party of several charming people, to be given just outside the city at an inn noted among the fashionable set for the delicacies of its table. My mother was unable to attend, but she urged me to go, insisting that my youth deserved a more fitting celebration of Yuletide than two performances a day. I spoke to Mr. Frawley about it, and in the light of subsequent events his reply is stamped indelibly on my brain.

"Certainly, you may go, Miss Robson," he said, "although I do not believe in it. Something might happen that would make your presence here most important, although I see no reason why you can't be back in plenty of time."

Well, a carriage called for me, and I went. The dinner was splendid, the host the soul of hospitality, and the guests included a number of the most delightful people in San Francisco. We had just reached that stage of the feast where we began to linger longer between the courses when a messenger entered and delivered to me this message:

"Come to theatre immediately. Miss Wallis ill and you must play her part to-night.

"DANIEL FRAWLEY."

I was fully eight miles from the theatre, and to my excited imagination the journey seemed ten times that distance. I understood full well the import of the message. Gladys Wallis had been playing the Chicago Girl in Men and Women, a role of importance, and one which I had fancied I might fill acceptably. I had been wanted at the theatre for a hurried rehearsal, but as it was I could barely reach there in time to make up, and I would be thrust into the part scarcely knowing the lines.

In less than five minutes I was in my coupe and dashing toward the city. I had watched Miss Wallis in the part and was fairly familiar wth the lines. I began going over the situations in my mind when crash! the horse stumbled, the coupe veered to one side and a front wheel, colliding with some object, was wrenched loose and went rolling into the gutter. I barely saved myself from tumbling out, and I couldn't have felt worse if this had happened. There we were, a mile from the inn, seven miles from the theatre, on a dark road, and every minute so precious.

I confess that I burst into tears. The driver—a kindly Irishman—mumbled a few words meant to be comforting, but I'm afraid I didn't even thank him. The situation seemed hopeless, and there I stood in the middle of the road with the tears streaming down my face.

A noise behind me attracted my attention. Rambling slowly along came an old wagon, drawn by a single horse. Astride the plank which passed for a seat sat a grizzled old farmer.

It didn't take me long to strike a bargain with him for my transportation to the city. For additional speed I offered him five dollars. From the look he gave me I felt sure he was sceptical about receiving the reward, but he did the best he could to earn it considering the limitations of his unhappy nag.

Can you understand my feelings as we bumped along, and realise how little interested I was in the simple remarks of my escort? The audience was already entering the theatre as we turned the corner, passed the front entrance and pulled up at the stage door. Mr. Frawley was pacing back and forth outside, and when he saw me he fairly dragged me from the astonished farmer's side and rushed me into the theatre, while the simple rustic exclaimed:

"Great Cæsar!"

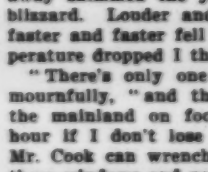
I went through the performance that night, encouraged by Mr. Frawley and urged on by the other members of the company, and at its conclusion, just as I was preparing to collapse, Mr. Frawley came to me and said that I had made a real hit. Miss Wallis did not return to the company, I was given the line of parts she had been playing, and altogether it was a most important step.

But somewhere in the far West is a grizzled farmer who, whenever the thinks of me, probably remarks "Great Cæsar!" But he no longer wonders whether he will ever receive from me the promised five dollars, for I was only too glad to settle with him, and two-fold.

ELEANOR ROBSON.

IN A BLIZZARD.

Of all my Christmases, one stands out preeminently in my recollection, for on December 25, 1892, I became a sort of female Robinson Crusoe, with the difference that my little island did not abound with a small fraction of the provender which my predecessor found. Fortunately my man Friday was my husband, Augustus Cook, and so it didn't matter quite so much.



My husband and I were spending the holidays in Toronto with some friends we had met during a previous engagement at the Grand Opera House in that city. The head of the family was a grain merchant, and his son was an ardent devotee of ice boating. On this memorable Christmas morning the elder Mr. Hargraves announced to us that it was an ideal day for ice boating, and that his son and daughter proposed to take Mr. Cook and myself for a short sail over the icy surface of Toronto Bay.

"We will spin over to Hanlon's Island," said young Jack Hargraves; "circle round it once or twice, skip along by Mead's and Centre Island, and then if you are ready to return—which I doubt—we will skip back home."

I was a novice at the sport, and to tell the truth was a little timid about it; but not wishing to disappoint my hosts I acquiesced.

"Remember," shouted Mrs. Hargraves after us, "dinner will be at two sharp, so don't remain away longer than that."

A cutting wind blew over the bay as I took the seat indicated by Jack, and obeyed Mr. Cook's warning to hold on tightly. Away we dashed, fairly leaping through the air as a big gust of wind filled the sail and sent the little skeleton craft spinning far out toward the main body of Lake Ontario.

"It's certainly a stiff one," remarked Jack as another and stronger gust of wind caught us and really did lift the runners from the ice. "There's Hanlon's Island already."

We had heard so much about this resort that we decided to stop there long enough for the men to smoke their pipes. How desolate that big hotel looked with its barricaded windows and the snow piled high on the verandahs!

We had scarcely reached the steps leading to the hotel when a blast of wind tore around the corner of the building, bringing with it a blanket of snow that nearly blinded us.

"It's a blizzard," said Jack. "We'd better get back."

Alas! there was no such good fortune. Before we reached the landing where we had left the poorly secured boat the sails had filled and away skimmed the yacht on the wings of the blizzard. Louder and louder howled the wind, faster and faster fell the snow, and as the temperature dropped I think my heart went with it.

"There's only one thing to do," said Jack, mournfully, "and that's for me to strike for the mainland on foot. I can reach it in an hour if I don't lose my bearings. Meanwhile, Mr. Cook can wrench the shutters from one of these windows and you can all find shelter inside until I return with another boat."

Poor Jack never returned that afternoon or that night. They found him the next morning half frozen at a point seven miles below the island. Meanwhile Mr. Cook, Miss Hargraves and myself had made a careful inventory of the hotel's kitchen, with the total results one can of sardines. And on that the three of us made our Christmas dinner.

We were rescued about six o'clock the next morning by a searching party Mr. Hargraves had sent out, and the most sublime thing I had ever encountered was the pot of coffee placed before me an hour later in the Hargraves home.

MADGE CARR COOK.

A HUNGRY HOLIDAY.

At Christmas time, when I recall the tales of the queer experiences that befall so many of my player friends on that day of days and realise that with one exception I have spent the holiday either with my father and mother at my old home in Terre Haute, or under my rooftree in New York, it has been my habit to murmur a special prayer of thanksgiving over the Yuletide drumsticks. I use the past tense because Inevitable Old Exception insisted on proving the rule last Christmas, for then I had no drumstick, and a chocolate caramel is scarcely calculated to inspire a burst of grateful joy and thanksgiving, especially when it is doing understudy duty for the noble turkey and one is side-tracked in a day coach—one of those illy constructed for the comfort of tall women—with the next stand, like Sheridan, "fifty miles away."

I spent the customary week before Christmas lay-off at my home in Terre Haute, and on December 24 joined my company in St. Louis, to proceed to Des Moines, where we booked to play Mrs. Jack at a Christmas matinee. Through some inadvertence a day coach was provided instead of the Pullman agreed upon. As we were booked for an all-night journey we took exception to this—not that we were above day coaches, but they are hardly the most satisfactory places in which to spend a night, especially for an organization like the Mrs. Jack company, which was composed largely of six-footers, due to the fact that I have been blessed with a little more height than the average woman, necessitating lofty support. We were assured that the Pullman would be forthcoming, so we started gaily enough. The first dampener on our spirits was the intelligence that we were not to have a dinner, but would stop at some junction that boasted a lunch counter. Time passed quickly in an exchange of holiday experiences, but as conversation promotes appetite we presently woke up to the fact that luncheon had been an event of the dim distant past. Miss Vinson, one of my company, had been given a large box of candy, and we women proceeded to raid it heavily. The men scorned sweet stuff, and took refuge in the smoking car. But as the dinner hour came and departed and the junction was somewhere in the future they returned to us and begged humbly for a chocolate cream or a caramel. The sight of strong men satisfying their hunger upon a dainty morsel of candy was a spectacle to draw tears from the angel.

At twelve o'clock that night we were aroused from our more or less comatose condition by the information that coffee was to be procured. We hobbled out, cramped from our comfortable attitudes in the cosy day coach and found the usual eating place in charge of usual sleepy attendant. There was one clean cup on the counter and a stack of dirty ones behind it. I surprised the attendant into a state of activity and ordered him to cleanse them while I took charge of the coffee urn and poured for our midnight reception.

At one the next day we arrived in Des Moines, breakfasted and hurried to the theatre to prepare for the matinee. In my dressing-room I found a large box of chocolates, to which was attached a "Merry Christmas" card, bearing the signatures of the stage hands, who had kindly remembered me for a previous visit. Hungry and tired as I was, the little attention touched and pleased me greatly, but my appetite must have been upward in my mind, for I thanked them cordially for "their lovely box of sandwiches." I stumbled over my correction, and finally our story came out, and by the time we were ready to go on sandwiches and hot coffee had been provided for us in generous quantity. Our scenery had been delayed in arrival, and the matinee ended at so late an hour that we did not have time to partake of dinner, but resorted again to sandwiches and coffee.

During the performance I sent for the chef of the hotel at which we were to take shelter that night and arranged for an old-fashioned Christmas dinner, to be served at midnight. Our previous experiences had provided sauce for the appetite, and I fear that we laid up quite a store of indigestion.

But, after all, as I look back on my first Christmas as a star its close rather than its beginning is what I remember best.

ALICE FISCHER.

THE DRAMATIC REVIVAL IN IRELAND

THE presence in this country of William Butler Yeats, the Irish dramatist and critic, will probably turn the attention of the American literary and artistic public to one of the most interesting movements of modern times. Mr. Yeats' coming has already been heralded by the publication of his volumes of poems, dramas, and his essays, entitled "Things Good and Evil." The estimation formed of Mr. Yeats from his works, though mixed, has been appreciative, and he has been judged to be a man of undoubted ability and earnestness. His presence among us will do more than his books to enable us to form an accurate opinion of his personality and power. In appearance he resembles somewhat the late Oscar Wilde, though not so portly or got-up as the latter. In manner he is hesitating; speaks little above a whisper, and in a sort of dramatic monotone, which interferes much with the pleasure of the listener, because important and trivial remarks are delivered with the same unction.

The movement which he and Father Donelly are representing is nothing short of the intellectual revival of the Irish people. My reader may know that this began away back in 1848, with the publication of the poems of Davis. The peculiarity of his poetry lay in the fact that it was written in the style of the people and for the people; that in matter it was based upon the ideals and passions of the Irish; that in expressive power it was full of force and energy. These poems had a (for Ireland) tremendous sale, the poorer folk purchasing and devouring them. Davis was to Ireland what Burns was to Scotland. When he died he had a public funeral that was attended by upwards of 10,000 people.

Davis sounded the note of the revival, but instead of its being repeated political events stifled it. The Fenian riots and Parnellism ensued, and absorbed the whole attention of the public. No poet of any account was heard, except a coterie who wrote in the English style about Irish matters, and this was just the style that was not wanted. The new revival, inaugurated by Davis in fact, was characterized by these two features: First, it went direct to the Irish folk lore and history for themes; and, second, it discarded the English style of writing, of which Wordsworth, Coleridge and Macaulay were the representatives. The ebb-tide, therefore, which, after Davis, returned to the English style, was not in the least productive of any lasting effect on the Irish people. Not until the learned Dr. Hyde, a professor in Dublin, and several university men—Irishmen to the backbone all—woke up to the enormous wealth of material there was in the Gaelic tongue and lore, did the true succession of Davis receive its final shape. Now Davis was not a scholar. The new movement, therefore, received what it needed in these men—Hyde, Yeats and others—the stamp of authority that comes alone from scholarship and art.

There are three interesting features of this movement that deserve attention. In the first place, the stage has been made the means of communication between the managers and the public. The object is to bring fine art back again into the lives of the humble people of Ireland: to stir their souls to nobler ideals of aspiration. It therefore occurred to the thoughtful men who rallied to Dr. Hyde's side that the best way to do this would be to represent on the stage the life of heroism, of simplicity and of beauty, which the poor people of Ireland understand about as well as any people on earth. The plan was therefore adopted, and the Irish National Theatre came into existence.

The second thing that is remarkable about this Irish Renaissance is the fact that plays are written specially for this stage by the poets and dramatists of Ireland. The plays themselves, as we have hinted, tell simple stories culled from the history and life of the people. They are written some in Gaelic and some in English. Dr. Hyde writes by far the most popular Gaelic plays, and Mr. Yeats, not commanding adequate knowledge of that language, writes in English. These plays, both English and Gaelic, are then staged. The function of the stage, however, is conceived differently from the usual idea. In construction the plays are very simple. The dialogue is always rhythmical and delivered in a sing-song monotone. In consequence the stage is regarded as a matter of subordinate importance. Scenery is, for the most part, debarred, simple, harmonious backgrounds in grey being the usual setting of a dramatic action. The principal thing, in the eyes of these managers, is the words and the sense, not the motions of the actors and the brilliancy of their gowns and environment. Are they not right in this contention?

A third remarkable feature is that no professional actors are engaged to play the parts. As a rule the actors are drawn directly from the ranks of the people, from the factories and shops, as well as from the country towns and villages. A national theatre must have actors whose passions and temperament harmonize completely with the dramatic ideals and forms involved in the plays. A professional actor, trained in accordance with the traditions of a school, would be wholly unable to divest himself of the habits of his class, and therefore he is barred from participation in the work of the portrayal on the stage of the Irish National Theatre. The girls and boys of the shops and factories are taken in hand and trained. The principal emphasis is laid on dialogue. Very little attention is paid to gesture or pose. The test is applied to every actor or actress of being able to speak a piece clearly, so that a man could hear distinctly in the remotest seat of the building and write down what was said. Six weeks are usually employed in rehearsing dialogue, and about two days to posing and gesture. It is the theory of these reformers that if the soul has really *felt* the force of the words the gestures will largely take care of themselves. The best elocutionists should remember this, and not follow the example of Bell, who used to print poetry *as prose* in order to divert attention from the rhythm to the gestures and word-emphasis. The Irish youths and maidens who have been trained by Dr. Hyde and Mr. Yeats have proved the truth of these principles.

The success that has attended these efforts has been truly amazing. Not only are the theatres where these national plays are represented crowded, but the intense interest displayed is so great that it is not an unusual thing to find artisans and titled people weeping over the simple stories of Irish peasant love and sorrow; for the most successful of the plays are those that deal with the pastoral life. People in high station—Lady Gregory, for instance—have been awakened to the vast importance of the movement, and have begun to delve into the old Gaelic traditions, and thus learned to love a people who cannot be surpassed for generosity and courage. The Church of Ireland has taken up the cause, and priests have turned playwriters, one of the most successful of these being an old parish priest in County Cork, past seventy years of age. The metropolis of London has seen one of these dramatic representations, and even there, where positive approval is so hard to procure, the critics have been obliged to withold their disapproval. If these Irish actors and actresses should cross the Atlantic it is certain, I believe, that they would be very sympathetically received.

Of course the movement is still young and is marred by several grave defects, which I may mention in closing. There is a reactionary tendency in it which goes to show that the managers are out of sorts with the times. Now, whatever else a national art must be, it must be progressive: it must reflect the true spirit of the people. No movement on the modern stage will succeed in the best sense that borrows its ideals, its materials, its forms from a dead and forgotten past. An art that builds on the past alone may be interesting, and it may have a local vogue justifying its existence, but it can only be a temporary art. This reactionary cast the new intellectual revival in Ireland certainly possesses. The hope is that, as was the case with the Renaissance of the Middle Ages, the present interest in Irish art may lead on to a greater and more vital expression of universal truth, which is, after all, the gist and essence of all permanent art.

I think, too, that it is a grave mistake, and augurs ill for the future of this new activity, that it is content to be and remain sectional. It is the boast of the new reformers that they are anti-English in everything. England is a foreign country to them. English ideals, English literature, English spirit are, *ipso facto*, antagonized. No particular esthetic reason can be given for this sectional hatred; for the literature of Ireland and that of England belong to the same spirit that produced the literature of Greece and Italy. If the reasons are political, then this cause will, in time, stifle the inspiration, for nothing can so quickly silence the free expression of the spirit in art as the influence of a political bias. Mr. Yeats will find in this country a far more catholic spirit than in his own as he goes to the various colleges and universities. Literature and art are not studied among us in a sectional spirit. As it is with scientific work, all who contribute anything to the better understanding of God's works are members of one brotherhood, whether they be German, English, Irish or French. So in art all workers here belong together. The old fable of Cupid and Psyche is still significant for us: love, not sectional hatred, must be the mark of the highest unity of the spirit in art in all truly awakened countries.

Finally—and I hesitate to say it—there are features of the movement that create the suspicion that it is, notwithstanding the commendable qualities dwelt upon, decadent. The divorce of art from intellect and faith; the attempt to recreate national life without the co-operating force of science and practical life; the representation on the stage of qualities of the soul personified as individual characters, *à la* Ibsen—all this seems to me to bear the marks of incipient decadence. On this I reserve my judgment. We shall all watch the movement with great interest, and all thoughtful lovers of the drama will, meanwhile, wish it well. MIDDLETON DAVIES.

CHARLES HAWTREY.

Caricatured for The Anniversary-Christmas MIRROR *by Max Beerbohm.*

COPYRIGHTING A PLAY.

THERE appear to be so many delusions about "copyrighting" a play in England and America that it may be useful and interesting to the readers of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR to have some erroneous impressions removed and to examine the precautions which should be taken to secure to the author the fullest rights in the production of his work.

The author who has a play in manuscript may be asked, as he frequently is over here, "Have you copyrighted your play?"

As a rule, when people talk about "copyrighting" a play in England, they mean the registration at Stationers' Hall of a play that has been performed at a co-called "copyright performance." There is a common delusion that such a performance and registration gives the author some right which he had not got before, or secures some right which, but for the performance and registration, might be taken from him.

The notion appears to be prevalent that so long as a play is unperformed and unregistered the author cannot sue for an infringement of his performing rights.

Another fond delusion, or rather exploded theory, is that the author of a play who has it printed and published before it has been performed, loses his performing rights, and has only a copyright in the work as merely a book.

Now, in the first place, when we examine the rights of an author in a play, I think it will be obvious that the general idea of "copyrighting" a play in England is altogether a misnomer.

The fact of registering a play at Stationers' Hall does not give the author any legal right that he does not possess without registration. Even while a play is in manuscript and unperformed the author's rights are as full and complete as if the play had been performed and registered. The rights of an author of a play are twofold:

(1) Copyright, that is to say, the right of printing and publishing the work as a book, and

(2) Performing rights, or playright; that is, the right of performing or representing the work on the stage.

Now, while the play is in manuscript, according to the law of England—and the law on this point, as the authorities show, is the same in America—the author has both the "copyright" and the "playright." That is to say, although the work has not been published either by printing or by performance, the author can restrain any one from publishing the play as a book or producing the play on the stage.

The author has these rights, without any "copyright performance" or registration, and whether he is resident in England or in America.

The English author of a play in manuscript can prohibit its performance on the American stage, or its publication as a book in America, and, in the same way, the American author of a play in manuscript can prevent its publication by performance or printing in England.

So much for the rights of the author while the play is in manuscript. Now let us consider his position after publication.

Publication of a play may be by printing and publishing it as a book, or by producing it upon the stage. But in the law of England and America upon this point there is a curious difference. For while the performance of a play, even though it is not printed and published as a book, is regarded by the English courts as "publication," the American courts have held that a play which has been performed in England, but not printed, was not published, and that the author had the same rights in it as if the play were in manuscript.

Accordingly, there is this anomaly that an author whose play is performed in America, and who seeks to secure his rights in England, must take the precautions mentioned hereafter, which are necessary in the case of publication. Whereas the author whose play is produced in England, and not printed, has the same rights in America as he would have if the play were in manuscript and unpublished.

Apart from this anomaly, it may be generally stated that the rights of an author in a play to be produced in America and England should be secured by simultaneous publication in both countries. Moreover, in America certain steps must be taken before publication, whereas in England precautions are not possible until after the play has been published. For instance, in America the title or description of the play and two copies of the work must be delivered to the Librarian of Congress on or before the day of publication. In England after a play is published it may be registered at Stationers' Hall, although registration of a play that is not printed is not necessary. Even in the case of a play that is printed and published, registration is only a necessary preliminary before an action is commenced.

If there has been a simultaneous publication of the play in England and America, and the author has taken the precautions mentioned above, he has secured to himself the fullest rights in the production of his work in both countries.

The complexity of the law relating to copyright and playwright is so great, owing in large measure to the confusions and contradictions in our statutes, and the subject one of such increasing importance among writers in England and America, that I trust a short statement of the law, based on authority, which may be verified by references, may be some help to those who have not the opportunity of unraveling the tangled skein of cases and statutes, which have puzzled lawyers and judges and baffled the ingenuity of commissioners in their efforts to codify and reform.

HAROLD HARDY.

Dr. Johnson's Buildings, Temple, London.

AN INVALUABLE GUIDE

I have for many years found THE MIRROR *an invaluable guide and authority in matters pertaining to the stage, and am happy to wish it well on this, its Silver Anniversary, with the hope that I may be able upon its Golden Anniversary to personally congratulate its amiable editor.* *Cordially,*

Martha Morton

THE DRAMATIC EVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

IN the history of the drama in France there is no example of so rapid and complete an evolution as that which has marked the last twenty years of theatrical production, and it is not without interest to pause, now that the evolution has attained its zenith, to consider the various phases traversed and to endeavor to form a chance appreciation of the line of conduct the contemporary French dramatist will adopt in the near future.

In the classic period, Corneille, Racine, Molière; in the eighteenth century Voltaire, Marivaux, Beaumarchais and Scribe maintained by their admirable works the high standard of French dramatic production. With Victor Hugo the romantic had its sway. Hernani, Ruy Blas, Marion de Lorme carried the name of the illustrious poet to the most remote corners of the globe. Later, Augier Labiche and Alexandre Dumas *fils*, marked a brilliant period of the French stage.

Photo. Otto Sarony, N. Y.

VIOLA ALLEN.

As Viola in Twelfth Night.

Until the advent of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, the theories of socialistic reform had seldom, if ever, formed the sole *raison d'être* of a stage play. Many of his predecessors and contemporaries—notably Augier, in Les Lionnes Pauvres and Les Effrontés, and in a lighter vein Labiche, in Le Voyage de Perrichon—had preached a moral or exposed an iniquity. Alexandre Dumas *fils* changed all this. He strove to build up a new society; he attacked old prejudices, and from the apparent immorality of his productions not unfrequently he deduced a precious moral. The public was not easily conquered. His Dame aux Camélias, Princesse . Georges, and Femme de Claude were not received without serious protestations—first on the part of the censorship, which forbade their representation for many months, and subsequently, on production, by the press and public, yet unaccustomed to the exposure and criticism of their social condition. But Dumas possessed irresistible weapons, grace of style, wit, logic and scenic knowledge. His theories were at times wearisome; his plays were always theatrical. His characters did not always preach, indifferent to the essential exigencies of a stage play. Even down to Francillon and Denise—the most theoretic of his plays—the action was never entirely forgotten. Can this be said of the majority of present-day dramatists in Paris? The stage is almost monopolised by poets, romancers, idyllists, who, from a purely literary point of view, have little, if anything, to envy of their predecessors. Many of them, however, have made no dramatic apprenticeship, and have plunged one fine day from the novel to the stage, and, admirably seconded by a company of clever protagonists, they have conquered. The result is, too frequently, a psychological study of the most subtle character. Dramatic action, minute structure, old stage principles totally ignored. Such is the modern Parisian play; and it is only fair to add that, so far, the public of the metropolis has sanctioned the innovation. It is to be deplored that the centralization of the French drama is so absolute, that every production bears its unmistakable Parisian trade-mark; for were it otherwise authors would not be confined to the very narrow field which the feverish and neuropathic life of the gay capital affords them. When plays of this class travel only a few miles from their birthplace, and are presented to a suburban audience, the subtlety of their dialogue, the psychology of their intrigue are lost to the more practical and matter-of-fact provincial brain, less deeply initiated into the occult complexities of an adulterous adventurer than his cultured Parisian cousin. Ibsen and Wagner have indeed left a deep impression on the world of theatrical and musical production. The Norwegian dramatist enlarged upon the method of the younger Dumas; he scrutinized the most remote fibres of the human mind in his search for a new psychological sensation: how deeply we regret that he so thoroughly ignored the very first principles of stage representation! Were it not for this essential shortcoming Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites would be reconciled to-day in their admiration of one whose influence has not been exercised without serious consequences to scenic effect. That eminent dramatic critic, Sarcey, when he vehemently opposed the introduction of the Norwegian methods into France, was unquestionably espousing the better cause of the drama, but Sarcey's days were over, the younger school hounded him down, and the Ibsenites had it.

It is, however, but a temporary victory. If a proof of this were wanting it would be found in the popular success of Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac, a decisive return to the school of the romantic, with its intense love, interest and heroic display. If their methods are subject to criticisms it must not be taken that the present generation of littérateurs in France is an inferior one. On the contrary, there has rarely been, if ever, one so prolific, so full of promise. When a Hervieu, a de Curel, a Capus or a Bataille takes it into his head to make a few concessions to the school of Scribe and Sardou; when one of these talented writers will give us a play, be it theoretical, but not entirely devoid of theatrical action, what widespread success it will prove! In his Maris de Léontine and La Petite Fonctionnaire, M. Capus has shown us he can construct a play on traditional lines, and sooner or later he will return to his former mood. No country in the world can boast of so imposing a list of writers as France to-day, and if a cloud of Ibsenism hangs over many of their productions, it will lift in good time, for there is a limit to these problems of moral and immoral philosophy, and that limit is fast being attained.

It would be too ambitious a task to review the productions of them all; suffice it to mention those whose names have most frequently of late commanded the attention of the public.

M. Paul Hervieu, of the French Academy, whose admirable literary work, L'Armature and Peints par eux-mêmes, have long since classed him as one of the foremost writers of fiction of the present day, has given, amongst others, two notable works to the Comédie Française—La Loi de l'homme and Les Tenailles. The thesis he develops in these two plays is, that the laws which have been exclusively introduced by men are conceived in a selfish spirit to the advantage of the main portion of the community and to the detriment of women; that modern marriage conduces to the servility of the weaker sex; that the civil code is devoid of a system of equality and calls for a complete revision. L'Enigme, which is of more recent creation, does not so clearly preach its lesson. It is nevertheless of very meritorious dramatic value and of clever structure. His coming production at the Théâtre Française, La Dedale, which will probably have seen the light before these lines appear, promises to be one of the dramatic events of the season.

Later on M. Hervieu's Armature, dramatized by M. Brieux, will be given at the Renaissance. M. Octave Mirbeau would be, above all, a reformer. He does not hesitate to attack with outspoken violence social institutions and their impersonators. Since Les Mauvais Bergers, a socialistic study of considerable merit, M. Mirbeau has given us Le Portefeuille, a very clever one-act satire, and more recently, at the Comédie Française, Les Affaires sont les Affaires, which, if unequal at times, contains a masterpiece of characterization—that of an unscrupulous modern financier. The play was much discussed at the time of its production, but since, the vigorous style of the author, coupled with a masterly interpretation, has carried it to victory.

M. Brieux, if still young in years, has written many stage plays of various style and merit. At the Comédie Française his Evasion dealt with the consequences of hereditary ills. In Blanchette, originally produced at the Théâtre Antoine, and recently presented at the Comédie Française, his main point was to show the disastrous consequences of education in the peasant classes. Nothing daunted, Brieux has surpassed in audacity of treatment all his contemporaries. The censorship could never be induced to give its sanction to the public representation of Avariés, which, given privately at the Théâtre Antoine, created an eight-day scandal. It was generally recognized at the same time, even in the eyes of the advanced school, that such subjects are better left to the Academy of Medicine, and are unsuitable in any form for treatment on the stage. The most valuable of his plays, from a purely managerial point of view, is La Robe Rouge, which Réjane gave at the Vaudeville with considerable success. It constitutes a violent satire on the present-day magistrature, but it is treated in theatrical manner, and the public showed its appreciation of what—for M. Brieux—was a new departure. M. François de Curel, a member of the old aristocracy, is certainly one of the most sincere and unmitigable dramatists of the present generation. He would be the last to make even a faint concession to tradition; he ignores—despises—the public taste, and his plays, written in most admirable style, and with a profound conviction, have invariably met with greater appreciation in book form than on the boards. M. de Curel will listen to no stage restriction whatsoever, and will ring the curtain down on an act when least the audience expect it; and he will send them away when he has nothing more to say, quite indifferent to the mood they leave the theatre in, or their reflections as to the possible happy or disastrous future of the characters he has presented to them during the evening. His Amour Brode, produced at the Français, contains a quantity of scenes of the very highest literary standard. It had a run of two nights—a further example of the dramatic evolution nearing its goal. His earlier works—Les Fossiles and L'Envers d'une Sainte—gave rise to considerable discussion, applauded by the scientists and violently opposed by the theatre-going public.

Georges Ancey and Henry Becque belong to a second category. Their efforts have not so much tended to criticise and overthrow the social order and its attending authorities as to unmask the foibles of human nature. The former has to its credit a masterpiece, which Antoine successfully staged at his theatre, namely, L'Ecole des Veufs. His second effort, Ces Messieurs, has been published, and is of high literary merit. Its representation was forbidden by the censorship in 1901, and notwithstanding a heated press campaign in its favor, the interdiction has not yet been withdrawn. With La Parisienne and Les Corbeaux M. Henri, Becque has established his reputation as a dramatist. His characters are drawn in a masterly fashion, and his style of portrayal is not unfrequently similar to that of Emile Augier.

In the midst of all these purveyors of literature that veteran master, M. Victorien Sardou, who is no lover of the new school, is content to rest on his laurels. He can well afford to. The wide-world successes of all his principal plays, from Nos Intimes to Fédora, from Patrie to Divorçons, from Les Vieux Garçons to Madame Sans-Gêne; the universal appreciation of his works and methods form a decisive argument in favor of the school of action.

M. Edmond Rostand is deservedly one of the glories of the French stage. He has modified and renovated his earlier style, but not in any of his works has the poet been so far carried away by his idyl as to totally ignore the principles of stage management. Whatever were the merits of François Coppée's Severo Torelli and Richepin's Chemineau, there can be no doubt to-day that the author of Cyrano is the greatest poetic dramatist France has produced since Victor Hugo. His successive production from Les Romanesques, La Princesse Lointaine and La Samaritaine, to Cyrano and L'Aiglon, show a progressive improvement in theatrical craftsmanship, and their success with the public has been correspondingly enthusiastic. Indeed, to-day Rostand can vie with Sardou for theatrical management, and Sarah Bernhardt has not unfrequently appealed to M. Rostand to direct the final rehearsals of some of her recent productions, notably the French version of Hamlet. M. Rostand is credited with many projects in the near future, but his best friends say his next contribution will not see the light for many months to come.

The authors of the Boulevard Theatres, whose names are worshipped by the audiences of the

Variétés, Vaudeville, Gymnase and Renaissance, include, in the first rank:

M. Maurice Donnay. Sceptical, humoristic and sometimes ironical, he has in his latter plays made a profound study of the human heart in all its phases. He has an invariable method of screening sorrow with a smile, and the moral sufferings of his heroines are seldom carried to extremes. His Amants is, perhaps, one of the best plays of this type we have seen in the last ten years. L'Autre Danger is not so graceful in treatment, and the subject of the love of a young girl for her mother's lover, and the sacrifice of the mother in the end, appeals more exclusively to the eclectic. M. Donnay is a Parisian. With M. Capus he shares the honor of depicting the whims and caprices of the Parisienne—a no mean task, for it demands a delicate touch.

M. Capus is the most fortunate of the younger generation. He writes for a special public, and, to judge by the success which has attended his productions, he exactly suits their requirements. His comedies, L'Adversaire, La Châtelaine, La Veine, have made the fortunes of the managers who produced them. The author is an optimist; he considers life as it is, and pictures it on its sunny days. M. Capus' Salon on the stage, with its chattering, mischievous little gossippers of both sexes, is taken from life—from Parisian life; his language is Parisian, his actors are Parisian, and one must have lived in Paris to understand and appreciate all the charm and seduction of this Paris play. The subject and what little action there is are lost in a continuous sparkle of bright and witty sayings, in the same manner as an insignificant looking lady will create a sensation on her entrance to the ballroom by the glittering of her diamonds or the richness of her silks.

OLIVE McVINE.

Apart from that notable success, La Carrière, M. Abel Hermant is better known as a novelist than a dramatist. His other efforts, including that satire on Americans abroad, Les Transatlantiques, have shown a lack of scenic construction.

M. Romain Coolus is a most conscientious writer, and his Antoinette Sabrier is unquestionably superior—from a dramatic standpoint—to his Amants de Saxy. It is not too temerarious to predict a very interesting career for this young author, who has come to the front by giant strides since he left the university, where he ranked as a most able professor.

M. Bernstein, who is scarcely over thirty, has to his credit Le Detour, the story of the thousand and one petty humilities which a newly married woman, whose mother is not entirely without reproach, has to support from the puritanical family of her husband—a clever satire, which richly deserved the enthusiastic reception afforded it in Paris and the provinces.

M. Porto Riche has contributed one of the most exquisite studies of marriage incompatibility of the present decay in Amoureuse. With Le Passé, it has more than sufficed to prove his dual literary and dramatic temperament.

M. Henri Lavedan, of the French Academy, has tried his hand at many styles, from the Marquis de Priola and Catherine to Le Nouveau Jeu and Le Prince d'Aurec, which latter play—one of the first to bring his name before the public—he has never excelled.

M. Henri Bataille has attained a most enviable position, although he is barely thirty years of age. His Enchantement, at the Gymnase; Le Masque, at the Vaudeville, and his adaptation of Resurrection, at the Odéon, are all written in admirable style. His next production, Marinette, will be in a comic vein, and is awaited with considerable curiosity.

M. Emile Fabre, whose clever version of Balzac's Menage de Garçons—La Rabouilleuse—was so successful at the Odéon, had previously given us La Vie Publique, in which he definitely took rank as a dramatist of exceptional talent. M. Fabre has a very personal method, and combines very cleverly moral philosophy with theatrical effect.

M. Pierre Wolff must not be forgotten in this very incomplete review, for the enormous success which attended his Secret de Polichinelle is a proof that he is quite at home in the sentimental vein, and that his studies of life are not confined to those of Parisian psychology, which hitherto had been almost exclusively associated with his name.

And how many other authors, of all styles and ages, whose works are sometimes devoid of theatrical skill but never of literary value.

Want of space must excuse our postponing to a further occasion a recapitulation of the comic element. It would be interesting to say a few words on the decline of light opera. Columns would be required to sketch the careers of such clever dramatists as Alexandre Bisson, Feydeau, Pierre Berton, Tristan Bernard, André Sylvane, Pierre Veber, Antony Mars, Paul Bilhaud, Maurice Hennequin, de Flers, de Caillavet.

Certainly there has been an evolution in the comic as well as in the serious, but it is neither so marked nor so absolute. And as we conclude this very incomplete enumeration echoes reach us of the favorable reception afforded Cadet Roussel, the second effort of Richepin's twenty-year-old son Jacques; of La Guerre au Village, by M. Tarieux; of L'Héritier, by Pierre Soulaine, and of plays by a score of other young authors, who, for many years to come, will maintain for their country the well-deserved reputation of the first in the world for dramatic production.

Gaston Mayer

Paris, November, 1903.

Photo. Reutlinger, Paris.

LOLITA.

Photo. Morrison, Chicago.

BLANCHARD BRAND.

Photo. La Roche, Seattle.

JOHN TYRRELL.

Photo. Sarony, N. Y.

GRACE MERRITT.

Photo. Burr McIntosh, N. Y. JAMES J. BROWN.

NO EXPENSE SPARED.

FLORENCE: "Was the leading lady expensively dressed?"

MILDRED: "I should say so. Why, even her shoes were tied with real laces."

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

JUDGE: "You are accused of being an artist."

PRISONER: "It is a lie. I make my living drawing pictures for the Sunday supplements."

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST OF THE ABANDONED OPERA HOUSE.

A SHREWD touring manager was Carleton Clavering, of a large and successful experience; no one in his line of exploit knew "the roads" better or could map out a route with a greater certainty of promising returns. Judiciously he picked the points of exhibition and canvassed the possibilities of remunerative returns. Certainly the manager did not choose rashly or run a race helter skelter over the country as some of his competitors did, permitting the transportation companies to feather their nests at his expense. With extra precaution Clavering secured the holiday dates. Thanksgiving, having come to uniform national observance, had exceeded his most sanguine expectations, the receipts at both the matinee and evening performances having reached the coveted "four figures." On counting up the house on the night of the turkey festival the jubilant touring manager remarked to the equally delighted local magnate:

"If I get this money here, what can I look for at Cransford on Christmas, with a large theatre and a greater population to draw from? Besides Cransford will stand a bit higher scale of prices than you do here."

The local man was too busy stowing away his share of the receipts to respond immediately. After a while he returned, with a smile:

"Clavering, you have got a good hen on at Cransford Christmas, but there is no knowing how many chickens she will bring off on that date."

"Spoken like a sage—or a cronker!" laughed Clavering, jocosely, deftly fingering the stack of bills before him to ascertain if it represented the correct amount.

"Beg pardon," began the local manager, but the sharer of the larger portion of the receipts shut him off with:

"No apology necessary. I fully understand the risks of this business and have been taking its chances now these many moons. A great many things have a possibility of happening. One miserable, merry Christmas I spent buried half starved in an insurmountable snow bank, and, like Arctic explorers, we were shoveled out at the end of forty-eight hours, glad to escape alive."

Christmas Eve Clavering played at Offtown with the expected slim receipts. The small figures were no disappointment. A wire from Cransford, signed by the local manager, brought the cheering intelligence:

"Christmas house sold out. You will beat all records."

Such good news was enough to thrill any man, and Carleton Clavering fairly beamed with great joy as he showed the telegram to all his company, from props to the leading lady. After the performance the manager retired to sweet slumber and cosy dreams, to be rudely awakened by a messenger boy bringing the unwelcome "rush" tidings:

"*Music Hall burnt to the ground. There is an opera house at Centredale. You can put in there.*"

Momentarily the astounded manager was dazed. Quickly he was master of himself and dashed off a telegram of sincere sympathy to the unfortunate owner of the destroyed dramatic temple, and took occasion also to thank him for his suggestion in regard to substituting Centredale. This done, he turned to the uniformed Mercury and anxiously asked:

"When does the first train leave for Centredale?"

"Three thirty-five."

"Good!" with a glance at his watch. "It is now 2.15. I can make it."

"If you hoof it lively," remarked the smart lad. "No trolley runs after midnight."

"I must fly," said the manager.

"And so must I!" exclaimed the boy, dashing away.

Carleton Clavering jumped into his clothes with agility, aroused his treasurer, hurriedly explained the situation, and instructed that the company be brought to Centredale by the next morning train. Then the manager "hoofed it" to the railroad station, running part of the way to catch the train. Arrived at the not faraway Centredale, he found the night clerk on duty at the first hotel of inviting consequence he encountered. After registering the manager casually remarked, interrogatively:

"You have a fine opera house here?"

"It is fine enough," answered the hotel clerk as he fixed the number of the new arrival's room, "but it was never used but once, and that was years ago. Since then it has been the home of bats and spiders."

"Is it unsafe?" asked Clavering, jumping at a conclusion.

"Perfectly safe and one of the most magnificent places of amusement in the State."

"Very strange! very strange!" put in the latest guest.

"Very strange, indeed," added the man at the desk, "and everybody who comes here and learns the cause of the abandonment remarks it. If you are in no hurry to retire I'll be glad to explain the mystery as far as able to do so."

Carleton Clavering was anxious to hear the explanation, and said as much, upon which the night clerk came around in front of the desk and took a seat, with the remark:

"It is quite a long story, sir, and you had better take a seat and a cigar," continuing as he extended a fragrant roll of tobacco: "You need have no fear of the cigar. It is not the kind we sell."

The teller of the tale and the manager lighted up their weeds and the clerk "standing night watch," seated, started in at a lively clip, easing his pace as he came to the singular part of his unusual relation:

"Andrew Adkins was a somewhat peculiar man, but not of marked or extreme eccentricity. He was not a native of this place, but came here in middle life and embarked in manufacturing. His wife had died soon after his marriage and he never again entered the matrimonial state. Mr. Adkins was an excellnet business man, but he possessed no magnetism, enjoyed no personal popularity, and although he was really a public benefactor he was held in little esteem and his genuine merits illy appreciated. It was to him that Centredale was entirely indebted for a public library, which he founded and perpetuated at his own expense. He contributed from his own purse one-half of the cost of the magnificent City Hall, and with that he bore a great portion of the city's burden, as he was our largest taxpayer. When adjacent cities put up expensive and capacious places of amusement our millionaire manufacturer came to the fore and erected a structure worthy in size and equipment to take the first place in any metropolis. The local press went into raptures over the public spirit of Andrew Adkins, while a minority of croaking ravens chorused that it was 'only another money-grubbing speculation of a miserly skinflint.' Strange to say, those who had best lived and most prospered at the very hands of the manufacturer were the loudest and bitterest in their criticism. When the theatre was completed the proprietor, with his usual business tact, saw to it that the opening should be in keeping with the grandness of the monument to his thoughtfulness and generosity. A grand opera company of the highest artistic excellence was brought here under the certainty of a most prodigious guarantee banked in advance. The disgruntled element took mortal offense at the attraction and the necessary high prices and vented their spleen in an ill-mannered demonstration at the inaugural. Andrew Adkins was of a retiring disposition, but after the Governor of the State had delivered an admirable address there was a loud call for the builder of the temple, and that gentleman arose in his box and bowed his acknowledgments amid a storm of maintained hisses and cat calls. It was evident that the manufacturer had intended to make a few remarks, but he was not allowed to and the tumult did not cease until he, pale and chagrined, withdrew out of sight in the recess of the manager's box. You can rest assured that all the decent people were highly incensed at the unwarrantable insult. For the good name of the city no reference was made to the unseemly incident in the public prints, but before the week was out a significant and evidently official paragraph appeared without comment in the newspapers, stating that all dates at the Opera House had been canceled and the house would remain permanently closed, and closed it has remained from that day to this."

"Remarkable!" exclaimed the deeply interested manager.

The night clerk paid no heed to the interruption, but went on:

"Andrew Adkins' next movement was to dispose of his manufactory and all his interests in this place, save that of the Opera House. That he chose to control that it might be barred from use. Then the angered philanthropist disappeared and has never been heard of since."

The relator paused, and Carleton Clavering remarked emphatically, "By George!"

Again the night clerk took up his narration:

"It is current rumor that the self-banished millionaire left an amount of money sufficient to at least pay the taxes for twenty years, but the banker intrusted with this fund asserts, probably with truth, that he has never heard a word from Adkins, and knows nothing of his whereabouts. *It is now some five years since a human being entered the abandoned Opera House, and the superstitious declare that it is haunted, its owner dead, and that his apparition has been seen at the midnight hour peering with ghoulish glee out of the windows and filling the night air with mocking laughter!*"

A period of deep silence followed, which was broken by Clavering inquiring:

"Is there any available place of amusement?"

"None whatsoever," replied the night clerk. "I forgot the completion of Adkins' revenge. There was quite a capacious hall that answered the purposes of a theatre, although it was of ancient construction and lacked all the modern improvements. The innate philanthropist purchased the property and transformed it into an apartment house, closing it out when he disposed of his other holdings. So, you see, Centredale has practically been without amusements, except in the concert and lecture line held in the churches."

The manager drew a long breath and then he ejaculated "Whew!" After this relief Clavering explained his dilemma. After he had finished, the night clerk observed:

"Really you are up against it."

A determined look came over the face of the always resolute manager, as he declared:

"I am going to show in this town to-night if I have to pitch a tent in the snow banks."

"I admire your pluck, Mr. Clavering," began the night clerk.

"But doubt my discretion," interrupted the manager, with a smile. "I confess that my outlook for a Merry Christmas is doleful."

"Oh!" suddenly remarked the night clerk, "I had entirely forgotten to extend to you the compliments of the season. I wish you a Merry Christmas."

"And many a one to you," returned the manager as they shook hands heartily.

"I catch an early breakfast when the day man comes on," suggested the agreeable night clerk, "and you can join me. There comes the carrier with the morning paper. You can look it over while I go to the chef and tell him to make it two."

Carleton Clavering did a great deal of thinking and very little reading.

After breakfast he sought the banker who controlled the deposit for the payment of the taxes on the abandoned Opera House. To his surprise and satisfaction he learned that the banker had no authority in the control of the Opera House, and would assume none, adding gravely:

"It is my belief that Mr. Adkins is no more."

Carleton Clavering hesitated, and then made bold to say:

"I have explained my plight. I am going to take possession of the Opera House, and my company will perform there to-night. I will pay into your hands for rental one hundred dollars, which you can place to the credit of Mr. Adkins' tax deposit."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," quickly interrupted the banker.

"Then I will deposit the amount in one of the banks to-morrow to the credit of the owner," the manager hastened to say.

"I can't prevent that," said the banker.

"And you won't interfere?" inquired Clavering.

"It is none of my concern," smiled the banker.

"Then I will pre-empt the premises," declared the manager, and so he did.

By the time that he returned to the hotel the company had arrived, and he instructed:

"There will be no matinee; we play to-night."

How was the performance of Christmas night to be advertised? The resourceful Clavering was equal to the occasion. On account of the holiday all the printing offices were closed and the afternoon papers were not to be issued. With the aid of the night clerk a local sign painter was run down and enticed from his Christmas festivities and liberally induced to letter muslin signs for a perambulating wagon body on runners, reading:

THEATRE TO-NIGHT.
OPERA HOUSE.
BOX-OFFICE OPEN.

Within the cloth inclosure on the advertising vehicle a fifer and a drummer woke up the town and surprised the residents with the startling announcement. When the manager obtained access to the abandoned opera house he threw up his hands, astonished at the magnificent internal equipments of the sumptuous structure, and exclaimed:

"Perfect! Gorgeous! Unequalled!"

As soon as the box-office was opened there was a tremendous rush for the reservation of seats, but before any of the public's money was received Carleton Clavering particularly instructed:

"On no account sell the owner's box. I am having it beautifully decorated in his honor, and hope that the tribute to his philanthropy will touch his envious enemies on the raw."

"Ah!" remarked the treasurer, "you are pacificating the wraith."

"And perhaps inciting the wrath," added the manager.

Just as the curtain was about to rise on that overflowing Christmas audience and the rush at the door was over Carleton Clavering was approached by a gentleman of distinguished bearing, who, nearing and smiling, extended his hand with the startling statement:

"Permit me to introduce myself—Andrew Adkins, proprietor of the opera house."

For a second—just a second—the manager was staggered, and then he found tongue:

"An usher will escort you to your box, Mr. Adkins. You will find it decorated in honor of your return."

It was the owner's turn to be staggered, but he quickly recovered his equipoise and remarked politely:

"I thank you."

The summoned usher responded promptly, but nearly fainted at the vision he beheld. When Andrew Adkins followed his guide to the owner's box a solemn hush fell upon the house, the astonished audience was spellbound; one could actually hear the deep breathings of the immense, transfixed gathering. A dreadful fear came over some, who believed a ghost had come from another sphere to participate in the reopening of the opera house. By the time that the unlooked-for visitor had seated himself all superstitions were dispelled and everybody was convinced that Andrew Adkins was in flesh and blood and not a spirit returned to earth. Of a sudden the painful restraint was broken and a cyclone of applause came from every part of the theatre with out a single sibilant sound. Again and again the audience testified their joy and respect by round after round of applause. Then some one cried:

"*A Merry Christmas!*"

All the audience took up the glad greeting and shouted unanimously until they were hoarse. In the midst of the vocal excitement Andrew Adkins arose, with all his old-time dignity but with a face all smiles, and repeatedly bowed his acknowledgment in response to the flattering reception. By a wave of his hand he secured perfect order, and the Christmas Ghost spoke with moistened eyes and trembling lips:

"From the bottom of my heart I thank you, one and all, including the bold manager, who is forgiven for his trespass. I am home again to stay, and I wish you, one and all, a happy ending of this Merry Christmas."

More applause—applause upon applause—until at a word from the leader the orchestra struck up the touching music of "Home, Sweet Home." The audience took up the refrain and the love feast was not terminated until at the end of the vocal and musical welcome the stage manager sent the curtain up on the happiest and merriest Christmas audience assembled in all America.

CHARLES H. DAY.

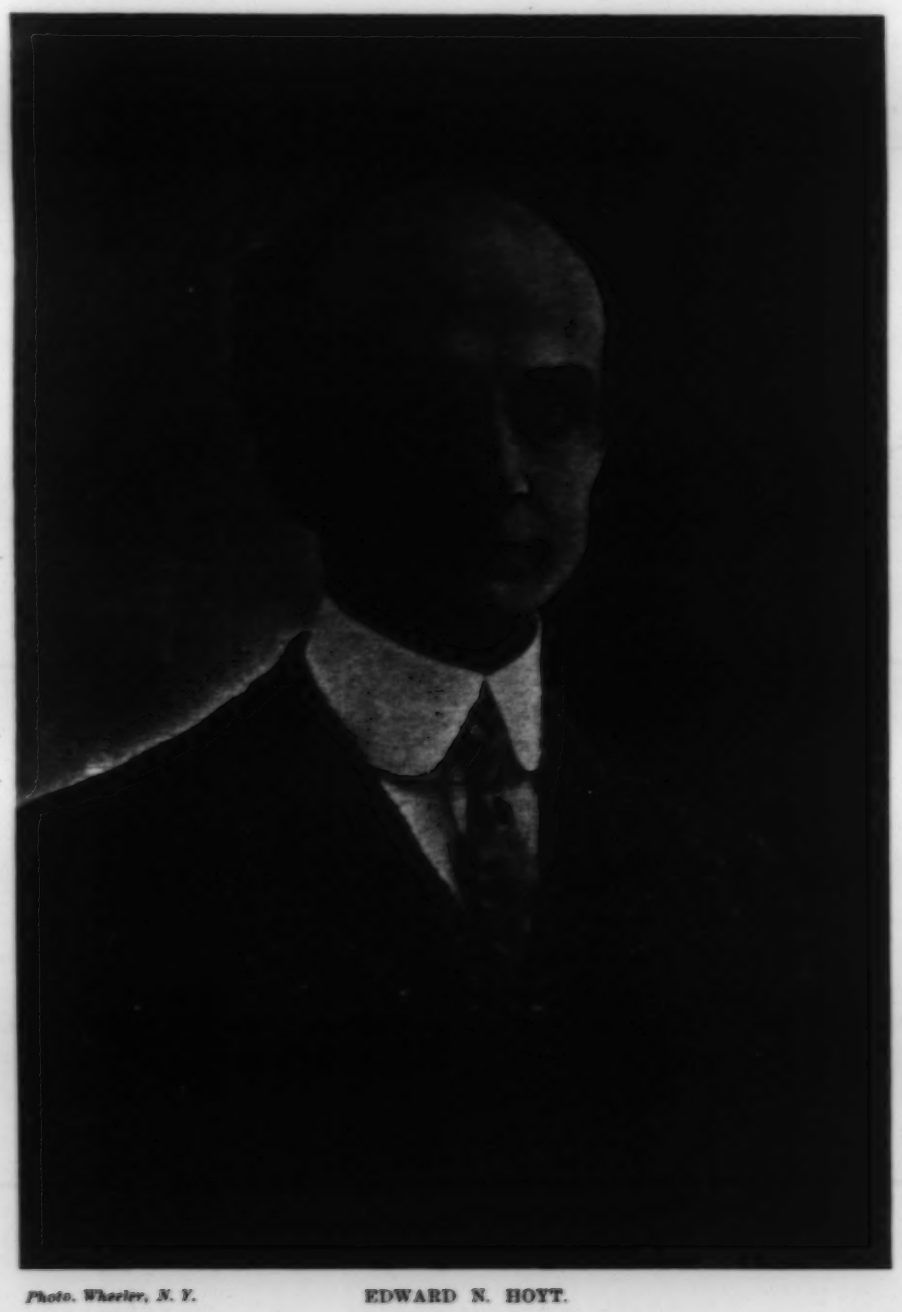


Photo. Wheeler, N. Y. EDWARD N. HOYT.

A HAPPY SUBSCRIBER.

A Merry Christmas to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, *and to myself the happiness of subscribing for it during the new year as in the past. I shouldn't quite know what to do without the Usher, and the Matinee Girl has been adopted into my household.*

Sincerely yours,

John Corbin

STAGE STRUCK

Lexington: "I hear that old Mr. Van Sulleigh, while crossing Fifth Avenue yesterday, was knocked down by a stage."

McCormick: "Rather late in life to get stage-struck."

SINCERE WISHES.

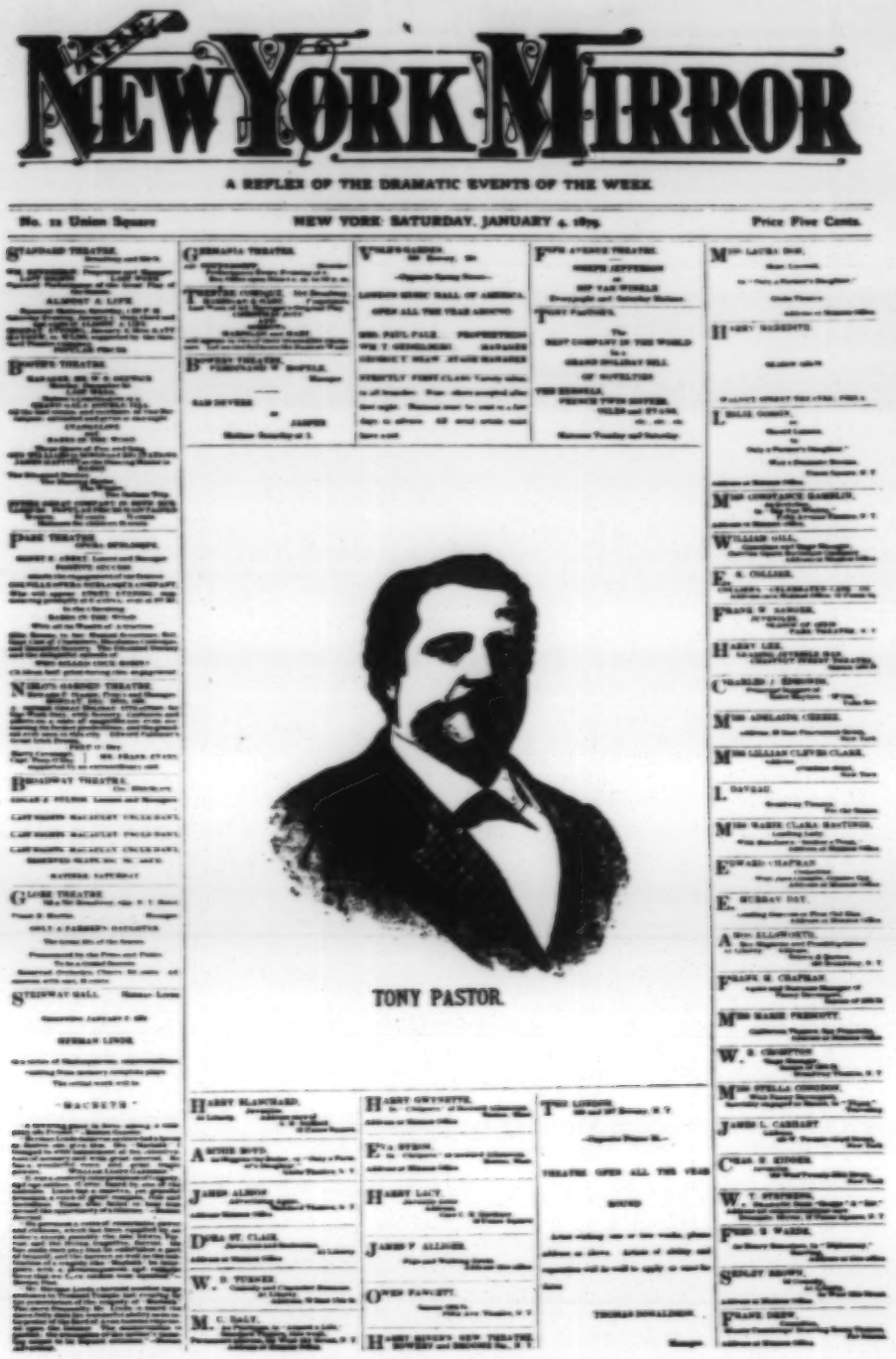
(*Translation*)

Sincere wishes for the jubilee of THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, *and respects from your devoted*

GUSTAVO SALVINI.

Pisa, November.

AFTER A QUARTER CENTURY.


THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

No. 12 Union Square — NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879. — Price Five Cents.

TONY PASTOR.

The first page of the first MIRROR.

FIVE years ago, when THE MIRROR celebrated its twentieth anniversary, there was published an exhaustive review of the dramatic events of the period mentioned and a comprehensive chronology of the theatrical events of the time. Now that THE MIRROR has the honor to commemorate another five years of life and to emphasize the fact that a quarter of a century of prosperity is to its credit, it may be interesting to compare the conditions of twenty-five years ago with those of to-day.

The first number of THE MIRROR, the first page of which is reproduced herewith, is a most interesting study in the light of these latter days, and nearly all of the advertisements or the announcements to be found in its pages bring up a host of memories.

Among the advertisements we find that of "Frank W. Sanger, juveniles, Park Theatre;" that of "Harry Lee, leading juvenile man, Chestnut Street Theatre;" of "W. H. Crompton, stage-manager, Broadway Theatre;" of "Fred B. Warde, as Beauclerc in Diplomacy;" of "Sedley Brown, second comedy, at Liberty;" of "Harry Lacy, juvenile actor;" of "Marie Prescott, California Theatre;" of "Archie Boyd, as Higgins in Only a Farmer's Daughter;" of "James F. Alliger, fops and walking gents," and of "Owen Fawcett, Fifth Avenue Theatre," among many others.

Then there is announcement of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels; of "the fourth starring tour of Mary Anderson, under management of John W. Norton," and of "Helen Modjeska, time all filled. H. J. Sargent, manager." Maggie Mitchell, too, is advertised in Lorle, Fanchon, Little Barefoot, Mignon, Jane Eyre, and The Pearl of Savoy. We find record as well of "Genevieve Rogers and the favorite American actor, Frank E. Aiken." Charles Pope in Belphegor, The Mountebank, The Corsican Brothers, The Robbers, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and King Lear, was touring also, and so was Denman Thompson, "as Joshua Whitcomb, played by him 66 nights in San Francisco, 124 nights in Chicago, and 13 consecutive weeks at the Lyceum Theatre, New York." J. M. Hill was his manager, and John Rickaby was managing Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight in Otto at the Broadway Theatre, New York. John W. Norton was managing De Bars Opera House, St. Louis, and Sam T. Jack was directing the tour of John T. Raymond. There is chronicle, too, of Mlle. Roseri, "who has just finished a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, where she was acknowledged by both press and public to be the Queen of the Ballet," and of the arrival from Europe of "Fred Roberts, England's premier comic, motto and topical vocalist, direct from his latest and greatest successes at the Folies Bergere, Paris," who made his American debut at the Theatre Comique, New York, on Jan. 6, 1879. Harry D. Clifton was playing in Only a Farmer's Daughter, and so was Laura Don, while at the Standard Theatre, William Hudson, manager, there was being played Almost a Life, "to be followed by Katy Mayhew in M'liss." A large card proclaims the tour of the Tracy Titus Opera company, including Catherine Lewis, Laura Joyce, Laura Clancey, Henry Peakes, Eugene Clark, Charles F. Lang, and M. W. Fiske, and an equally impressive announcement appears of Rice's Surprise Party, introducing Alice Harrison, Willie Edouin, Louise Searle, Ella Chapman, Alice Atherton, Ettie Loraine, Clara Pearl, Ida Glover, W. A. Mestayer, Louis Harrison, Henry E. Dixey, and D. P. Steel in Hiawatha, Bangles, and Horrors.

Theatres were comparatively few in New York in those days, and they were mostly located in sections that now are given over to mercantile establishments. The metropolis was then no such enormous city as it is now, and perhaps, though its list of places of amusement then in operation may appear small in comparison with a like list of to-day, there was offered a plenitude of entertainment in proportion to the population. Scarcely a manager is now active, or even living, who was then prominent, and the number of players now active whose names were then to be found in the bills are few indeed.

THE MIRROR'S correspondence department in the first issue, dated Jan. 4, 1879, comprised but four scant columns of matter, but these bring up a world of memories of bygone days. The mere mention of many of the names there to be seen impels thoughts of times and folk almost forgotten nowadays. The list of touring people embraced Robson and Crane, Kate Claxton, McKee Rankin and Kittie Blanchard in The Danites, J. K. Emmet, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Albaugh in Enoch Arden, the Boston Museum company in Pinafore, the Strakosch Opera company with Annie Louise Cary, Clara Louise Kellogg and Sig. Rosnati, Marie Zoe, "the Cuban Sylph;" Warde and Barrymore in Diplomacy, John A. Stevens in Unknown, Genevieve Ward, Camilla Urso, Rose Lisle and Edward Arnott, the Lilliputian Opera company, Paulding's Dramatic company in Maud's Peril, Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth, Annie Pixley in M'liss, Salsbury's Troubadours, the combinations of Pat Rooney and Josh Hart, Gotthold and Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin, Charlotte Thompson in Jane Eyre, the Kiralfys in Around the World in Eighty Days, Henry E. Bell in Enoch Arden, Collier's A Celebrated Case, Robert McWade in Rip Van Winkle, Mrs. Chanfrau in The Woman of the People, Katie Putnam, Adah Richmond's Opera Bouffe company, the Hess English Opera company, the Humpty Dumpty companies of Nick Roberts and Robert Fraser, Fanny Herring in The Tigress of the West, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson in Struck Oil, Fanny Davenport in Pique, Divorce, and As You Like It; Milton Nobles, Lotta, Joseph Murphy, George C. Boniface, Lawrence Barrett, Janauschek, Rose Eytinge, Frank Mayo, the minstrels of Cal Wagner and of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West, and of many others of more or less note. These names, taken at random, serve to show clearly how great have been the changes in the past quarter of a century and how very few of the prominent folk of that time are still alive and active.

The local theatres advertised in the first MIRROR make also a capital index of time's metamorphoses. Of all those announced only five yet remain in operation, and most of these have been so remodeled during intervening years that they have been made practically new. The Standard, now the Manhattan; the Broadway, now Daly's; the Fifth Avenue, the Bowery, the London, and Tony Pastor's comprise every one of the originally advertised houses still in existence, and the genial features of Mr. Pastor were shown in the first-page picture of the initial issue. Other theatres advertised were Booth's, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue; the Park, at Twenty-second Street and Broadway; Niblo's Garden, in Broadway near Prince Street; the Globe, at 728 Broadway; the Germania, in Astor Place, and the Comique, at 514 Broadway.

THE MIRROR itself has, during the twenty-five years of its history, more than kept pace with the changes in the theatre. From the eight pages of the first issue it has grown to thirty-two. The corporal's guard of correspondents represented in the first issue has become an army of one thousand. Mechanically the first issue, with its wood-cut illustrations and its narrow columns, was equal to the best publications of the time, and with all the changes that have been made since then THE MIRROR has always held the same relative position.

In view of the present depressed conditions in the theatrical world it is interesting and perhaps a bit heartening to note that somewhat the same conditions existed precisely twenty-five years ago. The leading editorial of the first MIRROR was headed "A Happy New Year," and its opening paragraph was as follows: "Never was a New Year more heartily welcomed than is that of 1879 by the theatrical profession of New York. Managers, actors, the thousands of theatrical employees, and, behind them, the great public, look forward confidently to a change which cannot but be for the better. The past year has been one of those that try the souls of men and managers. It began in gloom, it ended in disappointment. While, outside of this metropolis, there has been a decided revival of theatrical business, New York City, down to the very last day of 1878, maintained its bad pre-eminence as 'the worst theatrical town in the country.' Down to that date only one or two theatres had made money; some had not even paid expenses, and some had met with final and complete disaster."

This depression was explained by the fact that in the commercial world money was scarce, and furthermore, the dramatic stage suffered from the strong competition of the operatic stage. Colonel Mapleson's opera company took, it was said, "all the spare dollars of the metropolis." Another competitor—and an odd one—was the walking match. The town went mad for a time over pedestrianism, and the public forsook its dramatic idols to worship at athletic shrines. But with all these difficulties to contend with the season of 1878-79 ended, if not gloriously, at least satisfactorily. THE MIRROR of May 24, 1879, in an editorial reviewing the season, said: "It is gratifying to think that, with very few exceptions, our theatres have done good business."

It is to be hoped—and assuredly it may be expected—that history will repeat itself. In this connection the closing paragraph of the editorial in the first issue is worth quoting, since it is as appropriate now as it was then: "Let each manager retire to his box-office, and each actor to his green room, and in the privacy of these congenial resorts firmly resolve to amend the faults of omission and commission that have disgraced the dying year, to aid us in the work of purification and regeneration so necessary to the re-establishment of the drama, and to take advantage of the better times and better chances which dawn for them all, upon this first day of the Happy New Year."

AN OLD LAMENT.

It is written of Boisi that his plays were so slovenly written that the actors took unlimited liberties with his manuscript, and would cut his plays down at times to merely an act. On one occasion he cried: "Why, Zounds! If my plays are to be hacked and hewed in this manner, what shall I do to have a piece represented in five acts?" The not-to-be-daunted actor replied, "Write it in eleven."

A TRIBUTE.

IN the clear Mirror of thy stainless eyes
We see good humor, character, and truth.
No breath of scandal o'er thy surface flies,
And in thy heart live courage, faith, and youth.

In thy clear depths we see our faults condoned;
In thy clear depths we see our virtues starr'd;
In thy clear depths we'll see our art re-throned!—
Kerobed, refreshed, undying, and unscarr'd!

JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

HEARTY GREETINGS.

I send my hearty greetings and good wishes and congratulations to THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

Yours sincerely,

REMINISCENT AND PROPHETIC.

And this is THE DRAMATIC MIRROR'S *twenty-fifth year! It is but a little step that carries me back to the day when my friend,*

Harrison Grey Fiske, then an ambitious lad of eighteen, took possession of the property and uncorked his ardor for the work that he has performed so long, so arduously, and so well.

THE MIRROR *is one of the established institutions of the country, representative in a large way, and a necessity to a profession that numbers more than twenty thousand persons in America. And since the theatre has entered so intimately into the life of the people, its readers far exceed the professional census. This fact augments its usefulness, enlarges its scope and multiplies its power.*

As one that has followed it faithfully during all the years of its existence, I beg to be counted of the great army that will offer felicitations on the Silver Wedding, and to express a hope that the Golden Wedding will find it as accurate a reflection of that time as it is of time present.

With all good wishes,

Yours Truly

THE MIRROR POSTOFFICE.

COMPREHENDING in the widest sense its mission to be in every possible way of actual service to the dramatic profession, THE MIRROR has earned the gratitude of thousands through the admirably conducted letter department, established almost at the beginning of the paper's career, and operated to-day upon a scale that involves a business larger than that carried on by many offices of the United States Postal Service. The convenience and value of this department to the members of a profession of necessity nomadic may not be estimated. THE MIRROR, realizing the importance of this institution, has set apart for its proper accommodation a section of the main offices, and has employed a special clerk, whose exclusive business it is to handle the mail matter addressed in THE MIRROR'S care.

A large case with lettered compartments has been provided for the reception and proper keeping of letters or telegrams, and another still larger for papers and packages. Registered letters are placed in a fire-proof safe. Players in the city call or send regularly for their mail as they might at any Government office, and those on tour receive their letters as soon as it is possible to reach them.

Hundreds of letters are received each day, and each one for a person whose permanent address has been placed on file at the office, or whose temporary theatre address is to be found in THE MIRROR "dates ahead," is forwarded immediately. When addresses are unknown the letters are advertised in THE MIRROR until claimed in person or by mail. Many thousands of letters are confided annually to THE MIRROR'S care, and are delivered with safety and promptness, a complete record of each being kept on file. Thus, there is provided, absolutely free of any charge, a ready, efficient, and intelligent mail service for the members of a profession who might be, without its helpfulness, almost utterly at a loss for means whereby to receive their letters.

THE MAYDAY CREATURE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE Eminent Tragedian sat in his hotel parlor smoking. Listening to the reminiscences of his early life was a Mayday Creature, whom he had brought within the spell of the Crescent's flare.

The actor was the friend of this girl, who had stepped from the classroom to the footlights.

She was seventeen, and her life was the future; he was forty-seven, and *his* life was the future.

It is always "the next season" over the Crescent's Flare, and the stage is the true leveler of sex and years.

He had become her teacher. He taught when speaking and when silent. The girl watched him

Photo. Rice, Montreal, Can.

JESSIE BONSTELLE.

and learned her lesson. He gave of his rich experience; she paid the debt with faith.

This was her first Christmas on the stage.

He told her its meaning was an extra matinee; likewise New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, all extra matinees.

The Mayday Creature's enthusiasm was not easily subdued, so she wondered how, in a hotel or theatre, the cheer of Christmas could be generated.

* * * * * * * * *

"No," and he laughed a little, "I never attended school. It amuses me when men introduce themselves as former schoolmates."

To the Mayday Creature, who remembered no home but school, this statement seemed incredible. She opened her eyes. "But," she began, and stopped.

"Never fear," he encouraged. "How do I know anything? I taught myself. I committed the dictionary—word for word."

She gasped.

"Yes, here is the book. Trip me if you can." She opened at the F's. "Floriferous?" she half-queried.

"Producing flowers," promptly.

"Flotsam?"

"Goods found floating on the sea."

"Foliaceous?"

"Leafy, or with scales."

She paused. "More," he demanded. "Turn to the Z's." But she closed the book. "This

IZETTA JEWEL.

is too much like Browning," she said. "He finds his intellectual stimulus in his dictionary, I believe. He has obviously conned it. Sometimes I wish he had been too busy."

The Tragedian smiled before he become again the scholar. "My child; con your dictionary, and you shall appreciate the greatest poet of the century. Robert told me——"

"Robert!" the Mayday Creature interrupted. "Did you call him—Robert—to his actual face?"

"How should I address my friend, you nonsensical bodkin?"

"Oh, I do not know—only I would have as soon thought of saying Billy Shakespeare. However, I am digressing. Did Bobby—oh, I beg your pardon—did Robert say—in plain English—'sit down'—or came it this way: 'See the vacant seat out of its sphere and useless. Let the true relationship be established 'twixt man and it.'"

The Tragedian was thinking of the peach-bloom of her cheeks, and wondering how long the Crescent's Flare would spare it, as he answered: "Robert has been troubling you with his rare phrasing. You are absurd, a chit of a girl [tenderly] to laugh at genius."

"No," protested the Mayday Creature, "I do not laugh—I groan. Schiller thinks for me. Shakespeare, he never troubles me. I commit his lines—I forget them—I do not worry over the phrase. I simply revert to the thought. He meant so and so. Why, there, the word springs into my memory like a shooting star. It is the identical word. It is my natural selection, too. This is Shakespeare. But Browning! I forget him? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I flounder. What is he talking about? Ah, this—yes, this! I voice a sentence. Alas! alas! Its unfamiliarity is staggering. I have clothed Browning's idea: but for the garment! He would soon dispose of it to a junk shop, such as he threatens for those old clothes of himself. He says he does not care what becomes of the old clothes of himself: but I fancy he prefers a decent burial, for all that—Westminster Abbey, for instance. I approve of cremation, myself: but you see [an apologetic afterthought]. I have not traced *all* the thrilling dictionary on my gray matter—*yet*—well, some of the Queen's English is a stranger to me. That stranger is Browning's pet, and invariably turns up."

The man had been making rings of smoke. "You have unearthed a truth." "Out of the mouths of——"

"I object to being styled a babe, or a—oh, never mind!"

He chuckled. "Browning's wisdom is the poet's revelation. He says, you remember:

"'Truth is within ourselves;

"'Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in.'"

"I weigh only one hundred and twenty-three."

"There is an inmost centre [serenely] within us all, where Truth abides in fullness."

"You have stumbled on this centre, and uttered a law."

"A Moses up-to-date female, of course."

"And, when you know your dictionary better, Browning's word shall come to you a friend—a rare suggestive friend."

"I hope so," sighed the Mayday Creature. "I will begin with Aback, Abacus, Abaft right away—but may we not, please, return to my genius?"

"Schiller, or——"

"Yourself."

She listened to his caressing chuckle and the low sigh that followed it.

"Myself? I taught myself Latin, Greek and French. Ah! you luxurious ones, nowadays, think you study: begrudge the time I exact for it. Think on this. I wept—yes, wept at night, when the little pieces of candle, left over from the footlights, were burned down. I took my book, that precious treasure, in my arms. I have awakened to find the page blotted."

"With tears?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, with tears, because darkness had come upon us. My pillow was my book; my bed the floor, and the candlestick——"

"What was that?"

"Three nails."

He did not laugh, no; nor she?

"I found them, and drove them in the floor. They did well enough. I never complained, if only the candles held out."

"But—why—why—, could you not study in the sunlight?"

"I was working then," he said, simply. "I managed to let the stage door close behind me in the evening. The actors lent me books—and the candles——"

"Yes, the candles?"

"I stole them" [exultantly]. "I did. But" [pleadingly] "they were not new candles, whole ones. They were wee ends [with strained emphasis] left from the footlights. They would have been carted away—but that I—stole them. And this is the history of my early education."

"He is music and sculpture," thought the Mayday Creature, as she felt anew the charm of his voice and posture. Her former environment was culture's, and the thought of this man, who had raised himself to adorn the plane of conservative society awed her. She exhaled sufficient admiration, for the actor after a pause of sympathy to change the subject.

"See here!" he exclaimed, plunging into the matter-of-fact. "It is yourself we must discuss; not me. You are on probation. I am watching you. There is an essential ingredient in the actor's composition, without which he is mere mediocrity. Have you it?"

"What is it?" she asked, her heart beating.

"Imagination," fiercely. "Imagination," fiercer, seeing her relieved smile. "It is not to be bought. It is the good fairy's christening gift. Now answer."

"How am I to convince you, now?" she roguishly asked. "I accept your challenge, though. To-morrow is Christmas. Grant me an audience," here the curtesy, she had been taught, and somewhat impatiently, it must be acknowledged, at that morning's rehearsal, "and I will bring my imagination an offering to your throne, sire."

The actor's repose was threatened, but he won his battle, and with the pathetic smile that was reserved for his friends, extended his hand.

"Until to-morrow," he said.

* * * * * * * * *

To-morrow became to-day. It was the matinee of Boker's Francesca da Rimini.

The Mayday Creature timidly laid a tiny bunch of violets on the Tragedian's table, and wished it were larger. It was the second act, when Lanciotto regaled himself with a cigar in his dressing-room, a practical picture his innocent audience did not conceive of. The violets looked insignificant. She blushed, and wished she had not been so foolish as to buy them, when his words astonished her.

"My child, these violets are the sole reminder of the day for me."

"Are you really pleased?"

"You are a thoughtful child, and I am your debtor for a happy moment."

She was on fire, but said, gently: "This evening, during the second act, if I may, I will offer my imagination on your altar."

"Rare day of two gifts!" he exclaimed. "I am rich."

* * * * * * * * *

The evening came. She entered the room. The dresser placed a chair for himself outside the open door and retired. The Tragedian waited. "Your gift," he said. "Imagination, I believe it is. Your hour is here."

The Mayday Creature quaked. "Perhaps, you may not care for it, after all," she ventured.

"I think," slowly. "I shall. Begin!"

"It is a story [meekly]. May I read it? You shall know when you hear it—it was written since yesterday."

"I am listening."

And she began:

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY MYSELF.

He nodded.

The lamps are not lighted in the library, where Earnest is seated in an old chair before the fire.

The twilight, rich in its dreams of dazzling futures, to-day in vain seeks to charm his senses. He has been with Browning, and he would know if the "white light which shone through her was her soul's."

These moments give birth to his consciousness of soul life, and he asks, What is God?

He is too young to think, but in visions—yet, and he muses: "Heaven should be here—but it is not to me. It is far away. I wish to be like God. I wish to perceive what *is*. I wish to read men. I want Doctor Faust's Zauberkaepchen, so they cannot lie to me."

Earnest glances at the shelves of books. "I know the covers: that is all." A sigh.

"Ah! mother, do not order lights. Let me think longer."

"To-morrow's sun rises on Christmas Day. The thought seems to bring happiness to all, save me. I am dissatisfied. Ease is my misery. I would test sorrow. Its deep shadows beckon me to gloom. I would plunge into the night to live, not sleep. There I should wrest a message for the wretched. *I must serve the world!*"

* * * * * * * * *

The fire burns with less energy. Earnest becomes motionless in his old chair.

"Earnest!"

"Yes, mother."

"Earnest!"

"Who calls me so gently?"

A cry escapes him, and he stares before him. The logs break, fall in ashes to the hearth, and the peal of the chimes dies in the distance.

He sees a shadow, but his hand closes upon air, as he attempts to touch the impalpable form.

"What are you?" he whispers. "You I cannot feel, yet see and hear—an evil omen?"

"Fear me not," speaks the shadow. "I come to work you neither good nor evil, but to fulfill your wish. You shall perceive what *is*. Follow me to a bygone scene. Whet your human judgment and unravel its mystery. Do you come?"

"Yes."

"Poet, claim your privilege: Welcome to the unknown past."

* * * * * * * * *

"Ready, sir," called the dresser.

The Tragedian sighed. "Ah! well, we will finish it during the first of the last act."

* * * * * * * * *

The girl returned, as the applause the fourth

Photo. Sands and Brady, Providence.

ISABELLE EVESSON.

act evoked died down. She had seven precious minutes before her, and began at once.

"I quote here," she said, humbly, as if anticipating censure for not being more original, "from Jean Paul. That is, I translate. Shall I skip this?"

"No. Your treatment interests me."

"The past is the only paradise from which man may not be driven."

The actor interrupted her. "To how many is the past a paradise?"

THE MEN OF MARS.

The men of Mars once viewed the earth,
And sized it up for all 'twas worth,
Just as we folk of mortal clay
Had taken trouble to survey
Their planet, strange and mystic.

But when they trained their telescopes
To catch the acme of our hopes,
They found the chiefest thing in sight
Was dear old Broadway, day or night,
With no one pessimistic.

For whether 'tis to cry or smile,
The Martians know that half a mile
Of Broadway proves, by night or day,
That it must be the only way
For people optimistic.

"To all. It is always a paradise. Only, sometimes we are driven from it. But, I add—listen, please—should sorrow darken the memory, the past remains a paradise; for the angel with the

Photo. Chickering, Boston.

FLORENCE HAMILTON.

flaming sword lures us back to the sweetness of time before the gate was closed."

The Tragedian's lips twitched. He regarded the girl silently, then said: "God grant, no serpent crawl into your paradise, through any of us, my Mayday Creature."

The manager entered, and the girl gathered up her papers and withdrew; but somehow she felt her friend wished the finish of her little story, and she was not disappointed, for as the curtain fell on the last act the Tragedian rushed into his dressing-room. "Read, quickly, before I remove my costume." The dresser remonstrated. "Then," said the actor, "hurry me into my clothes. We'll have this story to-night. It is my right, being Christmas."

When he appeared, dressed for the street, the stage was empty. The scenery swung away, while, save for a bunch-light, the house was in darkness. Even the Crescent had ceased to flare when the story was finished. Seemingly alone, the shrouded auditorium yawning, the Tragedian drew the girl nearer the bunch-light and bade her read.

The Mayday Creature gave an ecstatic shiver, for the weird surroundings pleased her, and continued: "The Shadow, followed by Earnest, glides into space. Nothing is perceptible. At last it pauses.

"What see you, boy?"

"I seem," said Earnest, "to be in a small room. It is dark and cold. Methinks a window is before me, though the closed shutters exclude the light."

"And opened, the moonbeams shall chase away this gloom. Speak! *What is?*"

"Here is only a boy," said Earnest. "A mere sleeping boy. His pillow is an open book. Here are tears lingering on his lashes. Poor child!"

"Poet," quote the Shadow, "interpret the message of this sleeping child—the poem of his tears."

"They are doggerel," replied Earnest. "An idle child! He has loitered on the streets, for play—forgot to-morrow's lessons, until too late he recalls the threat of punishment his laziness has evoked before, so he weeps—and sleep, sweet consoler, steals over him. He is now rejoicing in a land where boys are meant for play."

"What more?"

"Nothing."

"This judgment, Earnest, is based on yourself;" and the Shadow points its misty fingers to three rusty nails driven in the floor.

"They nearly tripped me," frowned the Poet.

"What is their purpose?"

"Mischief. Boys are boys."

Photo. Savony, N. Y.

BERTINE ROBISON.

"Still biased by yourself. Bend lower. Is there naught else?"

"Yes. The remnant of a—a—candle, I should think. Necessity invents. A novel holder."

"Foolish one," speaks the Shadow. "Unheeding boy! How dare you hope, as the earth's Creator, to read men's hearts. In truth, you see the cover. The book is opened for you. Read!"

"I have read."

"Shifting human verdict, influenced by thought of self. A poet is a prophet. Tell me the boy's future."

"That," said Earnest, brightening, "is a simple problem. Hundreds of such boys are seen in our streets. I will place him at some trade to live and die unknown."

The Shadow smiles. "Your name and his—conjure with them. His alone shall live. But come, the living present greets us."

* * * * * * * * *

With the instant the scene is changed. Silence, gloom and cold vanish. Warmth, lights and sounds envelop Earnest.

"A theatre!" cries he. "Listen to the applause! Feel the man's magnetism! How his skill plays upon the people! I envy him. I

W. B. PATTON.

thank you for this glimpse of greatness. I am alive to this man and his art. He is a master."

"And yet, Earnest," whispered the Shadow, "this man was once a boy."

"A prodigy!"

"A doggerel boy, who ate when hungry; slept when tired; wept when sad. Mischievous, too, and drove nails to trip his betters."

"Speak not so," protests the Poet. "Link them not—yet they are—the—same."

"You feel the truth."

"Oh, pity that this grand man should have been a lowly boy!"

"Your thought is as a crab's gait. Feel joy! Joy! a waif becomes a man of power. Now you perceive no idleness caused a fear of punishment, nor thought of teacher's rod his tears."

"I see it clearly," said Earnest. "A studious, persevering boy, who by dim candlelight grinds until darkness stops him, and weeps as the candle bits, stolen from burnt down footlights, melt and flicker into night. Take me to other scenes. I shall be wiser."

"Not so! The bias of this hour would cast its shadow. Mortal judgment is fallible. *Justice is God.* Boy, I came to teach you, not to humor you. You ponder, what is God! Study yourself. Feel with your brother. For your comfort cleave to this: *Love is for you.* Awaken to your privilege."

And the Shadow vanished.

"Not yet," pleads Earnest, "I would ask more."

"I am here, my son. You have been dreaming."

"Oh, mother! Was it but a dream? I thought I was a poet!"

"The proof of the dream's reality," she laughs.

"Oh, for a poet's voice! Then I would stir your heart. But Christmas is here. Mother, this birthday shall be mine. I am born a man this day. My brother becomes myself."

"This is a joyous Christmas, indeed, for me, my boy." And the mother kissed him.

* * * * * * * * *

The girl paused. "I wish I had not read it now." Yet her eyes flashed.

The actor smiled. "Thank you," he said, "for this true Christmas gift. It is—well—I thank you. Good-night, and many a happy Christmas to you, my child."

"But, the imagination?" she anxiously asked.

"Oh, yes—I remember. If your imagination is the true thing, you can divine my thought."

"I do." She was young, but a woman. "I do divine your thought. It is to sign my contract for next season."

The Tragedian laughed heartily. "Most clever. This contract is my Christmas gift to you—Mayday Creature."

KATHERINE BRIGHAM GOODALE.

FINANCING IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

In the days of the early drama in England the admission prices were ridiculously low as compared with the present scale. The charge of admission to the gallery, or "scaffolds," as those seats were then sometimes called, ranged from sixpence to one shilling, although it was later raised at times to two shillings and a half a crown. The standing room in the area or open yard, now similar in point of position to our orchestra, was a penny or twopence. The expenses in those days were of course correspondingly low. From an old manuscript it is recorded that the customary sum paid to John Heminge and his company, during the reign of King James I, for the performance of a play at court, was £6 13s. 4d. There are records of the receipts of performances amounting to only £3. In 1791, when the Drury Lane company moved to the King's Theatre, preparatory to the rebuilding of their house, it is said that the expense of moving approximated £11,000, and upon this occasion the prices were raised—boxes, 1 shilling; pit, 6 pence. Later, in 1792, when the Covent Garden was opened at an expense of £25,000, these prices were objected to by the public as being very high. In 1809, when the Covent Garden had been rebuilt, after the destruction by

Photo. Oppenheim, Boston.

MARIE PETTES.

fire of the two first theatres, the prices were again raised to: Boxes, 7 shillings, and the pit, 4 shillings.

"Sharing" the profits seems to have been the method largely employed in paying the actors during these times. One plan in vogue was to divide the nightly receipts into forty shares, being as follows: Fifteen to the proprietors, three to the purchase of new plays, stage habits, etc., and twenty-two to the actors. Twenty pounds appears to have been a very large net receipt for one night's performance, but taking this as an example, the actor who would receive two shares would receive 20 shillings. An average night's business seems to have netted about 9 pounds. At this rate the actor would receive 9 shillings, and his weekly profit, playing five times, would amount to 2 pounds 5 shillings. The actors were divided into classes, and received a given number of shares, according to their "position," those of the first class receiving two shares, six of the second class received perhaps one share each, and the remainder received a half a share. An actor of the "first class," at these rates, would net about 90 pounds a year, or about $450.

YANKEE DOODLE.

It appears that early in the last century the famous Drury Lane Theatre of London was managed by an American, Mr. Price. "When Mr. Price arrived in town," says a chronicler of that time, "he went to the theatre without apprising any one, and had even paced across the stage during the time of a rehearsal before he was recognized. The fiddlers in the orchestra at length discovered the great man, and, breaking off their music, gave three loud, welcoming cheers to their new employer. Mr. Price, of course, acknowledged the reception, and all was passing off as it should do when Harley approached the orchestra, and beckoning to one of the musicians said: 'That was ill taste of you—very bad, indeed!' 'Why, what, Mr. Harley?' 'What? Why, cheering Price.' 'It was quite correct, wasn't it?' 'Not at all; you should not have cheered, but with your instruments you should have struck up with one accord—' 'What?' 'Why, "Yankee Doodle Come to Town."'"

WHY SHE FAILED.

They gave her just a "thinking part,"
But she was "on the blink;"
She failed to score a hit, because
One must have brains to think.

A TRYING SITUATION

"Ah, me," sighed the persecuted maiden, in the last act of the melodrama, as she waited for

Photo. Family, Albany.

LYDIA KNOTT.

the hero to rescue her in the nick of time, "will he never come?" It was 11.10 P.M., and as she had to catch a train at 11.40 she was naturally anxious to be rescued in a hurry.

THE CHICAGO STAGE BEFORE THE FIRE.

LITTLE more than three decades have passed since Mother O'Leary's cow beat the record of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome, cremating the city of Chicago, and becoming thereby the champion firebug of the centuries. Prior to that great conflagration Chicago, for its size, was well supplied with theatres and minor places of amusement, headed by McVicker's and the Dearborn theatres, Hooley's and

R. M. HOOLEY.

Crosby's Opera houses, the Globe Theatre and the Farwell Music Hall.

At the beginning of 1871 McVicker's was the oldest and most important of the local playhouses, and during the succeeding summer it was enlarged and beautified at considerable cost. Its stock company contained some of the best acting talent in the country, including among its members J. F. Wheelock, Fred. Hight, Fred. Bock, H. Loomis, Charles Stanley, R. Russell, J. Everham, J. H. Wallack, H. A. Blood, J. A. Barbaret, F. Wood, H. Moseley, Mrs. Anna Cowell, Mrs. Samuel Myers, Mrs. Ella Kemble, Mrs. Florence, Helen Howe, Mrs. J. H. Wallack, and Misses Mills, Stanley, Shannon, and Kellogg.

During the many years of James H. McVicker's management the stage of his theatre had been trodden by Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Adams, Kean, Hackett, Charles Dillon, Julia Deane, Janauschek, John Wilkes Booth, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Daniel Bandmann, Charles Fechter, Laura Keene, Murdoch, Williams, Warren, E. A. Sothern, Matilda Heron, and other stellar lights.

James Hubert McVicker was a native of New York city, a comedian of rare talent, and a shrewd and careful manager. He bore a striking resemblance to Henry Ward Beecher, and his patriotic services in the cause of the Union were rewarded with an honorary membership in the Grand Army of the Republic, of which Lieutenant General Phillip Sheridan was the chief. The Dearborn Theatre, at the time of the fire, devoted its summer seasons to traveling combinations, and its winter terms were filled out by Billy Manning's Minstrel company. This comprised Manning, Ben Cotton, Bob Hart, Frank Kent, Ricardo, Stevie Rogers, Hogan and Hughes, Little Eddie, C. S. Fredericks, J. J. Kelly, J. F. Dunnie, Charles Hunneman, Frank Bowles, W. Hatheway, F. Anson, Charles Kuppe, S. Grullenberger, J. Pfeiffer, and J. Moncrieff. Billy Manning was a favorite on the stage, and a perfect Beau Brummel in the matter of street dress, especially as to hats, of which he carried a large and varied assortment.

Among the Summer attractions of 1870 was the Wyndham Comedy company in the Robertson repertoire, of which Caste was perhaps the most notable bill, with Charles Wyndham as Hawtree, J. J. Fitzpatrick as George D'Alroy, Belvil Ryan as Eccles, George Giddens as Sam Gerridge, Mary Moore as Esther, Sydney Cowell as Polly, and Mrs. Wright as the Marchioness. Simultaneously with Mr. Wyndham's *entrée* into Chicago came also that of a certain Sam Genese, of London, where he had the credit of loaning money for respectable considerations to theatrical and stellar speculators. It is related that E. T. Smith, impresario of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, after a season of financial loss, had occasion to consult Mr. Genese, who aided him financially in the following manner: The impressario, whenever making necessary purchases for his approaching opera season, would present a one thousand pound Bank of England note in payment, and as a matter of course the shopkeepers could not change it; especially as the purchases were invariably made after banking hours, so the sellers would, on seeing a note of such dimensions, say, "All right, Mr. Smith, send us the amount at your convenience." The subsequent allegation was that Sam Genese accompanied the opera manager and loaned him that bank note for exhibition at so much per diem for the purpose of inspiring dealers as well as employes with confidence in his financial standing. The simultaneous presence of Mr. Genese and Mr. Wyndham in Chicago gave rise to much speculation among the English actors in the company, but the success of Caste was so great that Mr. Genese returned to Europe.

After the prolonged run of the Wyndham company at the Dearborn Theatre, the Illinois prairie towns and the Michigan woods were full of Robertson "snaps," organized by fly-by-night managers and actors who had drifted into Chicago after their winter harrowing tribulations. With the close of the Summer of 1871 the Dearborn resumed its regular fall business, but the theatre, like all others in the city, was swept away by the October fire. Everybody in Chicago knew and admired jovial, whole-souled "Dick" Hooley of the patriarchal beard, who had transformed the old Bryan Hall into a cozy, handsome theatre called Hooley's Opera House. Mr. Hooley had for many years managed Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn, N. Y., but that town became too somnolent for a man of his energy and ambition, so adopting Horace Greeley's advice he went West, assembled an excellent company of burnt-corkers, and money filled his coffers.

After the Chicago run of Cinderella in 1871 the entire company, under management of A. L. Parkes, was transported by special train direct to the Academy of Music, New Orleans, where they drew enormous receipts for two weeks. In those days this was considered a great feat, but it paid. Mr. Hooley was noted for his philanthropy to professionals; for instance, when the plays of the late Bartley Campbell were sold at auction to pay his debts, Mr. Hooley became their purchaser and presented them to the needy widow. Soon after the beginning of the Fall season of 1871 Hooley's Opera was burned.

Crosby's Opera House, a very handsome and spacious theatre, under management of Albert Crosby and C. D. Hess, was devoted to traveling spectacular and pantomimic companies and to occasional home performances. It was during the season of 1870 that the Worrell Sisters in The Field of the Cloth of Gold extravaganza were turning people away at the old New York Theatre, Broadway, New York, and a number of Western managers sought to secure the attraction. Crosby and Hess arrived at the theatre with that object in view at the moment that Mr. McVicker and the local manager were dickering about terms. As soon as Mr. McVicker learned that his Chicago rivals were waiting to see the manager he promptly accepted all propositions for the transfer of the attraction and company to Chicago. Crosby and Hess immediately returned to Chicago, and having obtained a copy of the extravaganza, engaged a young singer from a local school and coached her in the part of Darnley. The young lady soon after became Mrs. Alice Oates. Crosby and Hess then provided a gorgeous spectacular production, with a very large chorus and a battalion of richly garbed supers, besides injecting nearly a score of vaudeville specialties into the various acts. As if to add injury to insult, they presented their production ahead of that announced at McVicker's, and scored a tremendous hit, which completely killed all rivalry. Consequently failure was written all over the New York production. After this spurt of success Crosby's Opera House drifted along until it shared the fate of its rivals.

Colonel Wood's National Museum was an institution modeled upon the plan of Barnum's in

JAMES H. McVICKER.

New York. Besides its numberless living and dead freaks, of which giants, dwarfs and Albinos were the principals, its interior boasted of a well-appointed theatre, with the following stock players: John W. Blaisdell, Owen Fawcett, John W. Jennings, James C. Padgett, H. A. Wentworth, R. C. White, E. R. Soper, J. G. Lacey, Susie Cluer, Mrs. C. Stoneall, Katie Mayhew, Mrs. John Dillon, Emma Marble, Flora Newton, Ada Muir, and Nellie Drury. East Lynne, The Lancashire Lass, Frou Frou, Surf, Little Em'ly, and plays of that ilk were presented at two daily performances to steady business. Frank E. Aiken ultimately became manager of the Dearborn Theatre and Colonel Wood's Museum jogged along with melodramas until it was burned.

The last of the popular theatres of that day was the Globe, under management of D. R. Allen, with John A. Sawtelle, Mr. and Mrs. George Pardy, and a good working company in stock plays, with George Griffiths, of Boston, as stage-manager. With daily rehearsals, hard work and small pay, the actor's lot was not a happy one in the days immediately preceding the memorable fire, but Chicago to-day boasts a dozen of exceedingly handsome and very profitable first-class theatres.

ALBERT L. PARKES.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STAGE FIGHTS.

"Mrs. Boutelle, the original Statira, was low in stature, had very agreeable features, a good complexion, with a childish look. Her voice was not strong, but pleasing and mellow: she generally acted tender and innocent young ladies. By the generosity of her lovers she was enabled to quit the stage before the approach of old age. A quarrel between her and Mrs. Barry after the union of the companies concerning a veil, which the latter claimed for Roxanna, and the other as strenuously demanded for Statira, had liked to have proved of fatal consequence to the latter. She, by the contrivance or interest of the wardrobe keeper, carried off the veil triumphantly. The rival queens acted with much spirit and animosity. In the last act Roxana struck Statira with such force when she wounded her with the dagger that it entered a quarter of an inch into the flesh. As it was well known these ladies were not vestals, it was reported jealousy gave force to the blow."—"Dramatic Miscellanies."

KISSES *sub rosa* are sweeter than kisses sub mistletoe.

All babies look alike to the stork.

The stoutest ship will drift if anchored only to itself.

If you try to pass your conscience on a single-track road there is bound to be a collision.

Managers are bears and actors bulls in the salary market.

The woman who forgives is lost.

Save me from the actor who hitches his wagon to a star for the sake of box-office or dressing-room notices.

Cleanliness is akin to beauty.

The bite of the dog is bad for the hare.

When marriage is a failure there are no assets.

For a woman to be able to define a gentleman she must first be a gentlewoman.

A cloudburst of holy water would not save some of us.

Oft-times women cling longer to their wedding rings than to their wedding vows. They think the former more ornamental.

Another S. P. C. A. is in order (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Actors).

The sun is the father of truth, the moon the mother of lies.

You can lead a man to the water of knowledge; but you can't make him think.

Place aux Dames? Certainly, so long as the ladies of creation don't *demand* it.

In the dramatic firmament there are few fixed stars, but the milky way is crowded.

A woman's "How dare you!" oft means "I dare you!"

For the truth always, no matter how deep the well.

When is a manager not a manager? When he is a wind bag.

Don't bother to wash your soiled linen in public. Others will save you the trouble.

We have the right to ask for loyalty only when we give it.

There will always be an undiscovered country in a woman no matter how well you may think you know her.

Saint Anthony would never have been canonized had there been a connecting door in his cell.

The point of view depends largely on whether the bathing suit is wet or dry.

"Dont's" are the pebbles in pleasure's slipper.

A little incense now and then is relished by the best of (church)men.

Holding hands is a waste of time unless the hands fit.

If Cupid could see he would be harmless.

We lose faith in God through loss of faith in his creatures.

Don't give away the key of your conscience. Rather throw it into the sea of oblivion.

An ounce of humanity is worth a pound of intellectuality.

Mouths speak even when closed; eyes only when they are open.

Women can't throw straight; but they never miss a man's heart.

Seek for the good in men and things. The bad will assert itself.

Don't risk putting your hero on a pedestal till he is dead.

The way to a woman's heart is through her eyes.

Keep a lookout for the man or woman who does not like music, flowers, dogs and children.

Honesty is the best politician.

It is the cat in women which makes them scratch without warning.

Better a half breed than no breed.

The mill will never grind with the water that is dammed.

Prohibition is a breeder of hypocrites.

Take my purse; leave me my ideals. I can renew the former, but not the latter.

Actions, not intentions, count.

The narcissus is the only flower that makes a swan-like end, and is beautiful after death.

Lies and oaths are too valuable ammunition to be wasted in life's skirmishes.

There is a world of difference in running after dangerous delights and in not running from them.

A pessimist is an optimist with the indigestion.

The loved are often blinder than the loving.

What a tender memory we have of our youthful spankings.

Postage stamps and mules are useless till they are licked.

A kiss in the dark is worth two in the light.

Love me, love my pipe.

ERROLL DUNBAR.

STAGELAND.

I.

The stage, whereon we all appear,
Has many scenes to show,
With here a smile and there a tear,
As all the players know.

II.

We play our roles and praise or blame
The strolling company,
Still masquerading in the same
Old human comedy.

III.

The Master Player seems to gauge
Us solely by the way
Our predecessors on the stage
Did honor to the play.

IV.

A firmament of starry eyes
Seems crowded in the hall,
Endeavoring to realize
The meaning of it all.

V.

Amid the waiting and suspense,
Does anybody know
The members of the audience
Were players long ago?

VI.

While some have hovered in the wings
Since Eve and Adam sinned,
Was Eden haunted by the things
They whisper in the wind?

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

ONE CABBY: *"Say, I'm doing the swell thing to-night. I've just brought the leading lady down to the theatre."*

THE OTHER CABBY: *"That's nothing; I've just brought down a couple who paid for their seats."*

THE MATINEE GIRL.

TO the Christmas star! Whether you have always starred or have only achieved it within the twelvemonth, here's luck! Whether you glitter radiantly on Broadway or are touring the country only mildly famous—still, here's luck!

In wishing luck to the Christmas star, the Matinee Girl feels that she is uttering a comprehensive toast. Only a few are left out. For nearly every one is starring nowadays, and those that are not are getting ready to do so.

So many are the stars that there is a dearth of good people for good but minor roles. The old days of the perfectly balanced company are no more.

It is, in fact, almost a disgrace not to be starring in these times, and the result is that there are sudden disappearances of actors—both men and women—of undoubted ability, who, however, have not caught their starship, and so sink into the ranks of hasbeens.

Where, oh where, have our leading women flown? There are none nowadays! They are all stars, twinkling on the utmost purple rim of the theatrical heaven.

It used to be the thing for the masculine star to seek out the strongest possible actress he could get for the role opposite his own, and productions under this rule were vastly different to the lop-sided performances that we get in many cases to-day through the reversal of the plan.

In so many plays offered this very season we have witnessed the spectacle of a star, magnificently handsome by the grace of God and magnificently noble by the grace of the playwright, suffering, fighting and going mad generally over some little actress just about able to come on and go off, and to take her cue when it was proper to do so.

This incongruity at once hits the auditor between the eyes and dampers the whole affair. There's a cog missing, and while nine out of ten people may not be aware that the weakness of the leading woman is the fault, they are conscious of the lack.

It isn't possible that stars of the intelligence of most of our leading men would allow the paltry jealousy that is urged as a reason to stand between them and their own success.

The fact is, that when the feminine star-fever began actors had their leading ladies stolen from them to such an extent that their only safety lay in picking out perfectly harmless girls for the position of lead.

The star is the thing now. The company, the play—yes, the audience are nothing when set in the rays of his greatness! And his leading woman—or following woman would be the best term for it to-day—is not chosen for her talent, or even for her beauty, but rather for her negativeness.

But recall the list of great actresses that were first known as the support of stars? A different breed of actresses they were from the manufactured variety that we have now—the tinned star with an artistic label and a few rumors, perhaps a society following.

The dramatic schools have bunches of ripening leading ladies, all ready for the picking. They are content to bask in the glory of the masculine star sometimes on a five years' contract, at a salary that would make a sextetter laugh in her ermine sleeve.

The dramatic school student is taught, fashioned, moulded to act as a foil for the star, and she learns a lot. The experience doesn't hurt her in the least. It is the audience that suffers.

But you will notice that the lady-star-to-be is rarely chosen to-day from the support of leading actors. Rather is she taken from the ranks, from society, from vaudeville—anywhere. In fact, but from the magic circle that surrounds the male star.

Of course, the public has its favorites among actors, and will go to see them irrespective of all else but the presence of the idol. But it is a question if this sort of vogue will last. It is a crummy kind of fame, ready to fall apart at the rising of another favorite.

But the existing conditions as to the seemingly erratic choice of leading ladies has played bob with any number of the working actresses who have cherished the idea of rising by hard work and ability.

Women just between the heights of stardom and the role of walking lady are having a hard time of it, and are beginning to wonder where they are at.

They are offered all sorts of queer positions at queer salaries, but pride stands in the way of their accepting, and after a season or two of idleness or aimless searching for what they consider due them in the way of a position they find themselves in the ranks of the dropped out.

Several of these actor girls have written the Matinee Girl bewailing the condition of things that keeps them at home while they see inefficiency pushed to the front.

Some of them pack their trunks and sail for the other side, hoping to find theatrical affairs in London more hopeful. One thing that these girls complain of bitterly is the etiquette—or, rather, the lack of etiquette—that is shown them at the average theatrical manager's office.

The office boys, they say, seem to be chosen for their general rowdyism and, even after passing the barriers of their impudent comment and rebuff, a still worse experience waits in the manager's office in the way of brusque comment on any personal defect, as well as an unpleasantly offensive air.

Of course this state of things does not exist everywhere, but it does in many of the important offices, and tends to discourage an actress with any sensibility and, if she is any good in her profession, she is sure to have plenty of this quality.

In London—so these girls claim—this phase of professional life is eliminated. Actors—men and women—are treated, not like Italian laborers looking for a job, but as persons with some claim to ordinary decency and the respect of the manager.

Pull is getting to be far more potent than push in the theatrical business. Well-steered press notices, society prestige—even a good, hard-working mother—will advance a girl, and next thing you hear of is the starring rumor, and another incompetent is launched and led along the primrose way of the tinned star—the way that is lit by electric lights and paved with write-ups.

By degrees we come to believe Miss Manybones is an actress because she is inoffensive as to looks, wears her gowns nicely, and is exactly the same in every part she undertakes.

This seems to be the only star that the wagon of the stage girl is hitched to nowadays. The manager is the beginning and the end of everything.

And just now the manager is on the lookout for the "refined" stage girl, whose reluctant feet are wobbling where the pink tea and the dressing-room meet. Be ladylike and you will be happy if you are on the stage.

Melpomene was all very well in her way, but she was a little sloppy as to her dress, and she never knew what it was to do her hair in puffs or pour tea at the Nothingbuts.

So comes the Christmas to many women of the stage this year—a bit hopelessly as to conditions. They fret about it, and many of them are heartsick, but there are better days in store and plenty of chances will come with the new year.

The season's developments have proved eloquently that commercialism is bound to kill something besides art. The box office will suffer, too, and—what will the manager do then, poor thing?

Certain tricks and methods that seem to achieve success burst like soap bubbles when they are at their best. And those who keep heart through the bad days will be ready for the bright ones.

The stage girl cannot afford to repine at Christmas time, no matter if the outlook be a bit gloomy. We have to keep up the traditions just as though we eat the turkey whether we like it or not.

And if we have to snatch a ham sandwich between a matinee and evening performance instead of eating an impossible meal with an affectation of great joy and gladness, let us rejoice in the absence of the much overrated dish—"a quare burd," as the Irishman said; "too much for wan and not enough for two!"

THE MATINEE GIRL.

From the painting by Frank Millet.

WILLIAM WINTER.

STANDS AT THE HEAD

My Dear Mr. Fiske:

One word, more or less, cannot affect the volume of congratulation that will come to you at this time; and I have no reason to suppose that my sympathy and approval are of any particular value. Indeed, it has long seemed to me that the praise of any man for being right and doing right is likely to strike him as almost an intrusion. Still, as an old observer of the stage and the press, and as one who possesses some knowledge of your labors and services during a long and active career, I wish to tell you that, in my esteem, your DRAMATIC MIRROR *stands at the head of publications of its class in this country, and entirely deserves that eminence. Every influence for the advancement of the stage has been sustained in your columns, and many of the evils that assail it—such as the Trust, the Corner Grocer's policy, the Department Store system, etc.—have been opposed. You have gained enemies, as every man does, who adheres to principles and speaks the truth; but it seems to me that you have given a fair hearing to all sides of the atrical controversy, and that you have been kind to the weak, merciful to the fallen, and in all things governed by a sense of Justice.*

Ever yours,

William Winter

November 26, 1903.

THE BEST OF ITS KIND

My heartiest congratulations on the twenty-fifth anniversary of your most interesting paper, which is the best journal of its kind I know.

(PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE.)

John Henry Hobbes.

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

POOR PLAYWRIGHT: "I have here the manuscript of an original five-act drama in seventeen elaborate scenes, and I just called in to——"

BUSY MANAGER: "Throw it into the waste-basket yourself; I haven't time."

A HEARTY GREETING.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, LONDON, Nov. 15, 1903.

Dear Mr. Fiske:

Just a brief line to give my hearty greeting to my New York friends, and to wish success for the jubilee number of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR. *In haste,*

Very truly,

John Hare

JUBILEE JOYANCE.

Photo. Elsbrooke, London.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

Dear MIRROR: Your Jubilee Birthday
Makes friends in all nations rejoice;
In your States, where of course 'tis a mirth day,
They greet it with jubilant voice.
Here in London your shoals of admirers
Inspired me to scribble this lay,
And to say (with those shoals of inspirers),
"Many happy returns of the day!"

You have done splendid service, O MIRROR!
Out there in your own beloved clime;
I have known you inspire wholesome tirror
(Excuse that Gawainian rhyme);
Monopoly mongers won't issue kind words—
For you've not made them gay—
And I don't expect Trust-bugs will wish you
Any "Happy returns of the day!"

"Trusts," "Corners" and such, of course, loathe you,
Because the Oppressed Side you take;
In sackcloth and ashes they'd clothe you,
And then have you burned at the stake!
But the stage, which you love and uphold so
(Both your stage and ours) cries "Hooray!"
And its greeting, like mine, doth it mould so—
"Many happy returns of the day!"

My MIRROR, you were but a youngster
(Yet strong then of heart and of brain)
When I, a theatrical tonguester,
Became your own humble GAWAIN.
'Tis an honor I ever shall value
While God let's me stroll on earth's way,
And so may you have—you true pal, you—
Full many a jubilee day!

H. CHANCE NEWTON ("GAWAIN").

PREPARED FOR THE WORST

SUZETTE: "Surely you are not going to wear that black dress and hat to the football game; why, you look as if you were in mourning!"

BABETTE: "Well, my brother plays on one of the teams, you know, and it is well to be prepared for any emergency."

THE PROBABLE REASON

JONES: "Shakespeare never repeats, you know."

BROWN: "I know, but there were no voting machines in his day."

THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS.

PRETTY ACTRESS: "Let me have a pint of enamel, please."

FRESH CLERK: "Yes, ma'am. Do you want it for the face, bicycle or bathtub?"

ROMEO REDIVIVUS.

Thou antique lover, framed in fairest mould,
The spirit of the Elizabethan years
Revives, methinks, in thee; its joys, its fears
Grip at our heartstrings with a surer hold.
Thou breathest life afresh into the old,
Old story, ever new to him who hears,
With all its harrowing threnody of tears,
The star-crossed lovers' tale so sweetly told.

Thy voice, all glorious, fills the empty heart,
Like echoing music in some caverned grot;
Thy mimic sighs make kindred sighs to start
From beauteous bosoms, all with grief distraught.
I would such fire Promethean swept these veins,
As held in Orphic days Greece bound in chains.

ST. GEORGE REST.

TOMMASO SALVINI'S WISH.

(*Translation.*)

The best wish that I can make to the estimable journal, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, *is that it may persevere to be useful to art and artists, by nobly exhorting them, with sensible criticisms and disinterested and equanimous counsels. Thus proceeding, not only will the said journal celebrate its silver jubilee, but it will reach to more than its golden jubilee, acquiring a title of merit to all dramatic art.*

Tommaso Salvini

Florence.

THE BACH FESTIVAL AT BETHLEHEM.

THE musical world was deeply interested two or three years ago when, for the first time, news came from the town of Bethlehem, Pa., of a Bach festival organized by the music lovers of the place in honor of the master of counterpoint. Johann Sebastian Bach has been the acknowledged great master of composition. His technical resources, the richness and depth of his emotionalism place his compositions on a plane where he stands alone. It is only in recent years, probably in the last thirty, that Bach's genius has dawned on the musical horizon. That his fame will go on ascending few will dare to deny. His compositions, however, are seldom heard outside of the few preludes for the piano that every virtuoso feels bound to perform in a more or less dry and unimaginative manner; with scarcely a half dozen chamber pieces; and these are the sum total of what the public knows of Bach's music. Of his greater works, his cantatas, the B Minor Mass, his St. Matthias and St. John's Passions, few people even among the *dilettante* have heard. Yet is it acknowledged among musicians that the Bach Minor Mass and St. Matthias Passion rank highest in the domain of music. Of his cantatas, of which there are more than one hundred, few people, even musicians, have heard. Yet in these cantatas are veritable gold mines of melodic and harmonic richness. A careful study of a score or two of these cantatas reveals the fact, astonishing as it may seem, that such a great master as Beethoven and such a fertile brain as Mozart's have gleaned not a few important melodic ideas from Bach. Probably if Bach had lived to see his ideas so adapted by Beethoven, Mozart and

The Choir of Trombones.

probably a great number of others, he would have said what Liszt said to Wagner when the latter at one of his first rehearsals of Lohengrin turned to his father-in-law and said, "You will now hear an air that you will recognize; I stole it from you, papa."

"Famous," replied Liszt. "At last it will be heard."

Bach was an unassuming, kindly spirit, delighting in his compositions for the sheer love of creating, and his soul was pure music.

In late years a new cult has sprung up, the cult of Bach. In Leipsic, where he lived, the Bach Society has been formed with the purpose of disseminating the knowledge of the great master's works by publishing a great edition of his works, and to make it as complete as possible. There are a great number of works of Bach that have never been published. One of the most ardent devotees of Bach in America is a modest organist of the name of J. Fred Wolle, who, after completing his musical education in Munich, returned to his native city to take charge of the choir of the old Moravian Church. Mr. Wolle is authority on the subject of Bach.

Music has always played a vital part in the services of the sect known as Moravians. The sect is not a branch of any of the seceding Protestant churches. The Moravians have adhered to their religious dogmas since their conversion to Christianity. Originally they established themselves in Bohemia. Later, through persecution, they went to Bavaria, and from there fled to America. They established themselves where they found a home of refuge, in Pennsylvania.

The church of Bethlehem is over two centuries old, and it is the largest church at the present moment in America. In the picturesque and hilly town of Bethlehem, on a small altitude directly off the street, the simple white church stands. In front of it is a well-kept square, which is fringed with the various public buildings of the Moravian sect, library, sunday-school, and the House of the Widows. The church, like all Moravian churches, is remarkable for its tower, of which an illustration is given herewith. The choir of trombones from there calls the faithful to prayer and announces the death of members of the congregation. The interior of the church is very light and bright. The pulpit, to which leads a flight of stairs, is very simple. There are no emblems of any sort about the church.

It is in this church that the organist, Mr. Wolle, has given the three Bach festivals which have been held, in 1900, 1901, and the last in 1903. The first was very little attended, as only a fortunate few had heard of the ambitious achievement of Mr. Wolle. In 1901 the second festival was attended by critics and a host of musical authors. To the third one, held in 1903, a multitude of people flocked. It was an inspiring sight to see well-known musicians throughout the country gathered in this small Pennsylvania town to hear the seldom-heard music of one of the greatest geniuses of the world, interpreted by a man who had no fame as a musician. It is understood that Mr. Wolle for two years drilled the members of his congregation, of which all those with voices were formed into a Bach Society for the work demanded of the chorus. These voices were singularly beautiful and had a spiritual quality that can only be found in the choirs of some nuns of the southern part of Italy. The sopranos and contraltos had a peculiar and characteristic clearness and crystalline freshness of the American women's voices. The bassos, though not as good as the sopranos or altos, held their ground fairly well, but the weakness of the chorus was in the tenors. The orchestra, composed mostly of amateurs, with the exception of the first violin, was not good, but under Mr. Wolle's directorship it made up in spirit what it lacked in technique. The B Minor Mass, which is in the domain of music what King Lear is in the domain of the drama, is the work that impressed itself most upon the hearers. This mass has not been heard in America but three or four times. The writer of this article has heard it twice, and can truthfully say that the majesty and grandeur of this composition had never been brought out as fully or as admirably as by Mr. Wolle.

JOHN LEWIS.

The Moravian Church.

The Schnitzel House.

THE ACTOR'S FRIEND.

A Poem with a Purpose.

The theatre was crowded, the stage was bathed
in light,
The eager audience, breathless, gazed upon a
mimic fight
Which to their wrought up senses seemed a fight
unto the death,
And thunders of applause broke as the actors
paused for breath.
They little knew one player had received a mortal wound,
Dealt in the heat of mimic fray, till suddenly he
swooned
And on the stage unconscious the injured actor
fell,
To the parquette's frantic plaudits and the gallery's mighty yell.

Next on a cot in hospital the wounded actor lies,
While the company aboard the train to other
regions flies.
Gone are the boon companions, and with an
anguished moan
The sick man realizes he is friendless and alone.
The season had but just begun and nothing could
he save,
And, void of friends and means, he faces—what?
A pauper's grave!
And as the horrid thought flashed to the sick
man's fevered brain
It seemed his very heart and soul of all its hope
to drain.

So passed the long and hideous night with
thoughts that burned and seared,
But with the dawn a golden ray of blessed hope
appeared.
A friend bent o'er the actor's bed and smoothed
the fevered brow.
"Fret not, my boy," the stranger said, "for I
am with you now.
You thought you were deserted, but that can
never be;
No sick or suff'ring actor yet appealed in vain
to me.
I'm by your side to cheer and help, and to the
very end,
When life is gone I still am near, the actor's truest friend!"

And not by that one bed or bier that friend alone
doth stand
His work of mercy's never done, but over all the
land,
From Texas up to Oregon, from Florida to Maine,
The stage's sick he's nursing back to health and
life again.
And you will ask who is this friend who ever
comes to aid,
The good Samaritan whose hands in mercy ne'er
are stayed,
Who in sickness is remembered, but in health
too oft is shunned—
Let the Thespian's conscience answer, for it is
the Actors' Fund.

CHARLES NOEL DOUGLASS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE STAGE.

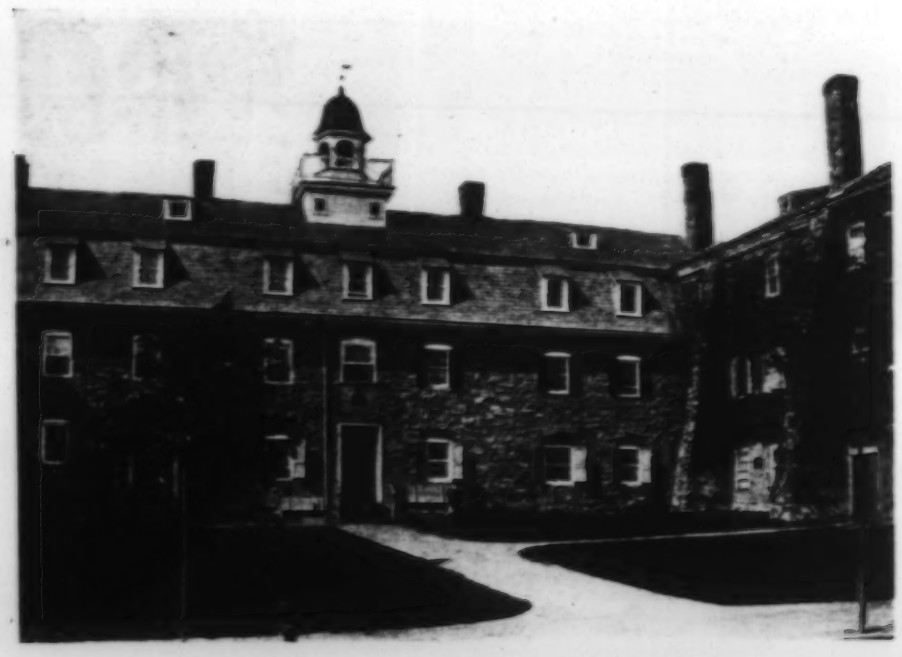
The profession of the theatre is the only profession that offers a place in its ranks to children, and since the earliest days of the drama the old and the young have worked side by side on the stages of every land. This possibility for early association with the dramatic art, in a practical way, is of great advantage to the art itself and to its disciples. The stage children of yesterday are the stars of to-day, and many of the youngsters now before the public will doubtless be the celebrities of to-morrow. It is well to give heed to them. It is interesting to prophecy their future careers. Chance will, of course, decide their destinies to a large degree; but some of them will, beyond peradventure, fulfil in splendid measure the promises of their youth.

With the changes that have been wrought during the past few years in methods of acting and in manner of production the stage child has changed. No longer is the shrill, precocious, worldy-wise child to be found in the better theatrical presentations. The stage child of to-day must needs be really childish, with the simplicity, the freshness and the charm that belong to childhood. And because children with these qualities are nowadays to be found the stage child is becoming more and more prominent. A very large share of the new plays this season have contained children's roles, and to the credit of the diminutive players it must be said that no single child has failed to do satisfactorily the work laid out for him or her.

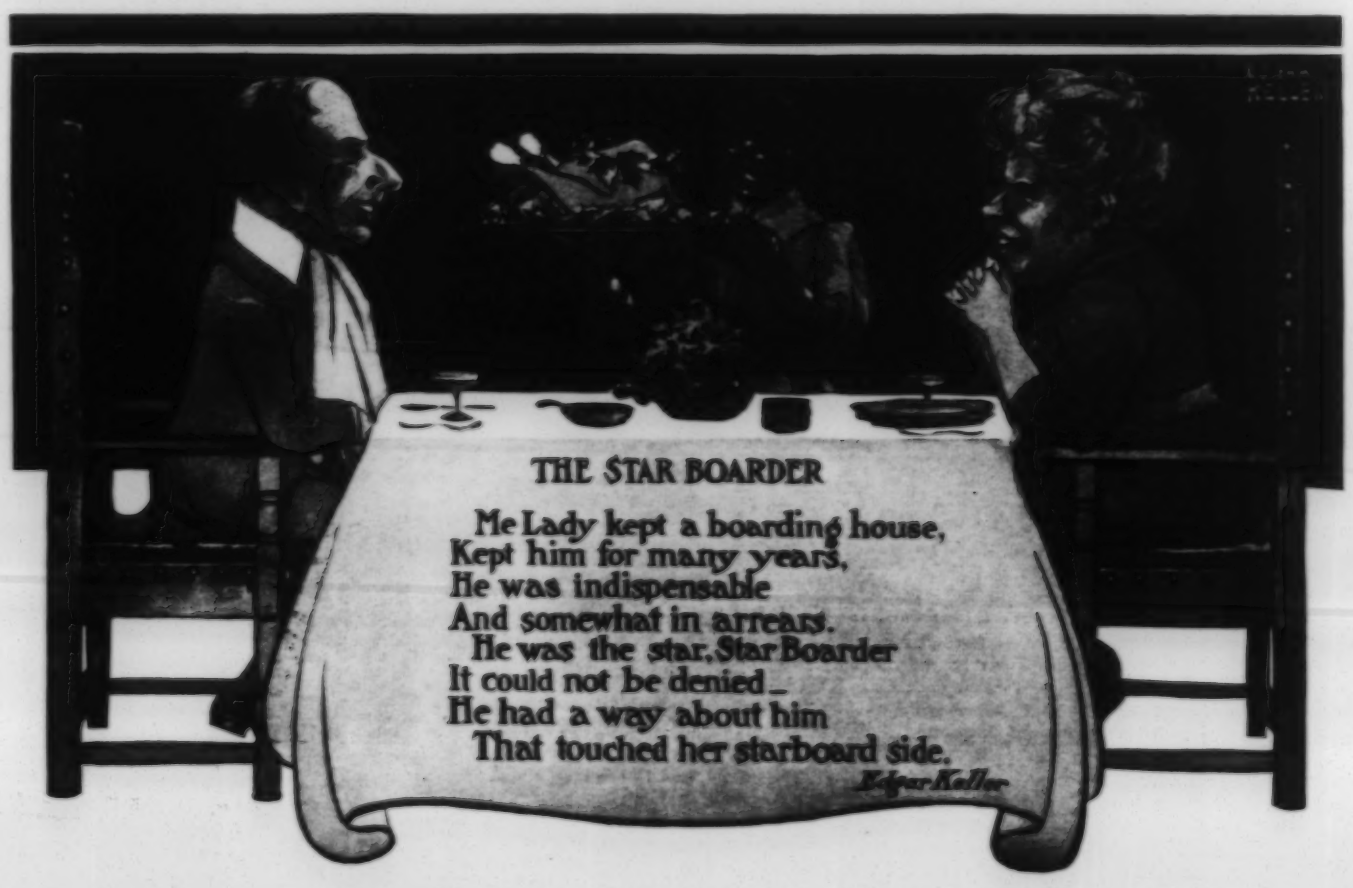
The best example of juvenile acting that New York has had in recent years is in the opening scene of "Her Own Way." Here Mr. Clyde Fitch has entrusted to players of tender years a good part of the exposition of his play. It was rather a dangerous experiment, but it resulted in triumph. The scene is not only a most attractive picture of childhood, but it gives evidence as well of what children can do in dramatic art when they are provided with the opportunity.

Among the many other productions here and on the road this season in which children appear are The Little Princess, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Cousin Kate, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, The Girl with the Green Eyes, The Little Church Around the Corner, For Her Children's Sake, No Wedding Bells for Her and The Evil Men Do.

The business of engaging and looking after the interests of stage children has naturally grown enormously during the last few years. In New York the business is controlled practically by Mrs. Anna Tallaferro's agency and Mrs. M. Cubitt's agency. Through these two offices the majority of the young players now before the American public are engaged.



Colonial Hall, Young Women's Seminary, Bethlehem.


THE STAR BOARDER
Me Lady kept a boarding house,
Kept him for many years,
He was indispensable
And somewhat in arrears.
He was the star, Star Boarder
It could not be denied—
He had a way about him
That touched her starboard side.
Edgar Keller

VAUDEVILLE

THE present craze for "fashionable vaudeville" dates back only a few years, but there is no doubt that our forefathers enjoyed what was then called "variety," even if they thought it wise as a usual thing to leave our "foremothers" at home when they took a night off and went to see the monologists and jig dancers of the olden time.

The earliest record of anything in the line of variety in New York was a Punch and Judy show, given at the home of Governor Kip on Broad Street, in 1743. In 1750 and thereabouts it was the custom at the Nassau Street Theatre to have comic songs and dances between the acts of plays, and this is as near as the people of that period got to a genuine variety performance. In 1792, at the John Street Theatre, M. and Madame Placide and their troupe of tight rope performers and ballet dancers made their American debut and were given a hearty welcome. In the Summer of 1800 a place called the Mount Vernon Gardens, at Leonard Street and Broadway, designed to afford amusement during the warm weather, was opened. The entertainment consisted of several short plays, done by players from the Park Theatre, which was closed during the Summer, and it is more than likely that the waits between the plays were enlivened by story tellers and comic singers.

The Vauxhall Gardens, opened in 1806, was a very popular resort in which diversified entertainments were given, including balloon ascensions. Shortly after this the first circus was seen in New York. It was a very small affair and there was no admission charged, the performers depending upon voluntary contributions. The management of the Park Theatre, on Park Row, in 1813 engaged Madame Villulave, a celebrated tight-rope performer, to appear between the acts, and her performance was one of the sensations of the season. Scudder's Museum, on lower Broadway, was opened in 1810, and in addition to the curiosities there were "lectures," presumably by professors in the art of making people laugh. At the Lafayette Theatre in 1825 there is a record of a great hit made by a comedian named George W. Dixon, who sang comic songs between the acts of the plays that were presented. The Mount Pitt Circus was opened to the public in 1826 and was burned down in 1829. It was here that the famous "Dick" Sands made his first appearance, and he and his fellow artists gave a circus and variety entertainment. Step-dancing was very popular at that time, and at the Bowery Amphitheatre, in 1844, in an entertainment of the minstrel order, there was a dancing contest for a purse of $200 between a colored boy named Master Juba and John Diamond. The Bowery Amphitheatre was a popular piece, and many performers who afterward became famous were seen there. Among them was Tony Pastor, who was a member of the company in 1849. During that season an afterpiece was given called A Shoemaker's Shop in an Uproar, in which Tony Pastor, Dan Emmett, and Charles Sherwood appeared.

P. T. Barnum took the Vauxhall Gardens in 1840 and delighted his patrons with a varied entertainment made up of singing, dancing, "Yankee stories," and other turns. A year later Barnum bought out Scudder's Museum and transferred the outfit to the building at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, in which he began his career as the greatest showman the world has ever known. In connection with the museum there was a "Moral Lecture Room," in which plays and variety acts were given. William B. Harrison, who is credited with having been the first comedian to sing an "extemporaneous" song in this country, was one of Barnum's star artists. In 1842 Barnum introduced "Tom Thumb." The midget's first salary was $3 a week, and this included the services of his mother. Barnum prospered and the place became so popular that it was uncomfortably crowded at times. The manager hit upon the idea of putting up a sign with the word "Egress" on it, and the simple people, thinking that "Egress" was some sort of freak, kept in a separate room, walked through the door and found themselves in the street.

In 1843 Charley White, with Barney Williams, William Whitlock, Tom Booth and others, presented the Kentucky Minstrels at Vauxhall Gardens. In 1850, at the same place, Pierce's Minstrels appeared, and it was with this company that Eph Horn made his first New York appearance. Castle Garden was also the scene of what may be classed as a variety entertainment, for in 1845 Charley White, Barney Williams, Dan Gardner, and William Whitlock gave a minstrel entertainment there that met with much success.

Between 1842 and 1850 a number of variety and minstrel theatres were opened and met with the usual ups and downs. In 1842 Teetotalers' Hall, in Division Street, was the scene of Charley White's New York debut. He afterward became very popular. Cosmopolitan Hall, at 28 Park Row, numbered among its entertainers Barney Williams, Tony Pastor, and Charley White.

In 1844 the first real variety performance was given in New York at Novelty Hall. It was here that Dave Reed, who is still appearing in vaudeville, made his first success as end man, playing the bones. "Dick" Carroll, John Daniels, Joe Miles and others were the "headliners." Charley White started a minstrel company in a hall known as White's Melodeon, at No. 53 Bowery, in 1846. The house was burned in 1847, but was rebuilt later.

Christy's Minstrels made their New York debut on Oct. 22, 1846, at Palmo's Opera House, and remained for several weeks. This house was afterward known as Burton's Chambers Street Theatre.

Mechanics' Hall, at 472 Broadway, sheltered Christy's Minstels and Bryant's Minstrels from 1847 to 1857. Bryant's company, of which the famous vocalist, Dave Wambold, was a member, was particularly popular and enjoyed great patronage for many years.

Fellow's Opera House, at 444 Broadway, was opened in 1850, and many minstrels and specialty performers appeared there who afterward became leaders in their line. The New Yorkers of the time were fond of odd entertainments, and even at Burton's Theatre in 1852 there was an exhibition of trained goats and dogs.

Hitchcock's Summer Garden, on Canal Street, was opened in 1857. The entertainment consisted of six acts, with a pianist to play the accompaniments. The admission was six cents, including refreshments. In the same year variety was offered at Pete Morris' Varieties on William street. The house had previously been called the Coliseum. Wood's Marble Hall, at 561-563 Broadway, a splendidly equipped establishment, was also opened in 1857. It had a capacity of 2,000, and the entertainment consisted of minstrels, variety acts and local farces. George Holland, who had played principal comedy roles at the best legitimate theatres in New York, made his "vaudeville debut" at this house. He inserted a card in the papers, giving his reasons for joining the company. Owing to the condition of affairs at the time he had difficulty in obtaining a good engagement in the regular theatres, and he expressed the hope that his friends and admirers would find his work as entertaining in black-face as it had been when he used rouge and grease paint.

In 1858, Sands, Nathans and company opened with a circus at the old Broadway Theatre. Tony Pastor appeared with the company as clown. In 1861-62 the Bowery Theatre housed circus, minstrel and variety entertainments. Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," astonished the natives with his magic, and in 1864 Christy's Minstrels appeared there. It was the usual custom to introduce specialties at the Bowery between the acts.

Wood's Minstrel Hall, at 514 Broadway, which had previously been a Jewish synagogue, was opened with a minstrel entertainment in 1862.

An old Building on Broadway, known as Hope

A GROUP OF GRADUATES.

Chapel for several years, and afterward rechristened by every new lessee, was leased by Kelly and Leon in 1866. The house was completely fixed up, and the shrewd managers sublet the basement, stores and living apartments in such

HAPPY FANNY FIELDS.

a way that they had the use of the theatre for nothing. The season opened Oct. 1, 1866, with Edwin Kelly, Francis Leon, Frank Moran, Neise Seymour, Dick Sands and others. Kelly and Leon's season lasted almost nine months and was very successful. Delehanty and Hengler, the famous dancers, and Add Ryman appeared with the company during the season. The following season the minstrel company appeared again at this house, and Joseph Murphy was a member. It is interesting to note here that at that time Mr. Murphy was the champion bone-player of the profession. This was long before he ever dreamed of the fortune he was to make from Kerry Gow and Shaun Rhue. On Jan. 9, 1869, the Kelly and Leon Minstrels gave their 625th and last performance at this house.

On March 2, 1867, a straight variety entertainment made a bid for patronage, the name being changed to Wood's Theatre Comique. Later Sam Sharpley and Charley White took the house, and under their management appeared J. K. Emmet, who did Dutch and negro specialties. In 1871 Josh Hart took the reins of management and paid the variety performers larger salaries than had ever been known before. W. J. Scanlan, Kitty O'Neil, Luke Schoolcraft, Harry Kernell, and Hughey Dougherty were among the stars who prospered under Mr. Hart.

The property on the Bowery opposite Spring Street, now occupied by the People's Theatre, is intimately associated with the history of variety in New York. The first building on the site was called Hoym's Theatre. Richard Hooley became interested in it after a fire had destroyed his Brooklyn minstrel hall. Sam Sharpley and Tony Pastor hired the house for a short term and put on a bill of variety on March 21, 1865, including John Wild, Sheridan and Mack, Blanche Stanley and other clever people. John Braham was the orchestra leader. The venture was so successful that Sharpley and Pastor bought out Hooley and continued for ten years to give the people of the city the best variety entertainments they had ever had. The entertainments were clean and bright; no smoking or drinking was permitted, and women felt perfectly free to attend and enjoy the performance. Harrigan and Hart made their debut here on Sept. 16, 1872, in a sketch called Little Fraud. The house had many vicissitudes, and was finally torn down to make room for the People's Theatre, which was built by Henry C. Miner. From 1875 until 1881 Tony Pastor enjoyed great success with straight variety performances in the theatre at 585 Broadway. Lillian Russell made her first appearance here, singing such songs as "Kiss Me, Mother,

Photo. Bunn, London.

DELMORE and LEE.

EDWARD DOYLE.

Ere I Die." The talent of Francis Wilson, Nat C. Goodwin, Evans and Hoey, the French Sisters, and May and Flora Irwin was also developed at this house under the watchful eye of Mr. Pastor.

When Humpty Dumpty was put on at the Olympic in 1867 much of the immense success achieved by the piece was due to the excellent variety acts introduced. Louis Zanfretta was one of the "big turns," and there were many others whose popularity was unbounded. The Olympic came under the management of William E. Sinn in 1867 for a few months, when variety was the form of entertainment. Colonel Sinn afterward established variety on a firm footing in Brooklyn, and it has flourished there ever since.

Chase's Hall, at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, was opened in 1867 by Josh Hart and Frank Kerns. There was great rivalry between this house and the theatre at 444 Broadway, and the artists profited by many unexpected jumps in salary on account of the competition. Laura Le Claire, who became Mrs. Josh Hart, appeared at Chase's, the name of which was later changed to the Eighth Avenue Opera House. In 1867 and afterward Wood's Museum, at 1221 Broadway, offered many of the leading variety performers.

Tony Pastor's present theatre on Fourteenth Street dates back to 1868, when it was opened as Bryant's Minstrel Hall. It is located in the Tammany Hall building, which in the beginning must have paid handsome dividends, as almost the entire building was occupied by various amusement enterprises. After the Bryant régime the theatre was used for the presentation of German plays until 1881, when the lease was secured by Tony Pastor. He put his name above the door in February, 1881, and there it has remained ever since. Mr. Pastor's first programme included a burlesque on Patience, in which Lillian Russell, then a mere slip of a girl, scored her first real success. May and Flora Irwin were also in the company. Mr. Pastor found it profitable to import the leading stars of the London music hall world at large salaries, and from time to time he introduced Bessie Bellwood, Vesta Tilley, Vesta Victoria and many others. The

Photo. Baker, Columbus, O

SMIRL and KESSNER.

theatre was ruined by fire on June 6, 1888, but was restored and reopened on Oct. 22 of the same year. Tony Pastor is as active and energetic to-day as he ever was, and is at his office every day attending to business and giving the same helpful, practical encouragement to performers that has been his custom since he began his career as a manager many years ago. There are hundreds of players on the stage to-day who owe him debts of gratitude that can never be repaid.

The Union Square Theatre, that has been under B. F. Keith's management for several years, was opened as a variety theatre in 1871 under the management of Robert W. Butler. The first bill included Annie Adams, Marie Bonfanti, Fred

Photo. Bunn, London.

MAUD COURTNEY.

Foster and others, and Dave Braham was the musical director. Harrigan and Hart and Gus Williams were favorites with the patrons, and it was here that the Vokes Family made their American debut in 1872 in Belles of the Kitchen. In June, 1872, the variety entertainments were supplanted by legitimate attractions and the house had many notable successes until it returned to its original uses nearly ten years ago, when it became part of the Keith circuit.

The theatre now known as the Manhattan was opened on Oct. 18, 1875, as the Eagle Theatre, with variety performances, under the management of Josh Hart. Harry Kernell, John Wild, Schoolcraft and Coes, Little Mac, George K. Fortescue, and Jolly Nash were among those who played there. The performance usually closed with an afterpiece.

On the plot where Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater now stands there was built in 1872 a house called St. James' Hall, which was for some time the home of the San Francisco Minstrels. In 1874 a billiard hall in the Gilsey Building on Broadway between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, was transformed into a theatre, and here the San Francisco Minstrels enjoyed a great success. The theatre has been known by a dozen different names (at one time it was actually labeled "The Jonah"), and last year, after a thorough overhauling, it was reopened as the Princess. In 1886 Lew Dockstader tried the experiment of establishing a permanent minstrel company at this house, and although his organization was an excellent one it did not meet with paying patronage.

MR. and MRS. MARK MURPHY.

The old Comique was under the management of Col. T. Allston Brown during 1874-75, and some of the best variety entertainments ever seen in New York were given. Such stars as

GUS WILLIAMS.

PHOTO BY RABINEAU.

PHOTO BY [illegible]

BARR AND EVANS.

HARRY LE CLAIR.

PHOTO BY HINGER.

THE VAUDEVILLE [illegible] AND HIS PROTEGES.

PHOTO BY [illegible]

GEORGE PRIMROSE AND THE FOLLY BROTHERS.

JOE MEDA AND "BUSTER" KEATON.

CHARLES J. MURPHY & DICKSON

PHOTO BY ARMSTRONG

ELAINE WILLARD

PHOTO BY HEADAM & SASH

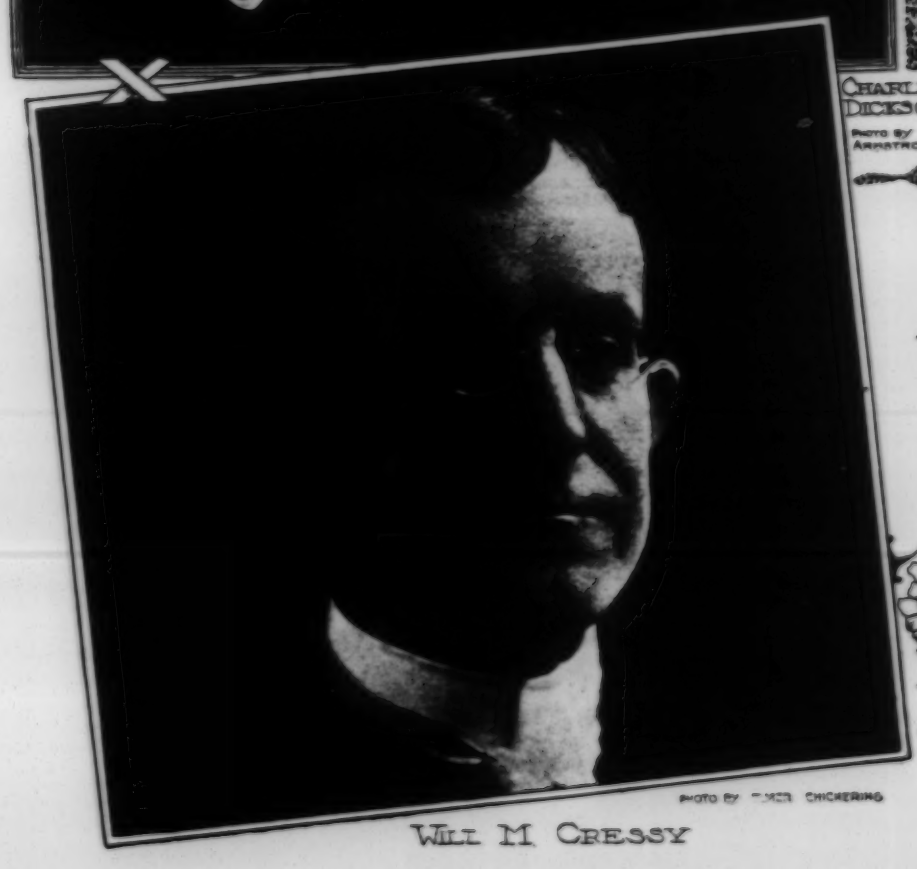


PHOTO BY [illegible] CHICKERING

WILL M. CRESSY

PHOTO BY DASHUR

BLANCHE DAYNE

W. J. Scanlan, William Cronin, Jolly Nash, Ella Wesner, the Majiltons, E. D. Davies, and others of equal note were presented. Colonel Brown has an old book in which he has recorded the

Photo. Moore, Albany, N. Y.

ESTELLE WORDETTE.

salaries paid by him to his artists. Cool Burgess got $150; the Boisetts, $300; Schoolcraft and Coes, $150; Billy Barry, $75; and so on. This theatre was taken by Harrigan and Hart in 1876, with M. W. Hanley as manager, and their local farces, in which many variety performers appeared, took the city by storm.

In 1879 Jacob Aberle got possession of a building formerly used as a church, located on Eighth street, near Fourth avenue. Aberle opened it as a variety house, and later on several minstrel companies played there. After passing through many hands, the building was finally torn down to make way for the subway.

The building at Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, at present occupied by Weber and Fields, was opened in 1892 as the Imperial Music Hall. Its success since it came under its present managers has been phenomenal.

Koster and Bial, who have both passed away, had much to do with giving New Yorkers a taste for good vaudeville. From an humble beginning in Twenty-third street, they moved to the magnificent theatre on Thirty-fourth street, where the highest-salaried artists from Europe attracted splendid audiences for several seasons. After the deaths of its proprietors it went down steadily. The splendid building was razed two years ago to make room for a department store.

Oscar Hammerstein, who owned the theatre on Thirty-fourth street in which Koster and Bial made their greatest success, had a disagreement with the latter gentlemen, and withdrew from the partnership that had existed between them. He then began the erection of the immense building on Broadway, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets, which he called Hammerstein's Olympia. Under one roof there were an immense music hall, a theatre, a roof garden and a concert hall, all of which could be visited under Mr. Hammerstein's original idea for one admission fee. The amount invested by Mr. Hammerstein, who combines the talents of capitalist, author, composer, architect, inventor and manager, including the price paid for the ground, was over $2,000,000. The music hall was opened in 1895, with a bill made up entirely of foreign performers. Shortly after the opening Yvette Guilbert made her American debut at this house, receiving, it is said, a salary of $4,000 a week. Dan Leno, regarded in London as the "funniest man in the world," was imported at a salary of $1,500 a week, but his work met with little appreciation. Fregoli, the great change artist, was very successful here, and many other notables filled engagements, Mr. Hammerstein never hesitating at a salary when he could get big attractions. A run of misfortunes came upon Mr. Hammerstein, and he was finally forced to relinquish the beautiful Olympia, which had been the apple of his eye. Both the music hall and theatre auditoriums are now used for the presentation of plays. The music hall part is called the New York Theatre, and the theatre is known as the Criterion.

For the development of vaudeville in recent years much credit is due the late Henry C. Miner, who built a theatre on the Bowery, near Grand street, in 1878. He provided his patrons with bills of the highest class, and many stars who have shone on Broadway owe their prominence to the encouragement given them at Miner's. In the cut that accompanies this article may be seen pictures of some artists who have achieved fame and fortune, and who were glad, when they were beginning their careers, to win the favor of the very discriminating gallery gods at the house on the Bowery. Two of this group have passed away, but the others are flourishing, and some of them have reached the topmost rung in the ladder of theatrical fame. THE MIRROR acknowledges the courtesy of H. Clay Miner, who has kindly loaned the plate from which these rare and interesting photographs are printed.

Of the history and growth of vaudeville in the recent past, it is unnecessary to speak here. The wonderful success that has attended the efforts of B. F. Keith and F. F. Proctor to elevate and improve this class of entertainment are too well known to need comment. They have profited by the example of Tony Pastor, the "Grand Old Man" of the variety world, who has done more to place the "variety business" in the place it holds to-day than any other man in the world.

It is utterly impossible in a limited space to give a detailed history of the variety stage in New York. The intention in this article has been simply to show in a general way the more important events that have led up to the present solid condition of what is now known as the vaudeville branch of the profession.

THE MIRROR is indebted for much of the data contained in this article to Col. T. Allston Brown's "History of the New York Stage," published by Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York.

TONY PASTOR'S FIRST PROGRAMME.

Few men in the theatrical profession can look back to such a long and honorable career as can Tony Pastor, who has been a New York manager for nearly thirty-eight years. Many of the men who started about the same time as Mr. Pastor are dead and gone; a few have retired on their laurels and their money, while others are living on the memories of the past. Mr. Pastor is as active and energetic to-day as he was on March 21, 1865, when he "hung his banner on the outer walls" of the little theatre on the Bowery, opposite Spring street. He called the place Tony Pastor's Opera House, not because he had any idea of giving opera to his patrons, but because the name sounded well. The same reason holds good to-day, for there are hundreds of theatres in this country at the present time bearing the name "Opera House" in which opera has never been heard.

The opening of Tony Pastor's Opera House just after the war was quite an event. Mr. Pastor, always a man of keen insight and great foresight, had made up his mind that a good, clean variety entertainment should attract a good class of patronage, and he determined to give such an entertainment; to cut out the smoking and drinking privileges, and make of his theatre a place that could be frequented by ladies and gentlemen. He began humbly, but his success was assured from the start, and he kept on improving his programmes, so that his prestige, once established, was never lost. The grandchildren of his first patrons are amongst those who now attend his theatre on Fourteenth street, and they swear by his entertainments just as their forefathers did in the days when trolley cars and automobiles were unknown, and when the present centre of theatrical activity in New York City was like a suburb.

Up to a few years ago Mr. Pastor always took part in the entertainments he offered to his patrons. His budget of comic songs was always a feature of the bill, and he never tired his regular patrons by keeping a song in his repertoire until it was worn threadbare. He would send all the way to England to get the latest things in the line of comic ditties, and popularized hundreds of songs that have long since passed into oblivion.

Here is a copy of the programme presented by Mr. Pastor when he made his debut as a manager on March 21, 1865:

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.
201 Bowery, opposite Spring street.
Tony Pastor.....Proprietor
Professor Braham.....Leader of Orchestra
Sam'l Sharpley.....Business Manager

PROGRAMME.

Overture ..... Orchestra
The Performance Will Commence With
THE SECRET, OR THE HOLE IN THE WALL.
Thomas.....John Wild
Mr. Dupres.....Tony Pastor
Mrs. Dupres.....Miss Ida Duval
Anastasia.....Mlle. Bertha

Ballads.....Miss Ida Duval
SHERIDAN and MACK,
In Songs and Dances.
Comic Song, "Sarah's Young Man"..Tony Pastor
The Great Sensation,
THE NERVES.
Johnny Wild and Blanche Stanley.
Banjo Solo.....James Gayner
SHERIDAN and MACK,
Double Clog Dance.
The Laughable Negro Interlude,
QUARRELSOME SERVANTS.
Johnny Wild, James Gayner and F. Pastor.
Comic Songs.....Tony Pastor
The Performance Concluding With
A COMIC PANTOMIME.
Clown, Tony Pastor.....Pantaloon, John Wild
Grand Matinee on Saturday.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8 o'clock.

Performers had to work hard in those days. The artists who growl nowadays about having to do three turns a day should glance over this bill and see how a few talented people managed to give a good, lively entertainment by frequent changes of makeup and character. Mr. Pastor appeared in two sketches, and John Wild was seen in no less than four different acts on the same evening. Times have changed since then, but there are no better entertainments being given now than those that were given nearly forty years ago in Tony Pastor's Opera House on the Bowery.

VAUDEVILLE IN YIDDISH.

The population of the lower East Side of New York is now composed almost entirely of Hebrews who speak a dialect known as Yiddish. It is a mixture of German, Polish and Hebrew, and is utterly unintelligible to all save those who belong to the race. There are a number of theatres in which plays are given in Yiddish. As a rule, they are heavy moral dramas, with little comic relief. As the Hebrews like to laugh once in a while, some shrewd man decided to establish a Yiddish variety theatre, and the success he met with encouraged others, so that now there are three or four places in which a regular vaudeville programme is given, and in which the native talent is being used to advantage.

The performances are patterned after those seen in the vaudeville houses in which English is spoken, and the results are sometimes ludicrous in the extreme. For instance, in a recent programme at one of the theatres a team of sidewalk conversationalists appeared in a sketch called Dooley the Hod Carrier. They were made up as monkey-faced Irishmen, with carroty whiskers, and spoke with what sounded like an Irish brogue, although the dialogue was in Yiddish. Many of the lines brought hearty laughs, and upon investigation it was found that the jokes were those of a well-known team of Irish comedians who are favorites with the patrons of Keith's. The jests that were emphasized with skull-cracking and knockabout business were wildly applauded. They wound up the specialty by singing "Mr. Dooley" in Yiddish, and were encored repeatedly.

Another team on the same bill appeared in black face, and did a sketch called 'Way Down South. They sang a number of popular coon songs with the words twisted into Yiddish. The effect was weird but highly diverting.

Even in the vaudeville theatres in Yiddishland they believe in giving a dash of the drama, and no bill is considered complete without a short play in which a good lesson is taught. These brief dramas are always accorded breathless attention, and when virtue triumphs over vice the actors are cheered to the echo and the patrons feel that they have received their money's worth in every way.

Photo. White, N. Y.

SIX MUSICAL CUTTYS.

HIS LAST SONG.

In a Western theatre a weak-looking tenor is singing: "I would not live alway!"

COWBOY (*firing pistol from orchestra*): "All right, young feller. This is about as good a time as any for yer to make a sneak inter de next world—so here goes!"

NO SURPRISE.

MRS. MULLIGAN: "An' phwhat did ye foind in yer shtockin' on Chrismas mornin', Judy?"

MRS. MCGLOIN: "The same holes that's been in it for the lasht four weeks; divil another thing."

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

The world is like a great wheel, the axle is greased by the fun distributed by the good-natured men, and the motion is furnished by the twisting and turning of the crank.

THE SUPERANNUATED SISTER ACT.

I'm thinkin', mother, of the good old days that's gone and past,
How easy things came our way then—it was too good to last.
You put me in the business, mother, and to "stall" your age
I called you "Aunty" off the boards and "Sister" on the stage.
Our cut was in the papers—on the front page, not the back—
And we had a three-sheet poster, in two colors—red and black;
Our gilded shoes were new and bright, our wardrobe somethin' grand;
Our finish with the skippin' ropes was sure to get a hand.
We never was so awful good, but we could touch the wire,
And get a week 'most any time at sixty—sometimes higher;
For I was young and fresh, and you were pretty chipper, too,
Sweet eighteen was my total then; your age I never knew.
But that's all over, mother dear, for now we're down and out;
Our three-sheet's gone, and not a paper even gives our route.
I've written in to Hodgdon till I've wore my fingers off;
We never even hear a line from Mrs. Myerhoff.
Last week that rum-dumb leader tried his best our songs to crab,
And said he wouldn't give us twenty plunkers in a slab.
He did his level darndest and played all our stuff in G,
And your enamel cracked so loud it chucked me off the key.
Our job was jonahed there all right. I nearly had the cramps
When your false teeth fell out and broke four incandescent lamps.
We got the worst of it, of course, and had to stand a fine;
They closed us Wednesday matinee, our act was such a shine.
And when we joined that physic show, with Dr. Willy Files
And all that bunch of Kickapoos, it wasn't a surprise
When I sang "Always," and you warbled alto through your nose,
That Doctor Files came tearing back and said we'd have to close.
He told us we must pack our trunks and leave in half an hour—
Our war-whoops scared the Indians and turned the Sagwa sour.
They've got us blocked at every twist—we're always gettin' called;
My gilt shoes look like bits o' cheese; peroxide's made you bald,
Your face is like an old burnt boot; my blond wig's turnin' green;
Our wardrobe sure is on the blink, and smells of gasolene.
The folks that used to know us never recognize us now;
Last night I smiled at Jo Paige Smith. He didn't even bow.
Jim Armstrong's got us down upon his little list of dubs;
He says there's nothin' doin', ma—not even stags or clubs.
So, good-bye to the footlights—gee! it cuts me like a dirk
To think that after all these years we've got to go to work!

J. A. MURPHY.

HE WAS THE LIMIT.

NETTIE: "Is he so very slow?"

MABELLE: "Slow? Why, if you had a bunch of mistletoe fastened to the end of your nose he wouldn't know enough to kiss you."

A LESSON IN FINANCIERING.

IKEY: "Shall I buy a sdamp und bost dot letter, bopper?"

SKINAFLEASKI: "No, Ikey, not yet; it's only dree o'glock, und der mail don'd leafe till six. You petter vait till half-pasd fife pefore you puy dot sdamp, so as to safe de inderest."

Photo. White, N. Y.

HARRY AND SADIE FIELDS.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH MUSIC HALL

HALF a century incloses the history of the English music hall. Within so short a term it has grown from naught to an institution — magnificent in structure, imperial in revenue, infinite in fascination. Whosoever should claim for our variety stage that it is the "national pastime" might adduce strong evidence in support of his case. Rapturous apologists for the music hall see its beginning in the Elizabethan stable yard, where noble and peasant drank ale and burned tobacco while Shakespeare's plays were enacted. This is ingenious, but not to be accepted. The music hall, as it took shape in the fifties, owed something to the tea garden, something to the "saloon" theatre, something to the song and supper room, something to the statute fair. We call Charles Morton the father of the music hall, and say that the Canterbury Arms, in Westminster Bridge Road, a short walk across the Thames from the Houses of Parliament, was its birth place. A convenient landmark, though there were music halls before the Canterbury — notably the not distant Rotunda and the Winchester. But the Canterbury is the oldest music hall of its distinction that endures. Charles Morton was trained to the business of a barkeeper, and in that way acquired the Canterbury Arms. Antiquarians tell us that this inn was once a resting place for pious pilgrims. Charles Morton's patrons were mainly tradesmen of his neighborhood, who would sweeten their conviviality o' nights with a little music—songs and glees. The gatherings grew. The programmes of music were improved by professional interpolations. A larger room was built for the accommodation of these entertainments, which recruited comedians from the saloon theatres, the song and supper rooms, eventually acrobats from the tea gardens and fair grounds; and so the music hall took shape. Almost every historic music hall in London is the outcome of an inn. The Middlesex is twin to the Mogul Tavern, dating back to the Restoration. The London Pavilion is the enclosed stable-yard of an inn whence the funeral procession of the great Duke of Wellington set forth.

Ross singing "Sam Hall."

Nowadays the music halls of London are controlled, as to structure, conduct and entertainment, by the County Council—a local parliament, austere and pitiless. The offices of the County Council stand on Spring Gardens, on the site of the first open-air pleasure resort of the Londoner, closed by Oliver Cromwell as a disorderly place, but reopened. An important rival of Spring Gardens was Vauxhall, gemmed with tiny lamps that still bear its name. Here the wits and beaux and beauties of the eighteenth century foregathered. Vauxhall lingered in degradation until 1858, and exploited a counter-attraction to the not distant Canterbury in the performance of Madame Saqui, a tight-rope dancer. In opposition to Vauxhall came Ranelagh. Lesser gardens flourished in every quarter of London. The last of all was Cremorne—many of us are old enough to have been foolish there in our youth.

Nowadays the "legitimate drama" is a phrase with a significance for none but the old actor.

ALFRED Y. VANCE.

Once it was a legal definition. In distinction to the "legitimate," or patent houses devoted to Shakespeare and suchlike, were the Saloon Theatres. Here frivolous plays alternated with fragments of what would now be called variety entertainments. The audience ate, drank and smoked at large. The law changed. The saloon theatres had the choice of a regular theatrical license, unqualified, or of becoming music halls. Three famous saloons—the Britannia, the Grecian and the Effingham—became, and long continued, theatres. Others disappeared. Most of us owe our impression of the song and supper room to Thackeray, whose Back Kitchen and Cave of Harmony have been laboriously identified with the Cyder Cellars at the back of the Adelphi Theatre, and the Cole Hole on the site of which Terry's Theatre stands. Thackeray's pictures were, in fact, compositions. W. G. Ross, the first remarkable figure in music hall history, was the mainstay of the Cyder Cellars. He was Scotch; employed in the printing trade ere he became a comic singer. An attempt to utilize his genius and popularity on the dramatic stage failed. His songs were disgusting, but that which is most frequently cited is apt to be overcolored. "Sam Hall" was not deliberately decadent—it was merely realistic; a grim study of a chimney-sweep condemned to death, surveying the situation with dull cynicism:

"My name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep!
My name it is Sam Hall;
I robs both great and small,
But they makes me pay for all—
Damn their eyes!"

The expletives were neither so numerous nor so foul as some historians would have us believe. Ross' performance drew crowds—even from the highest rank. His old age was wretched. He died a chorus singer at the Alhambra.

Evans' supper-rooms outlived the others a long time. Its site is now occupied by the National Sporting Club, on the outskirts of Covent Garden. This establishment was founded by W. C. Evans, a chorister of the Opera House; thereafter conducted by Paddy Green—his name was neither Paddy nor Green. The most popular performer at Evans' was Sam Cowell, an American, who first adventured in England as an opera singer. His popularity at Evans' raised him above discipline, and his connection ended with a particularly flagrant act of unpunctuality. Paddy Green stated the case to the audience. "Mr. Cowell," said he, "comes when he chooses and goes when he chooses. You have made him your God, but by God he shall not be mine!" Sam Cowell was more than welcome at the Canterbury—the mention of his name, to this day, arouses the enthusiasm of his old manager. Cowell was short-lived. Rapid consumption killed him at forty-six; and he died poor, although Mr. Morton had paid him as much as £80 a week. Sam Cowell's genius would doubtless have accommodated itself to the needs of our time. But his songs would never do. He would reel off fourteen verses of doggerel, telling the story of "Alonzo the Brave," or of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," in serio-comic summary. As a specialty he sang an absurd love story, ending with the statement, "So Villikins and his Di-inah vos a-buried in von grave." What was quaintly called the "Comic Department" of Mr. Morton's sedate and even academic programmes—Gounod's "Faust" was first done as an operatic selection at the Canterbury—grew in extent. Irish comedy was a separate school of acting at that time, and one of its famous exponents was George Hodson, the father of Mrs. Henry Labouchere, who would hasten from the Haymarket Theatre, where he was acting, to sing at the Canterbury. An even more popular Irish comedian was Sam Collins, who discoursed of "The Rocky Road to Dublin" and "Limerick Races."

SAM COWELL.

Collins, who began life as a sweep, lived to buy himself the Lansdowne Arms, at Islington, which he turned into Collins' Music Hall, and which his heirs sold for upwards of £50,000. The Irish comedian of Sam Collins' type—green-coated, breeched, crowned with a caubeen and carrying a shillelagh—has disappeared. So has the delineator of negro character. When "Jem Crow" Rice came to England in 1836 he appeared at an outlying theatre—eventually at the Adelphi. The town went "Jem Crow" crazy. The first Englishman to black his face was John Baldwin Buckstone, the famous actor manager of the Haymarket. He sang "De Coal Black Rose." An incursion of "Christy Minstrels" a few years later was the beginning of a minstrel campaign that assumed vast dimensions. To music hall programmes the black-face performer became indispensible. Among the first, and indisputably the most famous, was E. W. Mackney, who sang times without number a song with the refrain "For then you know, you're bound to go the whole hog or none." Negro delineators used to work in couples, seated, their performance being technically known as a "chair turn." But the type has practically disappeared.

SAM COLLINS.

A bright page in the earlier history of the music hall records the career of Harry Clifton, cheery singer of "motto" songs, faulty in form but faultless in sentiment. They were mostly adapted to his friend Charles Cootes' waltzes. "Paddle Your Own Canoe," for instance, utilized the melody of "Queen of the Harvest." To the "Innocence Waltz" Harry Clifton sang:

"Then do your best for one another,
Making life a pleasant dream,
Help a worn and weary brother
Pulling hard against the stream."

Another of the genial philosopher's songs was "Wait For the Turn of the Tide."

"Then try to be happy and gay, my boys;
Remember the world is wide,
And Rome wasn't built in a day, my boys;
So wait for the turn of the tide."

Mr. Morton's success at the Canterbury induced the establishment of the Royal, Holborn—originally Weston's. Here Stead, the "Perfect Cure," became famous with the song quoted, its performance being more remarkable for innumerable pirouettes than for the tune, which was borrowed, or the words, which were nonsense. Mr. Morton came over the water, too, and built the Oxford Music Hall, again on the site of an historic inn. He tried to include Sims Reeves in his first programme—largely formed of operatic selections; he succeeded in engaging Charles Santley. And the Oxford led to the improvement of the London Pavilion, where once the small sum paid for admission was balanced by a

E. W. MACKNEY.

free drink. The new London Pavilion, built in 1885, was the first music hall *de luxe*, though the rapture it inspired twenty years ago would need to be many times increased to describe, say the impending Coliseum.

It is not a little remarkable that George Leybourne, indubitably the most remarkable comic singer in succession to Sam Cowell, was never engaged by Mr. Morton, who, in fact thought him rather vulgar. But when the Canterbury had passed into other hands Leybourne was its chief attraction, at the then stupendous salary of £20 a week, with the use of a carriage and four horses. Another performer promptly took to the town with a cart drawn by four donkeys. George Leybourne was a North-country workman, whose father, when the lad declared his intention of becoming a comic singer, said, "And pray wheer does thou get thy comicality? It does not coom from thy mother, and I'm dommed if it comes from me." George Leybourne made his first appearance in London at one of the outlying "sing songs," as Joe Saunders, and sang of the great fight between Sayers and Heenan, the refrain running:

"Hit him on the boko,
Hit him on the snitch;
Such a neat fighter
There never was sich."

Leybourne's name is inseparable from his song, "Champagne Charley." It was a quaint ditty, with the refrain:

"For Champagne Charlie is my name,
Champagne Charlie is my name;
Good for any game at night, my boys—
Good for any game at night, my boys.
Champagne Charlie is my name,
Champagne Charlie is my name;
Good for any game at night, boys;
Who'll come and join me in a spree?"

Leybourne lived up to his song. He was a comparative young man when he died, in distressed circumstances, some ten years ago.

Vance, Leybourne's life-long rival, both preceded and succeeded him. Vance, whose real name was Alfred Peck Stevens, was originally an actor in the provinces. He was the first music-hall singer to wear unexceptional clothes, and especially a fair wig. His predecessor had been given to eccentric and slovenly attire. "Slap Bang" was Vance's diploma song.

Geo. Leybourne, singing "Champagne Charley."

"Slap-bang, here we are again,
Here we are again, here we are again;
Slap-bang, here we are again;
For we always are so jolly,
So jolly, so jolly, so jolly—
For we always are so jolly,
As jolly as can be."

"Act On the Square," a "motto" song, was another of his successes, and "Old Brown's Daughter." Vance's death, which took place a few days after Christmas, 1888, was one of the most tragic incidents in the history of the stage. His health was impaired, his popularity waning. He was singing at the Sun, Knightsbridge, a song with the refrain, "Are You Guilty?" when he fell, apparently in a faint. Other artists stepped to the front over his prostrate body, a scene was lowered between them. The show went on. But Vance was dead!

Vance and Leybourne styled themselves "great;" so did their immediate successor, Macdermott; so did Arthur Lloyd. But the habit is now discarded by comic singers. Macdermott began life as a seaman; then he was an East End actor, sometimes writing with not a little skill the plays that he appeared in. His friend, Henry Pettitt, gave him the manuscript of a song, entitled "The Scamp," the idea being that a music-hall engagement might relieve the actor from the inconvenience of "resting." The song was an apt social satire. The Roger of the verse appended was the "Tichborne Claimant," the Odger was a labor advocate.

G. H. Macdermott, singing "The Scamp."

"If ever there was a damn scamp
I flatter myself I am he;
From William the Norman to Brigham the Mormon,
They can't hold a candle to me;
From Roger to Odger—the artful old dodger—
They can't hold a candle to me."

The success of this song induced Macdermott to forsake the theatre altogether, and make the kindly old Collegian, whose assistant Henry Pettitt was, suggest that he had better forsake a scholastic for a literary career. Macdermott's

Jennie Hill, singing "The Coffee Shop Girl."

next remarkable success—though he had many smaller—was "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do," which gave voice to the war sentiment of the moment. London went crazy; England, too. The song was mentioned in Parliament, quoted in the *Times*, and translated into every language employing the printing press. Macdermott quarrelled with the authorities about the quality of a song, and retired from the stage to manage a series of popular music halls, which he did with much success to the day of his death, not long since.

I thought to confine this article to singers who are silent, but it is quite impossible to exclude Arthur Lloyd, for he preceded Leybourne, who confessed that admiration of the already popular artist seduced him to the stage, and still in brave old age clings to the pursuit of the profession. Arthur Lloyd is the son of a Scotch comedian, who was long in forgiving the boy for what he regarded as a decadence to the music halls. Arthur Lloyd's first remarkable success discoursed of a false sweetheart:

"I loved her, and she might have been
The happiest in the land;
But she loved a foreigner, who played the
clarionet
In the middle of a German band."

Arthur Lloyd always gave "character" to his performance, and was very often his own lyrist—in the notable instance of "Not for Jo" which had an amazing vogue. He got the idea of this song from a car conductor, whose response to all unwelcome suggestions was "Not for Jo."

Few women made their impress on the early history of the music hall. Louie Sherrington and Georgina Smithson, charming "serios," are but memories. Some of us recall Nellie Power, the vivacious singer of E. V. Page's song, descriptive of the dude of the day:

"He wore a penny flower in his coat,
La di da;
A penny paper collar round his throat,
La di da;
In his hand a penny stick,
In his teeth a penny pick,
And a penny in his pocket,
La di da."

No more interesting personality figures on the pages of music hall history than that of Jenny

Hill. When one reads the story of her industrious life, what wonder she died so young? Jenny Hill made her first "appearance" in infancy as the legs of a pantomime goose. Then she was apprenticed to a Yorkshire barkeeper to sing and dance in his saloon, and generally to lend a hand in the business. It was an awful childhood, and would have killed many a girl. But Jenny Hill lived and struggled and became famous. She was the spirit of Cockaigne. Her portraits of the East End girl at work and at play were wonderful. She could do the burlesque boy to admiration, and she could declaim the "dramatic song"—a gaudy series of moral pictures. But she is best remembered by "'Arry," a graphic story of his diversions; by "The Coffee Shop Gal," a realistic and yet a tender picture of a weary slut; and by "Rosherville," the merry record of a happy day.

Built for an educational institute in the fifties, the Alhambra was ignominiously sold up. It was a music hall in 1860—the first great variety Theatre at the West End, in fact; the environment of Howe's and Cushing's American Circus; a music hall again. Here Leotard appeared in 1861, and set a fashion in gymnastic sensations. He returned in 1866, to draw no less a salary than £180 ($900) a week. Leotard died a year or two later in his native France. Among his successors at the Alhambra were the Flying Farinis (father and son) and a troupe of acrobatic dancers, the Kiralfys. In 1870 the Alhambra lost its music and dancing lease, and for fourteen years was conducted as a theatre "proper," with extravaganza opera. Then it got a music hall license again, and so has continued. Upwards of one hundred of the ballets for which this establishment is famous have been produced. In 1889 the Empire, unfortunate as a theatre, became the formidable rival of the Alhambra. A few years later the Palace, ambitiously built as a National Opera House, joined these two "variety theatres," as they prefer to be called in distinction to mere music halls; and three years ago the vast Hippodrome, which, with its dependent halls in the provinces, employs a capital nearing ten million dollars, completed the list.

HENRY GROSSE HIBBERT.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN EUROPE.

ON the following page will be seen the pictures of a number of American artists who have won fame and fortune in the leading music halls of Europe. Many American performers go to Europe every year, but not all are successful. Once a hit is made, however, the work is easy and very plentiful. In the majority of halls no matinees are given, as the people of Europe as a rule are very busy during the day and have no idle time to while away at matinees. This makes it more pleasant for the artist, who has more leisure to enjoy the sights of the various cities and towns he may visit on his tour.

The picture of Saharet was taken from a painting by Franz Von Lembach, master-painter of Germany. The original is now hanging in the King's gallery in Munich. Saharet, after winning all the laurels that were to be had in this country, went to Europe with her husband, Ike Rose, some years ago, and since then she has been turning the heads of the nobility and gentry in all the European capitals. The people of Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg and other cities have gone wild over her many charms, and large crowds are the rule wherever she appears.

The original Moto-Girl is seen in the position she assumes when she falls upon the stage. She has a most enviable record as one of the greatest novelties ever shown on the stage. Dressed like a French doll, she goes through a series of automatic movements that defy the average spectator to say positively whether she is a living person or a dummy, wound up. She can stare at a strong electric light for an hour without blinking, and has such perfect control of her muscles that she can remain in one position for almost any length of time without moving. Her list of long runs includes the Palace Theatre, London, three months; Wintergarden, Berlin, two months; Keith's, New York, eight weeks, and long stays at the leading halls in St. Petersburg and Moscow. After her great success in Europe at least twenty imitations sprang up, but they soon failed, as none of them was able to duplicate her work. Frederic Melville, manager of the act, has had many offers of return dates, but his time is filled solidly for the next two years and the plans cannot be changed.

The Dancing Passparts left the United States in July, 1900, and since then have played all the best houses in Germany, Austria, the Netherlands, Russia and other places. They will return to America very soon, as they are booked to open in New York on Jan. 11. Their stay will be short, however, as they have been engaged for a long tour of the English provinces, covering the season of 1904-05, by their London agent, George F. Peel.

W. E. Robinson, who is touring Europe under the name Chung Lung Soo, is a very clever magician and juggler, who accepted the $1,000 challenge issued by Ching Ling Foo, the famous Chinese conjuror. The wily Chinaman, when he saw Robinson's dexterity, evaded a meeting and their respective merits were never decided. Robinson's make-up on the stage is so natural that while he was performing in Munich he received an invitation to visit the Chinese Ambassador. The Chinaman's surprise when a genuine Yankee was ushered in can be imagined. This is Mr. Robinson's fourth year on the stage. His act is now recognized as one of the best drawing cards in Europe and his salary is very large. He is now the "star turn" at the London Hippodrome and is booked ahead for three years.

Mrs. Whallen's Boy Mike Will Be at Liberty in 1905.

O. K. Sato was one of the first of the American artists to make the people of Europe laugh heartily. He is always at work, and the competition of the managers to obtain his services has resulted in great material benefit to him. He is now in Germany, filling return engagements. Just at present he is at the Wintergarden, in Berlin. This is his third engagement at that house, in which his total engagements cover a period of twenty-eight weeks. In addition to his cleverness as a comedy juggler he has a talent for drawing funny pictures, and his ability in this direction has been the source of much amusement to the readers of the comic papers.

Radford and Winchester, who are exchanging their talent for pounds, francs, marks, guldens and anything else that passes for money in Europe, have been rightly called the "Multum in Parvo Jugglers." Not only have they juggled hoops, balls and slates, but they have also juggled enough money into their pockets to keep them from worrying for a long time to come. At every establishment they have played so far their engagements have either been prolonged or they have been re-engaged for a later date after their first performance. They will return to America in March, 1904, for a few weeks, and will go back in May to the Berlin Wintergarden. They also have return dates at the London Hippodrome, and in Leipzig, Paris, and over the Moss and Stoll tours in England.

The Great Weiland is an American comedy juggler who has scored a most remarkable success on the other side. His nimbleness, dexterity and skill have been approved by most discriminating judges and his services are always in demand at a very large salary. He sends through THE MIRROR his best wishes for health, wealth and prosperity to his friends in the United States.

Jim Smith and Phil Doreto are among the fortunate Yankees who have made a fine impression in Europe. They do an eccentric comedy act that has convulsed even the stolid Germans and made them laugh until their sides ached. In England and France their success was equally great, and they have spread the gospel of good humor everywhere. They are engaged for the entire month of December at the Central Theatre, Dresden, Germany, with many other good dates to follow.

T. Nelson Downs is the only member of the group who is now in his native land. He is touring the Keith circuit after an absence of several years in Europe. Mr. Downs is known as the "King of Koins," and his specialty consists in the juggling or manipulation of a large number of coins, that he causes to appear and disappear at will. While in Europe he commanded the highest salary ever paid for an act made up only of sleight-of-hand tricks. In Germany his name is a household word, and whenever another conjuror appears his work is always compared to that done by Mr. Downs. This able gentleman has given private entertainments before many of the crowned heads of Europe, including King Edward of England.

Harry Houdini, last but by no means least, is too well known to need any introduction to MIRROR readers, as his bright and entertaining letters from Europe are a regular feature of the paper. Mr. Houdini is known as the "King of Handcuffs," as there is not a pair of shackles made from which he cannot release himself. He even fooled the famous Russian police by breaking out of the dreaded Siberian "Transport Carette." This happened on May 10 of this year. Houdini was stripped completely and thoroughly examined by the best men in the Russian "Spy Police," and then locked in the cage. In a few minutes he stepped out smiling. He is now on his third tour of England and will soon begin his fourth consecutive year as one of the leading drawing cards of the vaudeville stage in Europe.

A WINNING LOSER.

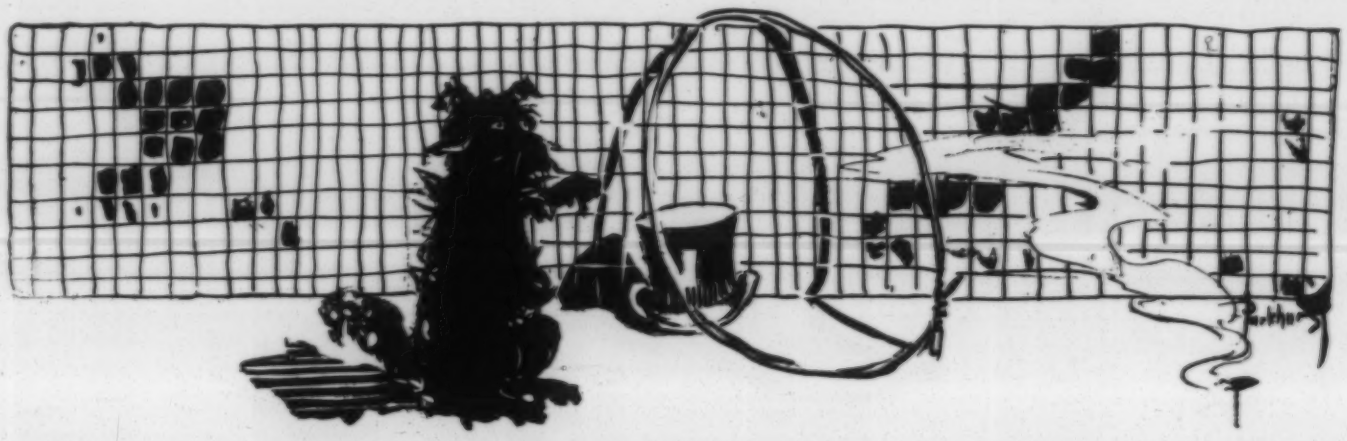
MANY stories are told by vaudeville performers of the methods of unscrupulous agents who are looking for "graft." There are some agents, it is said, who are not content with the 5 or 10 per cent. commission called for by their agreement with a player, and there are a few who are not above accepting a bribe in return for a week's engagement. There was one office in this city some years ago in which the only visiting card that was sure to reach the inner office was steel engraving, with the name of the Secretary of the Treasury signed to it. Visitors equipped with these "cards" were sure of a welcome and a few good contracts, while the ones with the ordinary pasteboards were left to cool their heels out in the hall.

Apropos of this subject, a well-known comedian, who gets about $200 a week, recently found himself in Chicago with an open week on his hands, owing to the fact that the theatre he was to play had been burned down. He strolled into an agent's office, and after the usual query was politely informed that there was "nothing doing." A happy thought struck the actor, and he said to the agent: "I know you are something of a gambler, old man; so just to pass away the time I'll make you a little wager. I'll bet you ten dollars you can't get me work next week at the ——— Theatre." "I'll take that bet," said the agent, who was never known to take a direct bribe in his life. He rang a bell, and when his assistant appeared he said: "Mr. Bookkeeper, just cancel Bumps and Slumps at the ——— Theatre next week and put this gent's name in instead." He turned in his revolving chair and smiled at his caller, saying, "You should be more careful when you make those rash bets. You lose."

The comedian paid the bet and the extra commission demanded; got his contract and walked out, humming softly to himself the words of the old Irish song, "There are other ways of killing a pig besides choking it with buttermilk."

HE COULDN'T EVEN BE A "SUPE."

JACK NORWORTH, the monologist, recently played an engagement at Poli's Theatre in Hartford, and for some reason was obliged to spend Sunday in the town. He found time hanging very heavily on his hands and started out to take a walk. While he was wandering aimlessly about he passed the stage door of Parson's Theatre, where a rehearsal of W. A. Brady's production of The Pit was going on. There was a crowd of young men about the door, and Norworth learned that the management was engaging "supers" for the production. The requirements were good looks and a neat and genteel appearance, and the reward was two passes for the service to be rendered. Norworth thought that he could fill the bill, and as he thought a look in on the rehearsal would pass the afternoon pleasantly, he got in line with the other youths. He arrived at the table at which the assistant stage-manager was taking down the names, gave a "fake" name and address and prepared to enjoy himself, when Max Freeman, who was superintending the rehearsal, came along, gave one glance at him and said, "No, no, take his name off the list; he won't do, he's too short." Norworth, very much abashed, retired into the windy Hartford streets. He was consoled by the reflection that he didn't have to "supe" for a living—his stature does not by any means seem to interfere with his success in monologue—but his rejection was a severe blow to his pride.



SAHARET
JIM SMITH
PAUL DURETTE
THE GREAT
WEILAND
O.K. SATO
HARRY HOUDINI
AND
MAIL BREAMER
REPRESENTATIVE
VAUDEVILLE
HEADLINERS.
RADFORD &
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THE
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AMATEUR NIGHT AT A BOWERY THEATRE

THE story of Weber and Fields, the successful managers, who began their theatrical career as a song and dance team in a Bowery museum, doing seventeen turns a day for four dollars a week, is known to every youth on the East Side of New York, and it is a common sight to see lads of ten or twelve years of age practicing jig-steps on the street corners, in the hope that when they become expert they may get a chance to appear at Miner's Bowery Theatre on some Friday evening, when the kindly manager allows those who show some evidence of talent to appear before the audience at the end of the regular performance.

Friday night is "Amateur Night" at Miner's, and as there is always a long waiting list Manager Miner never disappoints his audience. Talent, such as it is, is very abundant in New York city, and the young men and women who take part in these performances are quite sure that if they only had a good opportunity they could prove their right to join the ranks of the "headliners" and begin to earn the fabulous salaries that are paid to those who "make good" in the theatres owned by Mr. Miner, Mr. Keith, Mr. Proctor and the other vaudeville magnates, who are always ready and willing to pay liberally for good acts.

The sketches that accompany this article were made from life one evening last Fall. The artist and a MIRROR representative visited Miner's Theatre and were cordially welcomed by Manager Edwin D. Miner, who chatted pleasantly of the turns he had arranged for that particular evening. The gallery was packed to suffocation with an unruly mob of youngsters, friends and enemies of the nervy amateurs who stood in the wings timidly waiting their turns.

There were seven acts ready for the crucial test, and out of that number there was only one that even approached the standard of the average "three a day" act. The exception was a comedy juggler, who had evidently spent long hours in practice, trying to copy the act of James Harrigan, the famous "bum juggler." Striking a funny position, he started at his work with much confidence. He got along quite well until the boys upstairs gave him a round of cheers, which made his nerves a little unsteady. As a result he broke some plates and let his "props" fall so often that he was given all sorts of advice by the "gods," one of whom remarked, "Say, cull, youse better go see a doctor; youse is got de dropsy, see." The juggler retired, and a frightened looking girl took the centre of the stage. She began a recitation, but had gotten rid of only a few lines when her memory failed her completely and she was forced to return to the wings, covered with confusion. A bright-looking youth followed, and he essayed an "original" monologue. He had evidently consulted some ten-cent book and had strung a lot of old jokes together in a way that to his mind would make a hit of the strongest kind. He was very aggressive and his manner irritated the gallery boys, who guyed him unmercifully. He stuck to his task bravely, however, but finished without having secured one good laugh. He had plenty of nerve, and when some particularly fresh young man made a remark that did not please him he talked back in a way that showed that he was not to be easily scared. The audience applauded his impromptu remarks wildly, and the uproar became so great that Mr. Miner was obliged to step out on the stage himself and call the boys to order. His words had a good effect, and things were quieter after that.

A sad looking youth came next, and after an introduction by the orchestra he began to sing. It was evident from the start that he did not have a thorough understanding with the orchestra, as the jumble of discords that resulted when he attempted to tell of the woes of some poor girl who was far away from home and mother caused the "gods" to writhe in burlesque anguish. The singer made a vain appeal to the musicians, but the racket was so great that he could not make himself understood, and he gave it up.

The boys upstairs took rather kindly to a man who professed to be a ventriloquist, and they allowed him to go through his act without many

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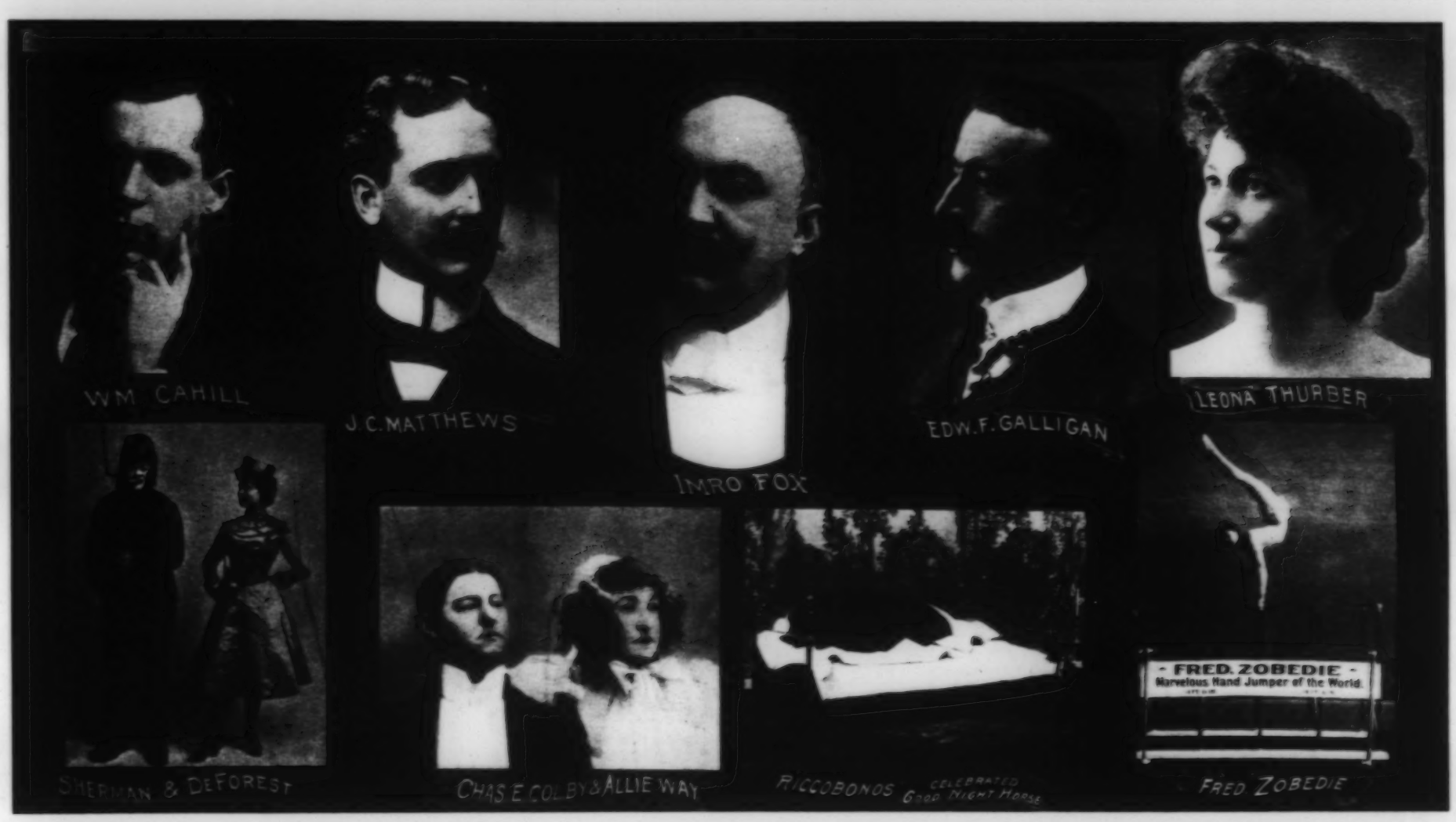

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As "CHUCK CONOVER" | **As "LIZE BARCLAY"**

2nd Season with Joe Welch in "THE PEDDLER," Management Sullivan, Harris & Woods. | *"THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S ALRIGHT!!"*

interruptions. They were probably stunned by his nerve, for he was what is known on the Bowery as "the limit." A fairly good attempt at a song and dance was given by two boys, one a lanky youth of eighteen, and the other a lad of twelve or so. The size of the smaller boy seemed to appeal to the critics near the roof, and when the team had finished a buck dance they were given a round of applause that lasted for several minutes. The last number on the programme was a young man who tried to do some imitations. He was jeered from the start, and when he knelt down to add a touch of realism to his work he was bombarded with wads of paper and other harmless missiles. Mr. Miner's patience gave out at this point, and he decided that it was time to end the performance. The curtain was lowered, and the up-

POWERS BROTHERS.

stairs crowd made a break for the more or less fresh air of the Bowery.

Once in a while Mr. Miner discovers a diamond in the rough at these amateur performances, and he gives the lucky individual a few words of encouragement, and perhaps makes some suggestions regarding the act presented for which the recipient is very grateful.

Who knows but that some Friday evening the light of a new genius will burst from the stage at Miner's? Perhaps there is another Mary Anderson or Edwin Booth nursing an ambition on the Bowery, and if she or he should leap into fame in a single night, the credit will be due to Manager Miner, who would be more than pleased to discover and encourage any one that can show talent distinctly above the average.

CHARLES B. HANFORD.

Few Shakespearean actors can show such a consistent and worthy devotion to the great classics as Charles B. Hanford, as the following record of his career will show: Season 1882-1883, with William Stafford, presenting Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, The Marble Heart; seasons 1883-1884 and 1884-1885, with Thomas W. Keene, presenting Othello, Hamlet, Richard III, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, Richelieu, The Merchant of Venice, The Fool's Revenge; season 1885-1886, with Robson and Crane, presenting The Comedy of Errors; season 1886-1887, with Edwin Booth, presenting Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear, Richard III, Richelieu, The Fool's Revenge, The Merchant of Venice, Katherine and Petruchio, Brutus, or The Fall of the Tarquin, A New Way to Pay Old Debts; seasons 1887-1888 and 1888-1889, with Booth and Barrett, presenting Julius Caesar, Othello, King Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, The Fool's Revenge, The Merchant of Venice; season 1889-1890, with Booth and Modjeska, presenting Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, The Fool's Revenge, Richelieu, Donna Diana, The Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Don Caesar de Bazan; seasons 1890-1891 and 1891-1892, with Julia Marlowe, presenting Cymberline, Much Ado About Nothing, Twelfth Night, Ingomar, As You Like It, Romeo and Juliet, The Hunchback; season 1892-1893, first annual tour of Mr. Hanford, presenting Julius Caesar, Ingomar; season 1893-1894, with Niblo's Garden, N. Y., production of Olaf; with Mrs. John Drew, presenting The Rivals, The Road to Ruin, The Jealous Wife; season 1894-1895, with all-star cast of Rosedale; with Lawrence Marston's production of Antony and Cleopatra; season 1895-1896, second annual tour of Mr. Hanford, presenting Othello, Julius Caesar, Romeo and Juliet, The Hunchback, The Merchant of Venice, Virginius, Damon and Pythias; seasons 1896-1897 and 1897-1898, tour of Thomas W. Keene, accompanied by Mr. Hanford, presenting Richard III, Louis XI, Hamlet, Othello, Julius Caesar, Richelieu, The Marchant of Venice, Virginius, Ingomar; season 1898-1899, fifth annual tour of Mr. Hanford, presenting Othello, Richelieu, Julius Caesar, The Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet, Virginius; season 1899-1900, James-Kidder-Hanford company, presenting The Winter Tale, Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, The Rivals, The School for Scandal; season 1900-1901, seventh annual tour of Mr. Hanford, presenting Private John Allen; season 1901-1902, eighth annual tour of Mr. Hanford, presenting The Taming of the Shrew and The Old Guard; season 1902-1903, ninth annual tour of Mr. Hanford, presenting The Taming of the Shrew, The Old Guard, Much Ado About Nothing, The Merchant of Venice; season 1903-1904, tenth annual tour of Mr. Hanford, presenting Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, The Taming of the Shrew, The Old Guard, Much Ado About Nothing.

RICHARD OBEE

Richard Obee was born March 1, 1870, and was educated in England, where he won a scholarship valued at $400, in 1886, for English, Latin, and religious knowledge, from five hundred competitors. At hydropathic establishments in Buxton, Matlock, and Bath he acquired a knowledge of bathing and therapeutic methods which he carried to Canada in '88 and made use of at various hot springs there. At the same time he wrote a series of articles on the Northwest Mounted Police and the development of the wheat fields of Alberta and Assiniboia, Canadian N. W. T., for a syndicate of English newspapers. In class plays he had assumed the part of Jacques in As You Like It, Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet, and other lesser Shakespearean roles. In '89 Mr. Obee became successively property man, actor, stage-manager, stage director, with road companies, and assistant manager of a stock theatre in Minneapolis for two years. During Olga Nethersole's last tour of this country Mr. Obee was in advance, rehearsing the extra people necessary for the French ball scene at Dechelletes, and on the occasion of Miss Nethersole's engagement at Wallack's being terminated by the police authorities in this city, passed to Julia Arthur to do advance work and rehearse one hundred extra people for More Than Queen till the close of Miss Arthur's season in Philadelphia. In March, 1900, Mr. Obee entered the office of Jules Murry as assistant manager and occupied that position for one year, till Mr. Murry secured Rose Coghlan. He then went in advance. When Sadie Martinot commenced the present season Mr. Obee was again chosen to exploit her capabilities. Rose Coghlan had a prior claim, however, and after she closed her season in Ulysses, at the Garden Theatre, Mr. Obee resumed his old place as advance man for Miss Coghlan's tour in The Greatest Thing in the World, a position he is now filling for the third season with Miss Coghlan and fourth year under Jules Murry's direction. Last Summer Mr. Obee went on an extended European trip, embracing London, Liverpool, Manchester, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, The Isle of Man, Scarborough, and Brighton.

SULLIVAN, HARRIS AND WOODS.

Sullivan, Harris and Woods, the enterprising theatrical managers, are to be congratulated upon the success of their numerous enterprises. This firm announces elsewhere in this number a list of attractions that they will present for the season of 1904-05. It is needless to say that this has been one of the worst theatrical seasons known in years. This firm, however, has not felt the depression in business, owing to the fact that they always equip their plays so that they will appeal to their special public. They have now in their employ fully three hundred and fifty actors and actresses of well-known reputation and ability, and never do they allow their attractions to deteriorate. They are justly named "The Musketeers of the Melodrama," and as they have twelve big successes, the reason for these successes is that "the play is the thing." They are also holders of a number of box-office records. The magnitude of this firm can be easily estimated by the fact that the annual expenses of their aggregate attractions make a total expenditure of $720,000 per annum. This, of course, includes all expenses attached to all the attractions in the way of printing, railroad fares, salaries, etc. Next season they have a contract with Billy B. Van, the original Patsy, and will present him in a big musical novelty, entitled Patsy Bolliver. It is needless to say that Mr. Van will be surrounded with the best talent in the vaudeville line and the production will be up to the standard of this firm. Joe Welch, the Hebrew delineator, who has been so successful under this firm's management that he has tested the capacity of the theatres throughout the United States in the past two seasons in The Peddler, will be presented in a new play by a well-known author. The scenery is now in the hands of the best of scenic artists, and he will no doubt, add more laurels to his name. The Fatal Wedding, by Theodore Kremer, has become an international success, four companies playing it in the United States and five in Europe. This play will be sent on the road with a cast of unusual excellence. There will be two companies of For Her Children's Sake, a companion play to The Fatal Wedding, and two companies (Eastern and Western) of Wedded and Parted. The Peddler, a big scenic attraction, will be sent out next season with a cast up to the firm's standard. Sullivan, Harris and Woods are not alone enterprising, but stop at nothing to make every one of their attractions a box-office winner.

Photo. Hall, N. Y. WRIGHT LORIMER.

Photo. Otto Sarony, N. Y. JESSIE MAE HALL.

LEON MCREYNOLDS.

Leon Mcreynolds, unlike most players of his age and appearance, has a preference for character parts, and Frederic Tatum and Company, in their selection of plays for Mr. Mcreynolds—the Green Eyed Fairy, Acea Hearts, What Became of Gregory, and Husband in Name Only, all of which have been written especially for their star—have not only fitted Mr. Mcreynolds perfectly, but have pleased his many friends and admirers as well. He will be given an opportunity to display not only his ability for emotional work, but eccentric comedy, of which he is said to be a master. The company will take the road for its supplementary season in the early part of April, when the costumes, scenery, electrical effects and paper of which there will be a full and complete line for each piece will have been completed, under the management of Frederic Tatum and Company, the tour to be under the personal direction of Mr. Tatum

BERTINE ROBISON.

Bertine Robison, leading woman in stock, is well known as one of the best. Her early successes were made in The Charity Ball, The Wife, The Old, Old Story, Woman Against Woman, and in vaudeville at Keith's. Later she headed her own company, playing Gloriana, etc., under the management of her husband, the late Percy West. She retired while he was manager of the Berkely Lyceum and Carnegie, and at his death returned and became James R. Waite's leading woman. Then for three years she headed The Dear Hearts of Ireland company, under Myles McCarthy's management, later backing his tour abroad and playing his lead a year through the British Isles. For the last two years she has been leading woman for Mittenthal Brothers, last Summer being starred at the head of the company in Montreal. Miss Robison is pictured in this number.

W. B. PATTON.

W. B. Patton, well known as "the peculiar comedian," is pictured in this number as John Hale, an eccentric character, in his new play, The Last Rose of Summer, in which he will appear next season. For the last three years Mr. Patton has been very successful in the title-role of The Minister's Son, and will not drop that favorite play, but will make use of it as well as the new play next season. Mr. Patton is the author of both The Minister's Son and The Last Rose of Summer, and also of The Little Homestead, which, under the management of his partner, William Macauley, has met with flattering success since its production in August. Mr. Patton will continue under the management of J. M. Stout next season.

THE IMRO FOX COMPANY

Prosperity seems to follow the Imro Fox Show, which is now making its initial tour of the principal vaudeville theatres of America under the watchful eye of Manager J. C. Matthews. The phenomenal business that is being done by this attraction proves that the public is quick to recognise a good thing. Great care was exercised in the selection of every act, so that when they were all combined a very pleasing programme was the result. The season commenced at the Circle Theatre, New York city, Sept. 21, and will extend until late in May. Besides a company of twenty-five people, a sixty-foot car is needed to carry the scenery and effects necessary to give the performance a proper presentation. Following is a complete roster of the company: Imro Fox and company, in Ancient and Modern Magic; Riccobono's Celebrated Trained Horses, direct from a four-months' engagement at Hammerstein's Paradise Gardens, New York; Dan Sherman and Mabel De Forest, in the absurdity, The Battle of San Dago; Charles E. Colby and Allie Way, The Ventriloquist and the Dancing Doll; William Cahill, "The Man from Ireland," one of the best monologists on the stage; Leona Thurber and her "Bogey Boys," and Fred Zobedie, the "Perfect Athlete," in his marvelous and sensational hand-balancing act. The executive staff is as follows: J. C. Matthews, manager; Edward F. Galligan, business-manager, with two assistants; John Waters, stage-manager; William Graham, assistant stage-manager; Charles Burgon, property master; Harry Rample and Pittsburgh Friend, grooms; Theresa Moritz, lady assistant; Cora Carr, wardrobe. Twenty styles of printing are used, from H. C. Miner and Company and Carey and Company, and everything possible is done to let the public know that Imro Fox and his company are ready and willing to entertain.

GRACE MERRITT.

Grace Merritt, who originated the part of The Lady in Bernard Shaw's play, The Man of Destiny, which was produced at the Empire Theatre in 1899, is pictured in the pose of a listener in this number. The difficulty of presenting the character of a good listener—one interested and concentrated—is well known in the profession, and Miss Merritt is to be congratulated on her successful pose. Her work in The Man of Destiny received very high compliments from the press of New York and in professional circles. She has recently returned to this city, and her work will undoubtedly attract much attention in high comedy and character.

LYDIA KNOTT.

Lydia Knott, who has been associated with such plays as At Piney Ridge, Up York State, and York State Folks, is now making the hit of her career in the part of Mary Mason, the lead in Ernest Lamoch's new pastoral drama, Young Tobe Hoxie. She is very versatile, having played many parts in some of the best productions known to-day. She has played from Topsy to Camille, but no part has suited her so well as that she is now playing. Critics say she is making an excellent leading lady. Her beauty, grace of manner and splendid acting largely assist the star in pleasing. Newspapers throughout the country have given her the best of notices, and an unusually successful career for this charming woman is predicted.

CLARA MATHES.

Clara Mathes, whose latest portrait appears in this number, is a young actress who is making rapid progress in the art to which she is devoted, and her marked improvement each year is the subject of favorable comment in every city in which she plays. The marked increase of business is a proof of her artistic and personal popularity. Miss Mathes' roles vary from Juliet to sprightly ingennes of the calibre of Tennessee, while she has been highly successful as Nell Gwynne. This season she is meeting with much success as Katusha Maslova in Resurrection. Gifted by nature, an earnest student, the possessor of a magnificent wardrobe, and a faculty for making friends, Miss Mathes should be heard of more frequently and favorably year by year.

AN ARAB SALUTATION.

All hearty congratulations on the Silver Wedding of THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR *to public favour. I send you an Arab salutation: May its reputation continue to be "more spotless than the mirror of a foreign woman."*

Yours very truly,

Hall Caine

CHARLES BURKE.

The Biggest Hit In Years!

A Great Combination

CHAS. H. BURKE

GRACE LA RUE

AND

THE INKEY BOYS

IN

The Silver Moon

The best comedy act in vaudeville.
If you don't believe it—ask the man.
Good dresser on and off; salary no objection.
Where a letter will always find us, 35 Christopher St, New York (our town house).

GRACE LA RUE.

GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN

STILL AT THE PALACE, LONDON

RECORD ENGAGEMENT from Easter to Easter—interrupted for eight weeks only through previously made provincial contracts.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.—"A SUPERIOR AMERICAN COMEDIAN.

"Mr. George Fuller Golden has some reason to congratulate himself on the impression he made at the Palace by his humorous monologue, which appealed to the intelligence of his audience, who did not miss a single point, and held it at full stretch. That is an uncommon achievement at a music hall. Mr. Golden scored a personal success that was almost startling."

THE MILITARY MAIL.—"It is many years since an artist appeared at the Palace Theatre who has received such an enormous reception as Mr. George Fuller Golden. On Monday night he had no less than three encores. The audience cheered him again and again. Mr. Charles Morton is to be congratulated upon having introduced into London an artist of such distinct ability, and I shall be very much surprised if Mr. Golden does not draw for months to come. On Sunday night last the Second Life Guards, at Knightsbridge Barracks, gave a dinner party to the King. Thirty-two sat down to dinner, and at the request of his Majesty, the only entertainer who was invited was Mr. George Fuller Golden, of the Palace Theatre. I hear that the King was so delighted with Mr. Golden that he got the C. O., Col. Anstruther Thompson, to write to Mr. Golden a personal letter of thanks, and to tell Mr. Golden that he would take an early opportunity of hearing him again. The officers of the Second Life Guards were quite willing to pay Mr. Golden a very handsome fee, but this Mr. Golden declined, as it was sufficient for him to have the honor of appearing before his Majesty. Mr. Golden is now looking forward to the King and Queen visiting the Palace Theatre to hear him give his usual performance."

THE FREE LANCE.—Clement Scott, the distinguished dramatic critic, writes: "... never do I remember to have seen an audience so stirred by an exposition of single-handed pure American humor. Mr. Golden is very American in appearance, voice and gesture. He holds the stage for a long time; longer, probably, than any other single star turn at present on view at a West End hall, and the audience any night in the week would like a double dose of him. He comes to London after the glamour of the American humor has been discounted by the performance of many inferior artists. ... But he triumphs. ... I would like to see him in musical comedy."

THE ECHO.—"Mr. George Fuller Golden provides a clever and novel turn and creates endless mirth."

LONDON PRESS.—"Mr. George Fuller Golden, an American raconteur, tells a good story. Like all legitimate comedians, he makes a great deal out of nothing, and there is not a dull moment during the whole of his turn."

THE STAR.—"His stories are as light and airy, his way as confident and as amusing, his imagination as productive of wonderful sights and adventures. At no one place can so many things be seen—as Mr. Golden sees them. He is vastly amusing, and his turn will stand extending—a sure test of a comedian's real value."

THE LONDON TIMES.—England's greatest newspaper says: "... one who is without question very 'real.' Mr. George Fuller Golden, an American humorist, really American and very humorous. The house could not have enough of him, and he well earned its enthusiasm. A quick observer, with that peculiar kind of dry wit that seems to flourish in the United States."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"To pass five minutes in the company of Mr. George Fuller Golden is to enjoy a veritable feast of laughter, for Mr. Golden tells a story with a raciness and comic verve that proclaim the true humorist. He is a fellow of infinite jest, a born raconteur, and a most diverting singer."

SUNDAY TIMES.—"Lives there a man with soul so dead, who, visiting the Palace Theatre, could fail to be amused by Mr. George F. Golden? From the moment he begins to talk the audience is one huge smile. Tongue-tired, indeed, he must be when the inevitable moment arrives for the end of his turn, but not too much so to take an enthusiastic encore, and to sing a ditty pointing fun at the inevitable coon song and cake-walk. And although it is usual to give the first place to women, it is impossible not to concede that for the moment the male person has it, and to feel convinced that were that charming vagabond, Francois Villon, to ask, 'Where are the men of yesterday?' the reply would be, 'Gone to the Palace Theatre to listen to G. F. Golden.'"

THE MORNING LEADER.—"In drawing up their Easter programme, the Palace authorities have followed their traditions well, and the result is an entertainment intensely amusing. Of the novelties in last night's programme, the clever caricatures of Mr. G. F. Golden, an American humorist, are full of fun of the best kind, and should prove a 'draw.' It is nearly true that Leno is the only real comedian of the English stage; and Golden is the Leno of American vaudeville. Both men are of a type rarely met with in English comedy; the adaptability, the observation, the delicate art of taking each member of the audience aside and confiding in him the great undeniable truths of imaginative humor seem rare gifts, only bestowed here and there. And when we find them we laugh and thank the gods for comedy."

THE ERA.—"... an American humorist of a very polished and original type. Mr. Golden has many of the requisites of a serious actor. He has an agreeable and cultivated voice, clear and distinct delivery, and complete command of his resources. All this ability is placed at the service of his clever comedy instinct, and the result is a highly artistic piece of drollery. His curiously demure method is immensely effective, and his style, with all its extravagant oddity, is refined."

MORNING ADVERTISER.—"The Palace Theatre was crowded last night. Eight items appeared in the bill for the first time, G. F. Golden, an American comedian, makes his first appearance. He has come to stay. His turn is novel, it is clever, and full of diversity and originality."

THE PLAYGOER.—"At the Palace there is something which really stands out by itself in the turns at the halls at the present moment, the performance of Mr. Fuller Golden, who seems to be a delightful permanency at this place of entertainment. Mr. Golden gives a thoroughly individual performance which keeps the audience in a roar from start to finish, and is in these days of stereotyped humor delightfully fresh."

THE REFEREE.—Mr. Chance Newton says: "He elicits roars of laughter, whether in his international imitations of the habits and customs of swagger hotel folk, his mimicry of ancient and modern singers and dancers, or his quaint but shrewd definitions of the origin of certain 'business' of our best British actors, culminating in a screamingly funny realisation of what he calls a house-counting gesture indulged in by Sir Henry Irving."

MRS. HARRY THORNE

"Still At It."

MR. and MRS. HARRY THORNE

In Their Evergreen Success

AN UP=TOWN FLAT

The second "Old Homestead." The longest run on record of any act in Vaudeville—bar none. Still popular. Still in demand and still greeted with the same hearty laughs. With the exception of five weeks booked solid for the entire season at all the first-class Vaudeville Houses.

MR. HARRY THORNE

JAMES F. DOLAN AND IDA LENHARR

Presenting a repertoire of Mr. Dolan's original One Act Farces:

Willie Off The Yacht

(TWO IN A BOAT)

"One of the best in vaudeville."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A High-Toned Burglar

"The best one act farce I have ever seen in vaudeville."—*Alan Dale.*

Taking Chances

"Better than A High-Toned Burglar."—*Chicot.*

Have a new act in preparation. **Permanent address, 257 West 111th Street, New York.** **Phone 3724 Morningside.**

ALICE KAUSER'S BUSINESS.

The alleged lull in things theatrical just now has failed to be evident in Alice Kauser's busy office on Broadway and Fortieth Street. The reports from the leading road companies and stock houses all over the country that are coming into her office show a very satisfactory state of affairs. Through her energy and enterprise Miss Kauser's business has grown to such an extent that to-day the major part of the profitable road and stock company business passes through her hands, and theatrical managers have recognised the need of such a clearing house of first-class plays, where any play may be secured at short notice, or complete information relative to it ascertained, without resorting to the delay and inconvenience of negotiating with the owners themselves. In addition to this, Miss Kauser's clientele of prominent authors is constantly on the increase, and she has been very successful in exploiting new plays of merit and securing for their authors a first-class production. This branch of the business has increased so rapidly that the manuscripts received daily are as numerous as those received by a prosperous publishing house. Such authors as Mrs. Burton Harrison, John Luther Long, Langdon Mitchell, George C. Haselton, Lorimer Stoddard, and Paul Kester have had their first plays produced through the efforts of Alice Kauser. A great number of fine untried plays are now in her hands. Besides bringing forth the works of new playwrights, all of the metropolitan successes of the past and present can be secured through her office. More contracts for plays were made last year through Alice Kauser's office than were made by all of the other agencies together. Information regarding any play ever produced or to be produced can always be obtained by application, and new facilities for handling the enormous increase of business are being steadily devised and added.

VIOLA ALLEN IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

Admirers of the best in the theatre, and of the Bard-of-Avon, will rejoice to learn of Viola Allen's triumph, financially and artistically, in Twelfth Night. Her impersonation of Viola is spoken of as being her greatest success, and her company and production of the highest and best quality. Frederick F. Schrader, of the Washington "Post," is one of the soundest and clearest sighted of American critics. What he has to say of Miss Allen and her company will be of interest at this time:

"Viola Allen's reappearance in Shakespeare, after a term of years devoted to the romantic drama, was signalised last evening at the National Theatre under peculiarly gratifying conditions. She was greeted by an audience that filled every seat in the theatre, and presented a company which gives a most charming, and, in some respects, an exceptionally delightful performance of this, the most enjoyable comedy in the English language. As a production, too, last night's offering deserves to be classed with the most happily staged pieces in this day of scenery and stage effects. Those who anticipated something to admire in the Viola of Miss Allen were not disappointed. The role must be conceded to be one of the best in which this pleasing actress has ever been seen. The part suits her in temperament and spirit, and introduces her in a line of work that appeals, judging not only by the spontaneous applause bestowed upon her efforts last evening but gauging her dramatic capacity by every standard to be invoked in forming an estimate of her ability to acquit herself with credit. In the duel between the disguised Viola and Aguecheek, to which both are such reluctant parties, Shakespeare has adroitly combined the romantic with the purely comic, and has created a character that is enchantingly typical of maidenly purity and womanly address. One of the favorite roles of Neilson and Ellen Terry, Miss Allen last evening played it with a charming naivete of manner and grace."

Photo. Pottenger, Wichita, Kan. LEON MCREYNOLDS.

THE HENRY C. MINER ESTATE.

At the time of the death of the late Hon. Henry C. Miner, many rumors were circulated as to what disposition would be made of the large and varied business interests which he left. The most persistent report was that his widow and the other heirs could not agree, and that the different enterprises would be disposed of. This was positively denied at the time by all the parties interested, who further stated that there would be absolutely no change in the general conduct of the different businesses. This statement has been borne out by the fact that the affairs of the Estate have been continued as they were prior to Mr. Miner's death, without a day's interruption. As will be seen on another page of this number, all the interests have been merged into corporation form, with the members of the family as officers. The scope of Mr. Miner's investments were a surprise to even his most intimate friends, covering, as they did, stock holdings in prominent Western railroads, in New York banks, Southern land companies, and in apartment house, tenement and factory properties in New York, and Newark, N. J., in addition to his theatres, lithographing business and road companies. Many people have wondered how he came to be the owner of New York's oldest drug store, but few knew that this was his original profession, he being a graduate of the Physicians' and Surgeons' College of New York. The name of Miner is known to the theatrical world from one end of the globe to the other, and, established upon the solid foundation on which he left it, the business in the hands of his successors, who were trained by him in their different branches, should continue successful, not only along its present lines, but also in any new ventures they might engage in.

HERRMANN THE GREAT.

By right of birth and tradition, as well as by careful exploitation of magic phenomena, the name of Herrmann will always associate itself with the best in this line of stage presentation. Leon Herrmann, better known as Herrmann the Great, is the last magician of his famous family. Born in Paris, France, Rue de l'Etoile, March 13, 1869, he has accomplished in thirty-five years a remarkable success in the United States and Europe. Instead of repeating old and hackneyed tricks, the present Herrmann is fully modern and up to date. It is, however, in pure sleight of hand that Herrmann excels. He is the creator of almost all the tracks that he performs in his unique entertainment of mysteries. Among the novelties he presents this season can be mentioned his "distillery," which he himself considers to be the chief of all the tricks he has ever presented and in which he offers to the audience all kinds of drinks, from water to champagne, in sixteen empty glasses, which stay on an ordinary tray in plain view of the audience. With his every appearance Herrmann shows radical improvement and is rapidly attaining the perfection and proficiency that are only to be had as the result of years and years of practice, and constant study and research. He is now in his sixth annual tour in America, under the management of the well-known Ed. Thurnaer.

EDWARD N. HOYT.

Edward N. Hoyt, who has been especially engaged by Ernest Shipman to play Jacques in As You Like It, is a Shakespearean actor, well known in the profession, having been over twenty years on the stage. Eighteen years ago Mr. Hoyt was a member of McVicker's Stock company, Chicago, and since then has supported Frederick Warde two years, Louis James four years, and Robert Mantell two years. He has been also with Charles B. Hanford, the late Frank Mayo, the late Margaret Mather, and Robert Downing. Mr. Hoyt is especially strong in classic and tragic roles, and he is greatly aided by a naturally powerful, deep voice. Mr. Hoyt won great praise for his finished performance of Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet last season, and he is now winning new laurels by his excellent rendition of Jacques in As You Like It. Mr. Hoyt will doubtless appear next season as a star at the head of a Shakespearean company, probably as Hamlet.

DAMON LYON.

Damon Lyon, whose photograph appears in this number, began his stage career when but 12 years old, at which time he appeared in Pinafore. He secured a free scholarship at the National Conservatory of Music, New York city, and since has played with Augustin Daly, Richard Mansfield, and other prominent players and managers. Last season he was with Otis Skinner, and this season has made an excellent impression as Lord Kilspindie with J. H. Stoddart in Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. His father was an actor of the old school and well known.

SIGNORA PASQUALINA DE VOE.

Signora Pasqualina De Voe, whose picture appears in this issue of THE MIRROR, as Countess Mei de Oro, in A Royal Slave, has been featured and made a hit in the part this season. Her Italian birth and prepossessing appearance especially fitted her for the part of the Spanish countess. Miss De Voe was born in Italy and reared in Massachusetts. She studied elocution with Professor S. R. Kelley, of Boston, and made her debut as a reader at the Hollis Street Theatre, in 1893, while in her teens. She has toured successfully as Pauline in Tour, in Devil's Island, and has played at the head of her own company in Camille, East Lynne, Leah, Monte Cristo, and Ingomar. She created the role of Lindy Putnam in Quincy Adams Sawyer, and is engaged to originate a leading role in an ambitious new production.

BARNEY GILMORE.

Mr. Gilmore is still meeting with success with Kidnapped in New York, the play which the public never seem to tire of. Mr. Gilmore each year adds to the excellence of his production with new scenery and new specialties, and has this year written, and sings, three new songs, which have been received with delight by his audiences. The company this year is stronger than heretofore, and includes the well-known Shirley Sisters, who have been with this organization since the piece was first produced. Mr. Gilmore will play Kidnapped in New York until April; then he will produce a romantic comedy drama, entitled Brennan on the Moor, written by Fitzgerald Murphy, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

ISABELLE EVESSON.

Isabelle Evesson, whose portrait appears in this number, is well known to the profession, and this season is winning recognition as Viola Allen's successor as Donna Maria Dolores in In the Palace of the King. One critic in speaking of her work says: "She has taken up the part where her predecessor laid it aside, and fulfils the requirements demanded by the exacting role. Her work is of the highest artistic order, and she is deserving of great praise for the capability displayed in the portrayal of the character."

CLARA TAPSFIELD

Clara Tapsfield is pictured in this number in the last act of Sweet Clover, in which she is making quite a hit for her artistic work as Aunt Abigail. Miss Tapsfield wears some valuable costumes, including a shawl presented to her by a friend in Halifax, N. S. She also wears an antique necklace, an old heirloom brought here from England in 1632. Miss Tapsfield will, on March 10, celebrate her quarter century on the stage, twelve seasons of which was under Lewis Morrison's management in Faust.

BLANCHARD BRAND.

Blanchard Brand, formerly Mrs. Maud Blanchard Daly, is now in her second season as Harriet Trenton in Jule and Elmer Walter's production of A Thoroughbred Tramp, in which she is winning praise from the critics, as well as well deserved appreciation from the public. Miss Brand is well known throughout the profession, and her friends will be pleased to learn of her success. Her portrait appears in this number.

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH.

Samuel Harden Church, whose portrait appears in this issue of THE MIRROR, is the author of the play, The Brayton Episode, which is being presented on special occasions by Sarah Truax. Mr. Church is at work on a more pretentious play, in which Oliver Cromwell will be a dominating, though subordinate character.

CHARLES BALSAR.

Between Shakespeare's Romeo, which Charles Balsar portrayed for a season of forty-four weeks with both artistic and financial success, and Handsome Harry in The Minister's Daughters, there is a wide gap, but this young actor's versatility has enabled him to bridge it. In a conversation with the late Joseph Haworth, Mr. Haworth remarked: "The actor who can portray and depict Shakespearean characters and can thoroughly master the art of reading blank verse will experience little difficulty in modern roles." Upon the advice of Mr. Haworth, Mr. Balsar has not confined himself to one line of parts, but has made a careful study of characters in the Shakespearean, romantic and modern drama. Mr. Balsar's portrait appears in this number.

MARIE PETTES

Marie Pettes, one of the most prominent of the younger leading women of the profession, has shown such remarkable improvement in her work each year that her rapid advancement has been a natural result. In four years Miss Pettes has played over one hundred parts, ranging from Cissy in What Happened to Jones to Harriet Fordyce in The Earl of Pawtucket. When the road company for The Earl of Pawtucket was engaged, Miss Pettes was selected for Harriet, and her success has been most pronounced. Simple and natural in her methods, she never fails to convince her audience.

JESSIE BONSTELLE.

Jessie Bonstelle occupies so prominent a place as a stock company leading woman and is so well known in the profession that any words written of her must needs be repetitious. She is this season the leading woman of the Proctor Stock company at Proctor's 125th Street Theatre, and has lately scored great successes in Madame Sans Gene and Woman Against Woman. Her impersonations are characterised by fine womanliness, sincerity and mastery of the technique of her art. In many cities of the country she has won personal popularity, and during the present season she has become a great favorite among the patrons of the Proctor playhouse.

Photo McMichael and Gro, N. Y.

FROM MARTIN HARVEY.

Pray accept my hearty congratulations on the occasion of the "Jubilee Number" of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR. *With the compliments of the season,*

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Martin Harvey

DAN SULLY'S NEW PLAY.

Dan Sully, who has appeared before the public in many and varied characters during his long stellar career, expects to achieve his greatest success in the role of Hon. Morgan O'Connell, in his new society play, The Chief Justice, that has been specially written for him by Fitzgerald Murphy, author of The Old Mill Stream, in which he is at present appearing. The new character is that of a brilliant Irish-American jurist, who is a tower of strength in the political, social and financial world, and presides over the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. The play will receive its first production the last of the year. Mr. Sully says that the strength of the piece lies in its absolute fidelity to the truth of modern life. It is a play of to-day. It is said to possess a high order of literary merit, abounding in epigram, wit, strong dramatic scenes, plenty of heart interest, and pathos. Three distinct love stories are woven into a play that deals with the foibles of society, the methods of the new school of "high finance," the modern trust evil, and the insidious efforts of organized capital to control the courts through the medium of political corruption. Mr. Sully has such faith in the new play that he is giving it an elaborate scenic investure and engaging the strongest company possible.

JAMES J. BROWN.

The subject of this sketch, an excellent portrait of whom appears in this issue, is one of the clever young actors of the day, who is advancing to the front ranks of his profession. He is this season approaching still nearer the front by his artistic representation of the part of Orlando, in Ernest Shipman's production of As You Like It, which is now touring the South and West. Mr. Brown is a student of human nature, besides possessing a fine voice and stage presence, and his versatility is notable. Last season he departed from tragedy and enacted the part of Captain Cholmondeley, with Grace George, in William A. Brady's production of Pretty Peggy. This season he made his first venture in the role of Orlando.

GRACE WELBY.

Grace Welby, whose picture appears in this number, one of the most successful of the younger leading women of the stage, is winning the warmest praise from the press, public and managers wherever she appears. She was for two seasons leading woman with Carl Haswin in The Silver King and Lion's Heart, and last season played leads in Alaska. She is this season the leading woman with New York Day by Day, and is acknowledged the best, by far, that has ever played the part.

Photo. Marceau, N. Y. DANIEL SULLY.

VAUDEVILLE. | VAUDEVILLE. | VAUDEVILLE. | VAUDEVILLE.

From the Burlesque Tragedy Stars

Jules AND Ella Garrison

GREETING:

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to Our Friends.

"I would go up to the gates of hell with a friend, through thick and thin.
The other said, as he bit off a concha's end, I would go in!"
—John Ernest McCann.

Time all filled for this season. Now booking for '04 and '05

In active preparation a $2,000 production for vaudeville, written by the well-known SUCCESSFUL writer MR. EDMUND DAY; full particulars later. Sincerely yours,

JULES AND ELLA GARRISON.

PERMANENT ADDRESS, :: GARRISON VILLA, :: EAST NORWALK, CONN.

ORIGINALITY

STINSON AND MERTON

IN VAUDEVILLE

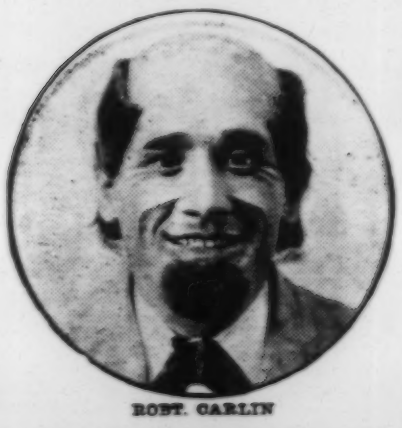
IMMENSE SUCCESS EVERYWHERE

CARLIN AND OTTO

ENDORSED BY PRESS AND PUBLIC TO BE

THE BEST DUTCH ACT IN VAUDEVILLE

Carlin and Otto, German comedians, are everything that has been claimed for them. From the moment that they enter until they leave they have the crowd convulsed, and with a more pretentious setting, that is a feature of other acts of the kind, they would be hailed as new stars in the dialect comedian line.
—Rochester Union and Advertiser, Nov. 24.



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FRANK OTTO

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MASTERS OF THE XYLOPHONE.

Season 1897-98—Weber and Field's "Vesta Tilley Vaudeville Co."
" 1898-99—Weber and Field's "Pousse Cafe Co."
" 1899-00—Weber and Field's "Joseph Hart Vaudeville Co."
" 1900-01—Dates.
" 1901-02—Shea and Kreitner's "Fiddle-dee-dee Co."
" 1902-03—Rush and Weber's "Ross and Fenton's Vaudeville Co."
" 1903-04—Rush and Weber's "Bonton Company."
" 1904-05—OPEN.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Address, 357 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. Yours Respectfully, JAMES and ALBERT JOHNSTON.

WRIGHT LORIMER IN THE SHEPHERD KING

Wright Lorimer, who will shortly be seen on Broadway in a splendid production of The Shepherd King, has been for years one of the best leading men of the country. He began his theatrical career as a "super" in the Dearborn Theatre Stock company, of Chicago, and in a few months' time was playing important parts. His rise since then has been rapid. About two years ago, while making a Summer pedestrian tour abroad, he spent several weeks in Palestine. It then occured to him that the story of David, the shepherd boy who became king, afforded splendid opportunities for the writing of a romantic drama. The outgrowth of this idea is The Shepherd King, which was finally written by him in collaboration with Arnold Reeves. The play follows novel and original lines, and it is purely romantic in its development. Mr. Lorimer will spare no expense in the production, which will cost over $40,000 before the curtain is raised. The armor and many of the costumes will have to be made abroad, as the scenes of the play are laid a thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era, and research will have to be made in the museums of the old world so that everything will be historically correct.

Photo Winearff Chicago. FIELDING THACHER.

FIELDING THACHER.

Fielding Thacher joined R. L. Cressy's forces last year and was light comedian in A Ruined Life, playing the role of Dick Snelling the greater part of the season. Later he was given the leading juvenile role of Bob in The Younger Brothers, under the same management. Mr. Thacher has resumed his vocal studies with R. C. Cuttriss Warde, preparatory to entering musical comedy. His abilities as a comedian place him in the foremost rank as an actor, and he has a baritone voice of remarkable purity of tone, wide range and strong dramatic force. Mr. Thacher has been connected with some of the best metropolitan companies, as well as stock companies playing Chicago, Milwaukee, Omaha and Louisville.

Photo. Ellsmith, Cincinnati, O.

BERENICE BELKNAP.

MRS. FISKE.

Mrs. Fiske is having a fine season in Mary of Magdala and Hedda Gabler, in both of which she appears in the very flower of her art, to the delight of the most cultivated, and therefore to the most appreciative, audiences in this country. Next season Mrs. Fiske may be seen as Lady Macbeth.

ANDREW AND WILL POWERS.

Andrew and Will Powers, formerly of the Three Powers Brothers, who were among the leading artists in their line in America and Europe, are now playing the stellar roles in Gus Hill's production of Alphonse and Gaston. Among the many important organizations with which they were associated before the present season were the Miss Manhattan company, Hanlon's Superbs, Thatcher, Rich and Harris' Tuxedo, Kidnapped in New York, Weber and Fields, the Flying Jordans' Vaudeville company, and the Barnum and Bailey, Forepaugh, and Wallace circuses. They have, besides, appeared in all the important music halls of Europe. While playing at the Alhambra in London they received a command to appear before the Prince of Wales (now the King) at Buckingham Palace. They did their bicycle act upon that occasion, and so pleased was the Prince with their performance that he presented each of the brothers with a handsome scarfpin. After their season in Alphonse and Gaston Andrew and Will Powers will make a tour on the Orpheum Circuit to California and will then go to Europe for a season of ten weeks. They will return to America the following season.

INEZ SHANNON AND HER CHILDREN.

Ines Shannon and her children, Little Frances and Baby Zyliah Shannon, are this season winning many laurels in Charles B. Hanford's production of Richard III. Miss Shannon plays Lady Anne, and the children play Edward, Prince of Wales, and Richard, Duke of York, respectively. As an emotional actress Ines Shannon has won a prominent place on the American stage, and she is particularly successful in Shakespearean roles. She prefers, however, the modern drama, and intends to devote herself to that line of work in the future. Besides her abilities as an actress she is a devoted mother, and her children evidence the careful training that they have received at her hands. They are now only five and eight years old, but their work on the stage is equal to that of many an adult professional in artistic polish.

AL. W. MARTIN'S ENTERPRISES.

Al. W. Martin, of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, is operating more widely this season than ever before. He has two splendid Uncle Tom's Cabin companies on the road—one in the East and the other in the West. Both are equipped with handsome scenery and the best of lighting effects. A military band and a double orchestra accompanies each organization. Mr. Martin has also on the road a fine production of Ten Nights in a Bar Room, in the mounting of which he invested $25,000. All three of the companies are playing to capital business.

THE GROVER BROTHERS' COMPANIES.

For this season and next the Grover Brothers are offering a very strong list of attractions. They are: In Old Virginia, Leonard Grover's drama, with an exceptionally good cast and a fine production; No Fool Like an Old Fool, with Leonard Grover, Jr., as the old French dancing master; three companies in The Minister's Daughters; A Woman Against the World; Blind Man's Luck, and a revival, with an all-star cast, of Leonard Grover's most successful comedy, Our Boarding House.

FLORENCE HAMILTON.

Thurber and Nasher have signed a five years' contract with Florence Hamilton to star under their management, commencing next August. Miss Hamilton is now featured by Corse Payton, and has been under his management for the past seven seasons. She will be supported by a strong company. Her repertoire will consist of plays well suited to her, and many of them are well-known New York and London successes. One of the highest salaried vaudeville acts has been engaged as a special feature—Paulinetti and Piquo, who are now filling a six months' engagement at the Hippodrome, London, England.

LITTLE CORA QUINTEN.

Little Cora Quinten, the well-known child actress, is in her third season and is being featured as the Little Mother in The Fatal Wedding. She originated the role and has won great success in it. Next season she expects to appear in New York in a new play. Her mother, Louise K. Quinten, the character and dialect actress, is playing Bridget, "the lady cook," in The Fatal Wedding with success.

SUCCESS OF THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

The Sign of the Cross company, under the direction of Fred G. Berger and R. G. Graerin, is drawing splendid audiences despite the depression in theatricals generally. At the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day, the total receipts for the matinee and night performances were $3,273.95. And this, too, at popular prices. The total receipts for the week at the Grand Opera House were $7,412.10.

ROBERT B. MANTELL.

Robert B. Mantell, assisted by Marie Booth Russell and an efficient company, has been playing in The Light of Other Days for the past two weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to crowded houses. This is the first time in ten years that Mr. Mantell has been seen in New York, and he was welcomed back as a long-lost son. He plays his famous dual role in The Corsican Brothers before he closes this engagement, and at the end of it he has a forty week's offer, at $800 a week, to appear in vaudeville in his famous one-act play, A Lesson in Acting, written for him thirteen years ago by John Ernest McCann.

JAMES K. HACKETT.

James K. Hackett doesn't waste much time with a play that does not appeal to the public, and that is why he closed John Ermine of the Yellowstone three weeks ago and began rehearsals on a new play, the title of which is jealously guarded; but it may be Le Secret de Polichinelle (Punchinello's Secret), by Pierre Wolff. Mr. Hackett is also managing the tour of Isabel Irving, and is one of the busiest actor-managers in the world.

WILL M. CRESSY AND BLANCHE DAYNE.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne are among the headliners who are very popular with the lovers of good vaudeville. Since his entry into this branch of the profession Mr. Cressy has written all of the sketches in which he and his wife have appeared, and has also written for other performers. His success in providing good material for his fellow-players has been most remarkable. Up to date he has written no less than seventy acts, having completed the last one for May Edouin and Fred Edwards in November. Almost every one of the acts Mr. Cressy has written has been a hit, and many of them are gems of the first water.

ESTELLE WORDETTE.

Estelle Wordette, the pretty young ingenue, has been a feature of the leading vaudeville houses for some time past, presenting, assisted by her own company, the successful sketches A Honeymoon in the Catskills and When a Cat's Away. She is now negotiating for a tour in a popular play by Denman Thompson, in which she will be featured.

OLIVE M'VINE.

Olive McVine, now playing with Shore Acres as Millie Berry, is pictured in this number. She dances the waltz, clog and gaiety dances, the Spanish and several other dances, and sings coon songs, this being her specialty. Olive is six years old. Her mother plays the part of Mrs. Leonard in Shore Acres, and had been on the stage before marriage. Little Olive has much talent and promises, when she is older, to be a capital actress.

THOMAS E. SHEA.

Thomas E. Shea is touring in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The Bells, Richelieu, Banished by the King, The Hunchback's Daughter, The Man-o-War's Man, Othello, The Pledge of Honor, The Slaves of Sin, and The Voice of Nature, under the management of James Wall, supported by a strong company.

JOHN TYRRELL.

John Tyrrell, the juvenile actor, who has played in the support of some of our most eminent stars, has been compelled to remain in San Francisco this season, but hopes to be free to return to New York by next August.

SELWYN AND CO.

Selwyn and company, play brokers, of New York, represent managers and dramatists. They furnish a catalogue of their goods for the asking, to proper persons.

YOUNG TOBE HOXIE.

Young Tobe Hoxie, the pastoral comedy drama, under the management of Charles D. Miller, is winning golden opinions from the press the country over.

DAVE NOWLIN.

Dave Nowlin, who made such a great success in vaudeville, is now creating a new reputation for himself in legitimate comedy. He has been one of the features of the Peck and His Mother-in-Law company this season, and his songs, mimicry and delightful portrayal of the leading juvenile role have in a great measure contributed to the phenomenal success of the play.

JULES AND ELLA GARRISON.

Jules and Ella Garrison, the clever burlesque tragedy stars, have been so successful in their vaudeville work for the past few seasons that they have been able to book into 1904-05. Mr. Garrison has in preparation for production in vaudeville a new act, written by Edmund Day, on which he will spend $2,000 in scenery, costumes and accessories.

EDWARD DOYLE.

Edward Doyle, the juggler, who is at present touring the leading music halls in Europe, was born in Springfield, O., June 17, 1882. He moved to Columbus, O., his present home, in 1890. He entered the profession as a baton expert in 1896, with Al. G. Field's Minstrels, and remained with that company five seasons. His first venture at juggling was at the Dunkirk, Ind., Fair, July 4, 1901, and the following season he joined the Harry Ward Minstrels. He then entered vaudeville, advanced to the front rank rapidly, and is now recognized as one of America's leading jugglers. He will return to America early in the Spring and will appear at the principal parks during the Summer months.

HAPPY FANNY FIELDS.

Happy Fanny Fields, who is now delighting the Londoners with her qualnt specialty at the Canterbury and Paragon music halls, may be numbered among the Americans who have made a successful bid for the favor of the European theatregoers. Miss Fields impersonates a jolly, care-free Dutch girl, and her personality is so engaging that she carries everything before her while she is on the stage. She has a natural, hearty laugh that is very infectious, and the spectator must be cold indeed who will refuse to respond to the sunshine of her smile. The word "Happy" was added to her name by an enthusiastic manager in the United States, and it fits her so well that she is known by it off as well as on the stage. She is booked ahead for several years in the leading music halls of Europe.

JOE, MYRA AND BUSTER KEATON.

Joe, Myra and Buster Keaton make up a trio in vaudeville that are hard to beat. Mr. and Mrs. Keaton have been before the public for several years, and a few seasons ago they introduced their talented little son, Buster, who has proved more than an acquisition to their forces. Mr. Keaton is an accomplished comedy acrobat and does many tricks on a table that are original and very amusing. Mrs. Keaton is a clever comedienne and musician, and does her full share in making the sketch in which the Keatons appear the success that it is. To little Buster, however, belongs much of the credit for the popularity of the trio, as in the short time he has been before the public he has shown comedy talents of a high order. He is constantly surprising his parents by introducing new bits of business and gags, and in spite of the praise that he has won, he is just as unaffected as a boy of his age ought to be. There is a great future in store for Buster if he develops as well as he has begun.

Photo. Stacey Brooklyn.

LITTLE CORA QUINTEN.

MAUDE COURTNEY.

Maude Courtney, "The Girl Who Sings the Old Songs," has been in England for many months, and her specialty has taken so well with our British cousins that her time on the other side of the ocean is fully booked for three years ahead. Miss Courtney's first great success was made at the Casino Roof-Garden, New York, where she sang the songs that will live forever, to very appreciative audiences for an entire Summer. She afterwards toured the principal vaudeville houses from Maine to California, winning high praise for her excellent singing, as well as for her modest, unassuming manner on the stage.

STINSON AND MERTON.

Stinson and Merton are still among the most reliable fun-makers in vaudeville, and are continually putting new material into their sketch. Mr. Stinson is the originator of some of the best gags in vaudeville, which are widely imitated and appropriated by performers in legitimate circles as well as in vaudeville.

THE CHICAGO STOCK COMPANY.

The Chicago Stock company recently lost its entire equipment of scenery and stage effects by the burning of the Opera House, at Coshocton, O. Manager Callahan, of the New Sixth Street Theatre, tendered the use of his playhouse for a benefit performance, and the local band, the orchestra, two printing houses and the stage employees volunteered to aid Manager Rosskam and his company. The benefit was a huge success. On the following Monday the company opened the new Grand Opera House, at Toledo, and is now playing a two weeks' engagement there. Carpenters and scene painters have been working steadily since the fire on a new and handsome equipment for the company.

Photo. Conlr, Elkhart, Ind. PASQUALINA DE VOE.

As Countess Ines De Oro in A Royal Slave.

America's Real Laughalogue

JAMES J. MORTON

Who for a stipend, otherwise a consideration, can and does deliver original "take-offs" and "give-outs." Booked solid until May 16. *All my wardrobe* made in Newark, N. J., and not controlled by a syndicate. *"Oh, Shush! and my sister has a horse."*

Next Season—Martin Beck says I can work with the Orpheum Show!

MENIFEE JOHNSTONE AND BELLE STODDARD

IN

THE GOLDEN ROSE

WRITTEN FOR THEM BY THAT GREATEST OF SKETCH WRITERS, EDMUND DAY.

D. F. HENNESSY, Agent

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4 RIANOS 4

A Sensational Comedy Sketch in Africa

ONE OF THE BIGGEST ACROBATIC COMEDY SUCCESSES OF THE SEASON. BOOKED SOLID UNTIL OCTOBER.

ALBERT BELLMAN and MOORE LOTTIE

Presenting

A Gallery Goddess

By ROBERT DAVIS and EDMUND DAY

Herr Ludwig von Steinwitz .....
Jack Harrison ..... } *Mr. Albert Bellman*

Louise Eastman ..... *Miss Lottie Moore*

JUST ROSS AND FENTON

Greetings to Friends.

"COULD SAY MORE—BUT WHAT'S THE USE?"

Gillett's Musical Dogs

HIT OF TWO CONTINENTS.

Agents, or MIRROR.

THE 4 HUNTINGS

A NIGHT IN THE FOOL HOUSE

SIX MUSICAL CUTTYS.

A remarkable family of musicians are the Six Musical Cuttys. Their names are Elizabeth, Eleanor, Margaret, Thomas, William, and John, and, unlike many artists using the same name, they are brothers and sisters. Four of the sextette have been headliners in vaudeville since their first appearance at the Orpheum, Brooklyn, in September, 1901. A year ago last Summer they played a continuous engagement of eight weeks at the Cherry Blossom Grove in this city, where they created a furore by their unique and entertaining specialty. They have also appeared in every vaudeville theatre of any consequence in the United States. Their new act has been one of the biggest successes of the season, and the headline features of the principal vaudeville houses this season. They open with a sextette of tuba slide trombones, which were made especially for them, and follow this with a sextette of xylophones, both combinations being entirely new. They also introduce violin and 'cello solos and one or two songs. Their effort has been to make the new specialty the finest musical act before the public, and they have spared neither pains nor expense to carry out their plan.

CHARLES DICKSON.

Charles Dickson, the well-known light comedian, is at present appearing in vaudeville with his own company, presenting two attractive sketches, A Pressing Matter and Heart to Heart Talks. He has in preparation two new one-act plays, which he will do later on this season. One is called A Morning Plunge, an original play by Mr. Dickson and Henry White, late dramatic critic of the Brooklyn "Times." It will require special scenic and lighting effects. The other is called The Third Chapter, and is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Dickson. During his career on the stage Mr. Dickson has never met with more appreciation than he is receiving from the patrons of vaudeville. His work is so finished and the charm of his manner is so potent that he never fails to make a good impression. It is players of his class who have done so much to give vaudeville the prestige that it enjoys at the present time.

MR. AND MRS. MARK MURPHY.

Mark Murphy is one of the few comedians on the stage to-day who can give an unexaggerated and true-to-life portrayal of the Irishman. He has a natural, easy brogue, and understands how to take off the idiosyncrasies of the Celt to perfection. Mr. Murphy and his wife have been in vaudeville for several seasons, and they are established favorites with the patrons of the best houses. This season they are appearing with much success in a sketch called Why Doogah Swore Off, in which the talents of both have full scope. They have in preparation a new act written especially for them by Joe Flynn, called The Coal Strike, in which a burlesque rehearsal of Romeo and Juliet occurs. Mr. Murphy is confident that his Irish Romeo will be the best thing he has ever done, and the piece will be put on in a careful and elaborate manner.

J. A. MURPHY AND ELOISE WILLARD.

J. A. Murphy and Eloise Willard are big favorites in their well known specialty. Their method of extracting humor from odd subjects has placed them in the front rank of vaudeville entertainers. Their system of satirizing the circumlocution of the lexicographer or etymologist, has long been a source of hearty laughter for theatregoers, and their supply of this material seems inexhaustible. They have a happy faculty of presenting the ludicrous side of commonplace topics, and gain more applause for their method of delivery than for the material itself, and this, combined with a number of indescribably ridiculous situations and the interpolation of original business, goes to make up a thoroughly modern vaudeville act.

LOLITA.

Mlle. Lolita is a beautiful and accomplished Spanish dancer and pantomimist who hails from Paris. She came here a short time ago, fresh from her triumphs in the European capitals, and there is no doubt that she will repeat her success in the United States. Her dancing has all the grace and abandon characteristic of the Spanish, to which there is added a certain charm peculiar to herself. She was the favorite pupil of the late Domingo Arriasce, of Madrid, the greatest master of Spanish dancing. In Paris and St. Petersburg Lolita has appeared with great success, her beauty being especially commented on. Here in America, where grace, good looks and charm are as potent as they are in other countries, Lolita may expect to become a fixed favorite.

GEORGE FULLER GOLDEN.

George Fuller Golden, the eminent American comedian, has won over the people of London and other cities in England so completely that it is hardly likely that he will be seen here for many years to come. Mr. Golden's originality, unction and magnetism simply took the Britishers by storm, and they have made him feel that he is one of the most welcome of the many entertainers that have gone over from this side of the ocean. He opened at the Palace, and his success was so great that his engagement was extended for almost an entire year. It would have lasted twelve consecutive months but for the fact that eight weeks of this time had previously been contracted for and the provincial managers refused to release him. The leading critics of London have praised Mr. Golden's work most enthusiastically.

HARRY AND SADIE FIELDS.

The combination picture, printed elsewhere, represents Harry and Sadie Fields in their new sketch, Becky and Izzy. The upper part depicts a character new to vaudeville—the youthful Jew, and the lower one the same person as he appears when advanced in years. Mr. Fields has taken his new characters from real East Side life and they have proved to be one of the season's best efforts. This versatile couple have been a great success in the legitimate, having been especially engaged during the past few seasons in The Road to Ruin and Rachel Goldstein. This season they will remain in vaudeville and they have succeeded in booking a most satisfactory list of good engagements.

SNYDER AND BUCKLEY.

Snyder and Buckley entered the profession as a team in 1891, doing club and lodge work. They then joined Barlow Brothers' Minstrels and played forty-two weeks of one-night stands. After that they were with the City Sports, Big Sensation, Fay Foster company, and Hogan's Alley. They played for four years steadily without a rest. In 1899 they went to England, where they were very successful. They had appeared at several vaudeville houses during these years, but their real value was discovered by M. Shea while they were playing his house in Buffalo. His strong recommendation gave them the entree to all the best houses, and since that time they have been on the top wave of popularity.

HARMONY FOUR.

The Harmony Four, who sailed recently for England, are now scoring a huge success on the Moss and Thornton Tour. The quartette is made up of T. C. Bergeron, Edward Hughes, F. M. Barrett, and Alexander Ferguson. Early last Summer the Harmony Four played at Delmar Garden, Oklahoma City, O. T., and they were so successful that the management of the Garden was offered to and accepted by Mr. Bergeron, who will return there next season with his fellow players, to begin another long engagement. They are due to arrive here on May 22, 1904.

HARRY LE CLAIR.

On his own merits as a unique comedian and by always using up to date material, Harry Le Clair has in the past few years advanced himself to a headline position in the vaudeville world. As a merry-maker in satirical impersonations of famous actresses, he certainly stands alone and can easily lay claim to the titles of the "Bernhardt of Vaudeville" and the "Duse of Comic Drama." He has booked his entire season and will introduce many new features from time to time.

SMIRL AND KESSNER.

Harry Smirl and Rose Kessner have been meeting with great success in their acrobatic and dancing sketch, The Acrobatic Bellboy and the Dancing Maid, during the past two years. Mr. Smirl is one of the cleverest acrobats in the profession, and has comedy talents of a high order. Miss Kessner is a graceful and agile dancer and a bright comedienne. Their pet Maltese poodle, "Pinkie," is a special feature of their act.

CHARLES BURKE AND GRACE LA RUE.

Charles Burke, of Burke Brothers, and Grace La Rue and her well-known "Inky Boys" have joined hands and are presenting in vaudeville this season a laughable comedy sketch entitled The Silver Moon. Its success has been instantaneous.

BERENICE BELKNAP

Miss Berenice Belknap is one of the rising young leading women in the profession. She has been connected with a number of the best road attractions, and is at present making a decided hit in the leading heavy role, the Countess Inez De Oro, in Gordon and Bennett's A Royal Slave (Eastern). Her picture shows her in this character.

VAUDEVILLE. VAUDEVILLE.

A
Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year
To All

Wm. Morris
VAUDEVILLE AGENT
43 W. 28th Street, New York
84 Clark Street, Chicago

AMONG THE LEADERS
GEO. W. HUSSEY
America's Best Dialect Ventriloquial Comedian And his comedy CHARACTER figures
Address 43 WEST 28th STREET, Care WM. MORRIS.

The 8 Champions
European Novelty Acts

ACROBATIC DANCERS.
Manager, B. OBERMAYER.

DELMORE AND LEE.

Delmore and Lee have won for themselves a brilliant reputation by their extremely clever work on their novel and original apparatus, built and patented by themselves. Their personal appearance is striking, and this, combined with their cleverness, has always made their act one of the showiest and most pleasing in vaudeville. They have been seen and appreciated in all the leading music halls of Europe and America. Delmore and Lee have in preparation a striking novelty to be added to their act in the Spring, prior to their departure for England to commence a tour of the world.

GUS WILLIAMS.

Gus Williams, although an "old-timer," is still very much in the swim and is always sure of a hearty greeting whenever he appears. His monologues are fresh and bright, and he is always on the alert for novel subjects and new jests. Of late he has been appearing in evening dress, and, although he usually speaks with his famous German dialect, he now delivers his recitations "straight," as he finds they go better that way. Mr. Williams is just as popular in vaudeville as he was when One of the Finest was in the height of its success.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Percita invites offers for leads or emotional ingenue parts.

Blanche Holt, of On the Bridge at Midnight company, has a card in this issue.

Alfred Mayo, leading juvenile with Joe Welch in The Peddler, invites offers for next season.

Benjamin B. Vernon, of the Vernon Stock company, addresses managers in another column.

The Eight Champions, acrobatic dancers, in European novelty acts under the management of B. Obermayer, have been very successful this season.

E. J. Van Leuven, manager of the Mount Pleasant Opera House, Mount Pleasant, Mich., advertises open time in January, February, March and April.

H. B. Murphy, manager of the Paris, Tenn., Crete Opera House, wants attractions for 1904-5. Seating capacity, one thousand.

Calvin Fegely and C. M. Vanderallice, executors of the Jacob Fegely Estate, offer the Grand Opera House, of Pottstown, Pa., to some enterprising buyer.

George Berry is stage director of the New American Theatre, Chicago. He is open for an engagement next Summer.

Wagenhals and Kemper have three first stars under their management this season—Louis James, Frederick Warde, and Blanche Walsh. Miss Walsh is starring in Resurrection; Messrs. James and Warde in Alexander the Great, Damon and Pythias, Othello, Macbeth, and Julius Caesar. Their season has been a great success.

Sosman and Landis, of Chicago, advertise artistic, up to date scenery, embodying the latest ideas in stage settings.

A new show printing company, but one old in experience, is coming into prominence in Chicago—The Chicago Show Printing Company. The president of the company, John S. Leander, was foreman of the press-room of the National Show Printing Company for twenty years; the vice-president, Frank Moeschen, was foreman of the engraving department of the same company for eighteen years, and the manager, L. C. Farrar, was cashier and bookkeeper of the National for eight years.

Joseph Slaytor, who was the stage-manager of The Suburban, Shenandoah, America, and all of Imre Kiralfy's outdoor spectacles, is at liberty to accept offers as stage-manager or equestrian or aquatic director for the Summer.

William Bechtel, the impersonator of German and Hebrew characters, is this season winning fresh success as Cohen in James H. Wallick's production of The Queen of the Highway.

Perce R. Benton, the dramatist, has in preparation a play entitled When the World Was Younger. His new drama, The Price of Silence, was produced by the R. L. Cresey Amusement Company, and his other recent drama, My Maryland, was produced by Leavitt Hart and Company.

Hunter Baltimore Rye Whiskey is increasing in popularity every year because of its faultless flavor and perfect purity.

Belasco and Mayer, the Western managers, are constantly enlarging their field of operation, and with each new venture they are winning success. E. D. Price, the general manager for the firm, has his headquarters at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. The firm controls the Alcazar, where their stock company plays regularly, and the Central, in San Francisco, which is devoted to high class stock productions. They are this season conducting the tours of Florence Roberts and of The Dairy Farm on the Pacific Coast, and next season they will send out White Whittlesey in romantic plays.

Bertha Welby is now playing her fourth season under the Mittenthal Brothers' management and is earning high tributes from the press and public.

George W. Hussey is considered among the best dialect ventriloquial comedians in America, and his work is always appreciated greatly by audiences.

Walter M. Leslie is this season business manager for Katie Emmett's tour in The Waifs of New York.

Fred Raymond is having a run of success with his several attractions. Until last season he traveled with one of his companies, and became identified with the part of Zeke in The Missouri Girl. He found that it was an impossibility to travel and play a part for the entire theatrical season, and at the same time give the proper attention to his constantly increasing business, so after many trials and numerous failures, he at last secured a comedian to take his place, and retired from the stage, to devote his entire time to the office work. He established headquarters at Sycamore, Ill., built himself a fine residence, and settled down, directing his several amusement enterprises from the home office. As a playwright he has been most successful.

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Boston Transcript, Oct. 29, 1898.

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A SCARLET SIN

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The New "GRAND" Opera House **TOLEDO, O.**

THE TOLEDO BLADE, one of the most conservative papers in the State, in their issue of Nov. 3d, said: "The Grand Opera House had an auspicious opening last night, the play, Another Helen, by the Chicago Stock Co., being the attraction. The play was handsomely staged, and the work of the company smooth and finished. Two vaudeville features were introduced at each intermission, which were clever and entertaining."

THE TOLEDO NEWS-BEE, Nov. 6th, said: "A large audience witnessed Resurrection at the Grand. Ordinarily such a production is a little beyond the average company but the Chicago Stock gave an exceedingly good rendition of this great work."

Managers with City Time open for stock, repertoire or one piece address International Theatre, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Christmas Week.

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Represent Stock and Repertoire Companies, and
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KILROY and BRITON'S

An Aristocratic Tramp

By LEM B. PARKER.

THE BEST SHOW WITH A TRAMP TITLE ON THE ROAD.

"An Aristocratic Tramp." Many specimens of the genus hobo have been impersonated on the stage, but one of a very peculiar variety drew much laughter and applause from a large audience at Robinson's yesterday. Clare Evans enacted the title-role in Lem B. Parker's new comedy-drama, "An Aristocratic Tramp." There is just enough of the tragic in the play to please the emotional patrons, and it is full of startling scenic sensations. Clare Evans proved that he is one of the best eccentric comedians in this country. His puns and the unique way in which he serves them depart from the stale jokes and their numerous votaries.

The scene of the story is laid in 'Frisco and is sufficiently breezy for all concerned. The small boy thought it was hot stuff. The train scene caught his eye. He whooped with the crowd when the big engine rumbled over the hills, spouting flames and cinders. A bracing Western atmosphere exudes from the production, and it is interspersed with pleasing specialties by the Kilroy and Britton team, Harry F. Cummings and Clare Evans himself in catchy songs and dances.—THE ENQUIRER, CINCINNATI.

Tuscola, Ill., Oct. 31, 1903.—Will Kilroy, Mgr. Aristocratic Tramp Co. Dear Sir: I am congratulating myself and also wish to congratulate you on our success with your production here Oct. 28th of the "Aristocratic Tramp," and to frankly state that it is the best tramp production I have ever played in my house, and am overly pleased with your return after nine weeks, to know that the gross receipts were considerably better. Assuring you I will have open time for any production under your management, I remain yours truly, Frank B. Foster, Mgr. Madison Opera House.

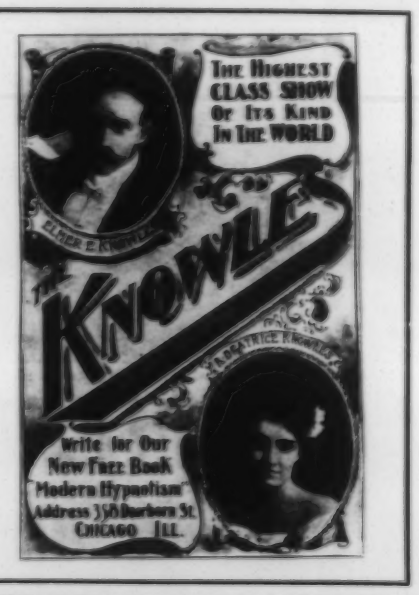
The first of the tramp shows appeared at the Auditorium last night and served to pack the big playhouse. "An Aristocratic Tramp" pleased the large audience. It shrieked when the villain was foiled, and hissed when that ubiquitous individual seemed on the point of success. It is called a marvelous sensational success, and this is very true. Altogether it is an amusing spectacle.—COMMERCIAL-APPEAL, Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 23, 1903.

Sept. 29, 1903. Benjamin M. Stainback, manager Auditorium Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., says: "I played 'An Aristocratic Tramp' last night to excellent business, and have a splendid advance sale for to-night. I consider it the best tramp show I ever booked—and have played nearly all of them. It so pleased my people through their risibles, and me through the box-office, that I am trying to arrange a return date."

Kankakee, Ill., Nov. 10, 1903. W. Kilroy, Mgr. Aristocratic Tramp Co. Dear Sir: I am very much pleased. The "Aristocratic Tramp" made a better showing the second time this season than the first, and our people want it again. Respectfully, C. Cobb, Mgr.

I Guess This Is Bad, Eh?
Send open time for this and next season.

WILL KILROY, Manager.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PARIS, TENN.,

CRETE OPERA HOUSE.

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MIKE S. WHALLEN.

"OXFORD MUSIC HALL, LONDON, Dec. 10, 1903.
"DRAMATIC MIRROR, New York:
"Am doing well. Kind regards to old friends.
"MIKE S. WHALLEN.
"P.S.—I've broken my hot-air pipe."

This message was received a few days ago from Mike S. Whallen, the monologue comedian, who has been in Europe for some time past entertaining the patrons of the music halls with his songs and witty stories. That Mr. Whallen has been successful is proved by the fact that he is booked ahead for two years. A picture of him in another part of THE MIRROR shows him behind the bars of an imaginary cell. The idea intended to be conveyed is that his time is all taken and that he will not be "at liberty" until 1906. Mr. Whallen is such a confirmed jester that he even makes jokes at his own expense, as this picture shows.

Photo. Bell, Memphis. INEZ SHANNON AND HER CHILDREN.

STANTON ELLIOTT.

The accompanying cut presents a good likeness of Stanton Elliott, who is the Bunny of Liebler and Company's successful run of Raffles at the Princess. Last year Mr. Elliott was the John Storm of Liebler and Company's production of The Christian, and on his return to the city in May followed Edwin Arden as Paris in the all-star cast of Romeo and Juliet.

JESSIE MAE HALL.

Jessie Mae Hall, the dainty comedienne, whose picture appears in this number of THE MIRROR, has had a wide and varied experience since she played her first part a few years ago. Her clever and consentious work has stamped her as an artist of the front rank. Many critics have compared her to Lotta and Maggie Mitchell. She will play one of the important roles in Fisher and Ryley's production of The Medal and the Maid, which will open at the Broadway Theatre on Jan. 11, 1904.

Photo. Baker, Columbus, O.

CAROLINE KELLEY McCORD.

MARY HAMPTON.

Mary Hampton opened Dec. 14 in Toledo, at the Empire, in Sowing the Wind. Miss Hampton played the principal part, Rosamond. For two seasons she was on the coast, under Charles Frohman's management, with the Empire Stock company. She was with Charles Frohman, Boston Museum, Daniel Frohman's leading lady, and E. H. Sothern's Enemy of the King company at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and at the Broadway with Jacob Litt's Shenandoah, all of which covered a period of seven years. Over the Keith and Orpheum circuits Miss Hampton was very successful with her own company, in her sketch, The Melodrama. Miss Hampton, as every one knows, is a talented actress.

BARR AND EVANS.

Andrew Barr and Florence Evans are a vaudeville team who for many years past have enjoyed great popularity with the best class of audiences. Mr. Barr is an acrobatic comedian of unusual ability and has a number of amusing tricks in his repertoire that are not done by others. Miss Evans is a character comedienne who knows how to be genuinely funny. She is particularly clever in the delineation of Irish characters, and knows how to put on the brogue to perfection. Barr and Evans' sketch is one of the best of its kind now in vaudeville, and their services are in such demand that they seldom have an idle week from one end of the year to the other.

STETSON'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANIES

Four big companies, Eastern, Northern, and Western Middle States, and Pacific Coast, of Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin, are on tour this season, presenting to big business this well-known production. Leon W. Washburn, the proprietor, has introduced new features every season in his companies, keeping the attractions thoroughly up to date, and as a result his organizations play all the big cities in the United States and Canada to the biggest kind of business and entire satisfaction of large audiences.

IZETTA JEWEL.

Izetta Jewel is a talented young leading woman, whose success has been great both in stock and on the road. She was three seasons at the Castle Square in Boston, her success being social and professional. This year she was the featured leading woman in the big scenic production of Near the Throne, with which she closed to accept the leading role with Richard Buhler in Paul Revere, with which production she soon plays New York.

CAROLINE KELLY McCORD

Above is a good likeness of Caroline Kelly McCord, who on May 1 next will finish two years of vocal and dramatic study, preparatory to her coming tour. She has signed a five years' contract to star in dramatic work and will use plays of the nature now presented by Mrs. Leslie Carter, with whom Miss McCord has often been compared in her work. In appearance she resembles Mrs. Carter in many ways, having also that famous touch of auburn in her hair. Arrangements have been completed whereby Miss McCord will use one of the famous old book plays for her first starring tour, which will open in next September.

ROWLAND AND CLIFFORD'S COMPANIES.

Rowland and Clifford, the Chicago managers, have this season five companies on the road, and each is playing to splendid business. They have three companies playing the successful melodrama, Over Niagara Falls, and two companies presenting the Irish play, The Game Keeper. One of the latter companies is headed by Smith O'Brien and the other by Thomas J. Smith. For next season Rowland and Clifford have two productions in preparation that they promise will be surprises.

A. H. WOODS' NEW VENTURE.

A. H. Woods, lately of the firm of Sullivan, Harris and Woods, has made his first venture since leaving the firm, in producing The Queen of the White Slaves, by Arthur J. Lamb. The melodrama made an enormous success when presented at the Grand Opera House and bids fair to have long prosperity. Next season Mr. Woods will produce three new melodramas by Theodore Kraemer.

THE THURBER AND NASHER COMPANY.

The Thurber and Nasher Company will present Florence Hamilton in a limited number of successful New York scenic productions during the season of 1904-1905. They also have for a star attraction Paulinetti and Piquo, the great European gymnasts, the very highest salaried artists in their line, it is confidently said.

E. D. STAIR'S ROAD ATTRACTIONS.

E. D. Stair's road attractions for 1904-5 include Ward and Vokes in A Pair of Pinks, George Sidney as Busy Izzy, David Higgins and Georgia Waldron in His Last Dollar, and John and Emma Ray in a big new musical attraction. Out of all that talent Mr. Stair ought to have three or four winners.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Milton Roblee's Hotel Bellecliare, at Broadway and Seventy-seventh street, New York, is one of the most luxuriously furnished hotels in New York. Its restaurant is one of its many features, and theatre parties are always looked after personally by Roblee himself, who used to be an actor-manager.

Laura Burt, whose work needs no comment, is this season playing with Sir Henry Irving. The London papers spoke very highly of her acting, as well as the American press. Miss Burt has played leading roles with attractions and stars of prominence for several seasons, and she is one who is ever moving forward and not backward.

This is the fifth successful season of D. Hone Leonard's $11,000 production of Alice in Wonderland, under the management of Colonel John F. Bragg.

Burr McIntosh thinks that for a neat Christmas present a subscription to "The Burr McIntosh Monthly" cannot be surpassed, the Christmas number of which is a beautiful work of art, containing twenty-seven pictures of stage favorites, many in colors.

Manager William C. Richardson appeals to the profession to become his guests, at the Hotel Hanover, when in Philadelphia. Mr. Richardson was formerly business manager of Colonel Sinn's Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

The National Theatrical Protective Association, with headquarters at the Marlowe Theatre, Chicago, is organized for the best interests of managers, agents, treasurers, and business representatives.

A. J. Bachett, manager of the New Opera House, McComb, Miss., advertises open time in January, February, March and April.

The Great Azzimonti, maker of theatrical boots and shoes for many years, has removed from 32 to 40 Union Square, New York.

Francis Conlan, supporting Marie Wainwright, as Malvolio, in Twelfth Night, has made a fine study of Viola's famous steward.

This is Madge Milton's eighth season in the profession, in which she has succeeded in soubrette and ingenue roles. She will head the Curran-Milton company, No. 2, next season.

Miss St. George Hussey is making her usual success in Too Proud to Beg.

A Homespun Heart, one of the busy Hal Reid's many plays of heart interest, under the management of Leon Williams, with A. L. Evans as the hero, Zeb Moore, is in its fourth year and four hundred and fiftieth consecutive performance.

Harry Doel Parker is having his usual success with Lottie Blair Parker's Lights of Home and Under Southern Skies.

Charles L. Lietz still promises, and gives, satisfaction in grease paints, face powders and benzoinated cold cream. His wigs and toupees are in great demand always.

T. H. Winnett buys, sells, leases, revises and writes plays and comedies.

Ferdinand E. L. Torriani's School of Singing and Speaking is still at 480 Fifth Avenue, New Yor.

Parson Price, the voice culturist, has had for pupils Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, Marie Cahill, Ida Conquest, Grace George, Louise Drew, Carlotta Nillson, Clara Bloodgood, and Margaret Fuller.

Maida Craigen has had fifteen years' experience as leading woman and star. She teaches everything the young stage aspirant ought to know.

Charles Payton wishes his many friends, in another column, all the good things of the season.

Harry G. Bates is doing character work in Lovers' Lane and The Fatal Wedding.

The Daniels' Scenic Studios have something to say in another column about their everlasting Silko scenery.

The C. A. Taylor Trunk Works' card, in another part of this issue, will repay perusal.

Otis B. Thayer, not only now, but always, has owned the acting rights to Sweet Clover, the manager, A. A. Thayer, assures THE MIRROR.

The Rev. David S. Cincore is manager of the Colored People's Charity Concerts, in Philadelphia. His address is 1425 Bainbridge Street, that city.

Hugo Goldsmith has just closed with Julia Marlowe, and has been engaged to play the part of Herbert Woodbridge in Lovers' Lane.

The Richard Guthmann Transfer Company, of Chicago, makes a special announcement in this issue of the several branches of its growing business, including scenery transfer, storage, scenery studio and carpenter shop, and trunks and scenery for sale.

Lillian Lawrence, the wonderfully versatile leading lady at the Castle Square, Boston, for many seasons, is there for the season of 1903-4. Miss Lawrence has become such a favorite in Boston that it is doubtful if she can ever get away from there.

Lottie Williams is the star, now for the second season, in her own company, Only a Shop Girl, which pleases wherever produced.

Edwin H. Low's Steamship Agency has been for eighteen years the great booking office of professionals going to Europe. The agency procures the best berths on all steamers to Europe at the lowest rates and particular attention is paid to Professional people. Not one complaint has ever been made in its eighteen years of existence to the Low Agency.

Milton and Dolly Nobles are still starring in vaudeville and are as popular as ever. Mr. Nobles writes all his sketches and plays, and always has written them.

Rosa Rand gives special attention to young girls desirous of adopting the stage as a profession, but takes pains with all her pupils until they graduate.

Harriette Weems is at liberty to accept versatile leads in new productions, musical comedies or romantic drama.

Will Kilroy, manager of An Aristocratic Tramp, by Lem B. Parker, claims the best play with a tramp in it on the road, and his receipts seem to bear out his assertion to the fullest. It is packed with specialties—good songs, dances—and return dates are constantly being arranged.

Claus Bogel, as Oswald in Ghosts, under the management of George H. Brennan, is a success. He played Dr. Rank, in A Doll's House; Fournier, in Miranda of the Balcony; Paul Raymond, in A Bit of Old Chelsea, and Michele, in Little Italy, with Mrs. Fiske. He also was leading man with Mrs. Brune and the Jane Oaker Stock in Denver.

Vance and Sullivan have on the road this season three strong melodramatic attractions that are making remarkable success as "box-office winners." They are The Lighthouse by the Sea, The Little Church Around the Corner, and Her Marriage Vow. Each play is mounted in elaborate spectacular fashion, and is played by an admirable cast.

Jay Hunt promises a melodrama of a new and attractive order in A Scarlet Sin, which he is to produce next season.

The Blythe Dramatic School, of which Helen Blythe, formerly leading lady of Daly's Theatre, is director, is now located at No. 39 West Ninety-seventh Street. Pupils are prepared for the stage in six months' time, and every graduate of the school is now a member of the profession.

Photo. Otto Sarony, N. Y.

STANTON ELLIOT.

The Richard Guthman Transfer Company, of Chicago, has one of the best equipped establishments of its kind in the country. The company has a good show for building scenery, large storage warehouses, and is prompt and reliable in transacting business. The new studio and carpenter shops which the company is building will be the most complete in the country.

The American School of Playwriting is now in its third year and has become an established factor in the theatrical system of the city. W. T. Price, the director of the school, is the author of the standard work, "The Technique of the Drama," and is an acknowledged master in the art of playwriting. Instruction is given by mail as well as at the school in New York.

Quincy Adams Sawyer continues in great popularity on the road and is frequently called by reviewers "the best New England play ever written." It is presented with a fine scenic investiture and is acted by a company of unusual strength.

The National Theatrical Protective Association is rapidly gaining members, having one hundred now, and two hundred applications on file to be acted on next May. The organization is purely fraternal. Arthur C. Thomas is president, Eugene Spofford, vice-president, Sol Braunig, Marlowe Theatre, Chicago, secretary, and Edwin Clifford, treasurer.

William Stuart, a stock comedian, has been associated during the past eight years with the principal organizations in Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Montreal, Newark, and Nashville. Mr. Stuart's earlier experience was with such prominent stars as Richard Mansfield, Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, Booth and Barrett, Frederick Warde, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and Mrs. John Drew.

Photo. Blichler, Beattie, New Orleans AL. H. WILSON.

NEW STAR THEATRE

Will be Completed and Opened SEPT. 4, 1904.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

E. S. BRIGHAM, - - - Sole Prop. and Mgr.

Located near Corner 12th and McGEE STREETS,

in the very centre of the retail shopping district. One to four blocks from all the big department stores. Location and street car facilities unsurpassed. The press and public of Kansas City very enthusiastic about this new theatre and all say it will be a big winner.

Will play combinations, drama, comedy, minstrels, etc.

Seating capacity, first floor, about **800**; second floor, **500**; third floor, **700**. Total, **2,000**. Prices 15c. to 75c.

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The **New Star** will be booked in conjunction with the **Gilliss Theatre** and will be in the **STAIR-HAVLIN CIRCUIT.**

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is breaking all its former records for big receipts this season, which are nearly 50 PER CENT. LARGER than ever before.

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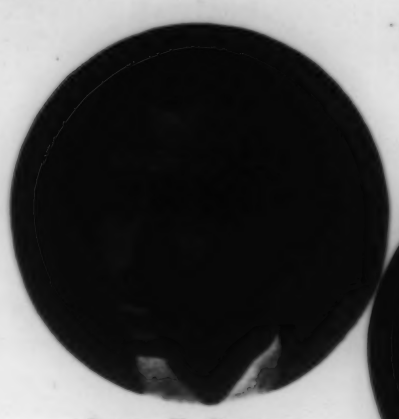

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MUSICAL SHOW

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Now at the 14th Street Theatre. Road tour opens Christmas.

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Vess L. Ossman and Parke Hunter, the banjo soloists, will return to London in April, 1904. Their success there has been remarkable.

Al. Trahern's story ballad, "They All Spoke Well of You," was introduced by Allan May at Atlantic City last week, with pictures, and scored a hit.

Frederick V. Bowers is meeting with continued success in vaudeville. His own songs are scoring heavily.

All Chicago is whistling "Navajo," the new song by Williams and Van Alstyne, that Marie Cahill successfully introduces in Nancy Brown.

Eugene Ellsworth's songs are booming. Many prominent singers have added "For Many Years" to their repertoire, and his coon song, "Whatever Is a-Goin' to Become of Me," is in demand.

Louise Bates, now in stock at the Park Theatre, Providence, introduced "Anona" last week and received many encores. The Providence *Journal* said, "Miss Bates is easily the star of this week's performance. She is artistic in her work and has a pleasing stage presence."

Harry Scanlon, now with the Summer Stock company, writes that two of the best songs of his repertoire are "Anona" and "She's the Pride and Pet of the Lane," published by Leo Feist.

Estelle Saleman made a decided hit at Washington recently with "You've Got to Pay that Groc'ry Bill," being called out five times on the chorus. She is going to use it in her repertoire the entire season. She says it is the best comic coon song she has used for a long time.

"Laughing Water" is introduced by Harry Bulger in Mother Goose, and a tribe of extremely attractive "Indians" enter in full war regalia from a tepee brought on expressly for this number.

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Just Out—New Songs.

Pauline, Then Life Would be Worth While, Just for a Sight of Mother and Home, My Song is From My Heart, There's No Place Like Jonesville, When Susan Went to Sioux Falls to Sue for a Divorce, Sometime You'll Know, etc. Copyrights for sale.

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1903 1904

LEO FEIST

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and
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Don't overlook the fact that the great Story Ballad "Under Southern Skies" is arranged for quartette, and every minstrel show of any importance and all quartettes are using this song with phenomenal success. "Sweet Clover" and "The Girl I Should Have Married Long Ago" are also big favorites everywhere. If you are not singing these songs you're missing great opportunities. Send for them.

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Professional copies and orchestrations, any key, always ready.

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LEW HAWKINS SAYS:

"I'M NEXT TO YOU"

Is the Coon Song Hit of the Year.

Words by Frazier Smith and Jack Burnett; Music by Jack Burnett, composer of "In Dear Old Colorado," "My Little Texas Rosebud," "Ma Coon in the Moon," etc.

CHORUS.

Well! now I guess that I'm next to you, and I see your little game,
In the mornin' I'm goin' down to ask the judge to gimme back my maiden name:
You've trifled 'round in this here town, to me you ain't been true,
Now your home is gone, so be ambitin' on, 'cause I'm certainly next to you.

MELODY EXTREMELY CATCHY.

Ask Lew Hawkins, West's Big Minstrels, Chas. Ernest, Marie Rogers (of the Moonlight Maids Co.), or Pauline Westerley how many encores it gets. Send program to-day and you will get "Next."

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The Popular Singing Comedienne, is creating a sensation singing

"Over the Pilsener Foam" and **"The Sweetest Girl in Dixie."**

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—Refrain On the shore the lights are gleaming, In a cozy home, sweet home, Loving hearts within are dreaming, Of a dear one 'cross the foam: As they pray for his returning, Tho' far distant he may roam. Every night the lights are burning, Ever faithful, Lights of Home.

The New Story Ballad by Al. Trahern.
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OUR THREE "REAL" WINNERS ARE

EVERY MAN IS A VOLUNTEER, - - - - - - - March
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WHAT A NASTY DISPOSITION FOR A LADY LIKE YOU, - Coon

With SOL. BLOOM. . . . NEW AMSTERDAM BUILDING

Williams & Van Alstyne

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Send us a good poem, a good melody or a complete work. We have no favorite writers. All have equal chance. All letters answered promptly.
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—FOR MANY YEARS—
Have Produced

"For Many Years,"

Most Beautiful Ballad heard For Many Years.
The Great "Personal" Song Novelty.
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YOU WANT THESE, THAT'S TRUE.

"I'LL BE TRUE." Waltz Song. This is something beautiful. The sentiment and melody are entrancing. Nothing like it. For ladies or gents.

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THE PEERLESS PUB. CO.

Publish only hits—encore winners: "Sadie Green." "My Bessie's Wedding Day." "Only You and I Love." "Sally." Professionals are invited to call. Our pianists will teach you the songs. 139 WEST 42d STREET, NEW YORK. Remember, only a few doors from DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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With the legions who on happy Christmas Day dispense cheer, comfort and hospitality,

Hunter Baltimore Rye

is the choice because of its faultless flavor and perfect purity.
Long life and prosperity to all.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE BROOKLYN STAGE.

The following attractions played to measurably good business, on the whole, last week: Checkers at the Amphion, The Wayward Son at the Columbia, Al. H. Wilson in A Prince of Tatters at the Folly, The Trocadero Burlesquers at the Gayety, On the Stroke of Twelve at the Gotham, Denman Thompson at the Grand Opera House, Nat Goodwin in A Midsummer Night's Dream at the Montauk, Joseph Santley in From Rags to Riches at the Novelty, Ben Hendricks in Ole Olson at the Park, The Blue Ribbon Burlesquers at the Star, and vaudeville and burlesque at Watson's.

The stock companies presented the following plays: At the Bijou, the Spooners gave The Lottery of Love; at Corse Payton's Fulton Street Theatre the company gave Two Nights in Rome, and at the Lee Avenue they gave Monte Cristo.

Etta Reed Payton is preparing for a Christmas festival at the Lee Avenue Theatre, at which the two stock companies, under her husband's proprietorship and direction, will participate in entertaining a packed houseful of waif children. An enormous tree will be bedecked with gifts, and dolls are especially solicited for presents. Women patrons are dressing these toys for the occasion. REDLAC.

VAUDEVILLE.

Again last week was the Orpheum packed at each performance, and Vesta Tilley's reception as great as that of her preceding week. The number of songs she sang was as high as ten, the act running from forty to fifty minutes. Yorke and Adams, who followed her, parodied some of the airs, and with a bit of costume effect brought down the house. Their work is exceptional and they are certainly deserving of the great success they have attained. Charles Dickson, assisted by Pauline Billings and Harry Goodwin, was seen in his latest attempt, Heart to Heart Talks. He had a hard place on the bill, but the act is such a clever one and his work so pleasing that the audience were not slow in showing their appreciation. Edwin Keough and Dorothy Ballard won repeated encores for their decidedly clever work. The act has been seen here before, but seems to improve each time. Their hard work and evident desire to please have done much to make them great favorites. The Four Rianos, in a novel acrobatic comedy sketch, were positively in their element. Their work is eminently superior to anything of this kind in vaudeville. The startling effects produced by those realistic "monkeys," the excellent comedy and acrobatic feats all tend to bring forth a storm of applause. Bedini and Arthur proved their expertness at juggling and real comedy awkwardness, and Ed Gray in a capital monologue quite distinguished himself. Others who pleased were Reta Redmond, the Faust Trio, and the Magnleys. This week, Victor's Royal Venetian Band, the Great Fulgora, Maud Kennedy, Edmund Day and company, Maxwell's Firemen Quartette, Lew Hawkins, Harding and Ah Sid, and Mlle. Olive. Artesto, a new European novelty, will make its American debut.

The laughing hit of last week's bill at Hyde and Behman's was that made by Billy Van and Rose Beaumont in My Busy Day. The sketch is a good one, and there is a wealth of good comedy throughout. Milly Capell in her wonderful equestrian act was exceptionally well received. It is, without doubt, the best act of its kind before the public to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher in the old reliable, The Half-Way House sketch, greatly pleased. Midgley and Carlisle in their Sammy and Sarah antics won one of their old time receptions. Fisher and Carroll, the always good for a laugh men, more than got their share of applause and laughter. John D. Gilbert in his original work was most entertaining, as was also Aurie Dagwell in her Southern songs. J. C. Nugent and company won appreciation in their pleasing work, and Harper, Desmond and Bailey, in an exceptional singing and dancing specialty, were well received. This week, Holden's manniklns, Edmund Hayes, John F. Leonard, Laura Willard, Dillon Brothers, Mattie Keene and company, Hasker and Lester, Quaker City Quartette, and the Two Lamonts.

Watson's Cosey Corner still continues to good business and is offering some capital bills.

GEORGE TERWILLIGER.

KANSAS CITY'S NEW THEATRE.

With the opening of the season of 1904-05 Kansas City will have a handsome new theatre. E. S. Brigham has closed a ten-year lease and contracts have been let for the New Star Theatre, which will be located near the corner of Twelfth and McGee Streets, the center of the retail shopping district and very close to all the big department stores. The New Star will be a popular-price house, and will play combinations, drama, farce-comedy and minstrels. The prices will range from fifteen cents to seventy-five cents. The seating capacity will be 2,000—first floor, 800; second floor, 500, and third floor, 700. The Star will be completed and opened on Sept. 4, 1904, and will be booked in conjunction with Mr. Brigham's very successful theatre, the Gilliss. It will be in the Stair-Havlin circuit. The Brigham circuit now includes seven theatres—the Gilliss and New Star, in Kansas City; the Grand Opera House and New Auditorium, at Hot Springs, Ark.; the Atchison Theatre, in Atchison, Kan.; the Grand, in Carthage, and the Blake Theatre, in Webb City, Mo.

YALE AND ELLIS' ATTRACTION.

Charles H. Yale and Sidney R. Ellis this season report large business for Al. H. Wilson in Mr. Ellis' play, A Prince of Tatters. The popularity of this attraction, it is said, has never waned from the start, four years ago. Mr. Wilson has won his way in the affections of the public by his high baritone voice, and his soubriquet of "golden voiced singer" has been honestly earned. His six songs, entitled "The Winding of the Yarn," "Whispering Breeze," "Switzelbank," "Jolly River," "Love Is All in All," "Tea Kettle Song," and "My Old Pipe," are very popular, and a part of the performance as much as other necessary accessories that make up a staging play. A Prince of Tatters is now in its second season and, like its predecessor by the same author, The Watch on the Rhine, has made a decided success. The company supporting Mr. Wilson includes Jane Ferrell, Fanny Bloodgood, Florence Stover, Mabel Burt, Bessie Burt, Ross O'Neil, James Bevins, Charles Hayden, Fred A. Sullivan, Al. T. Holstein, J. B. Farrell, Ed Kundson, and others. Messrs. Yale and Ellis have booked Mr. Wilson during the Spring for a tour of the South and West.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

All allow that pure food and fresh air are essentials to this end, but not every one seems to know that right underclothing is practically as important in our climate. And after all's said and done, there is no right underclothing but wool. But the wool must be absolutely pure and the fabric of scientific weave, like Jaeger's, or else half the benefit is lost.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Zeb and Zarrow's Midnight Express broke the record at the new Curtis Theatre, Denver.

The next division of the Stanhope Wheatcroft Dramatic School will commence on Monday, Jan. 4, 1904, for which students are now enrolling.

Weber and Rush, who control a number of successful traveling attractions now on the road, are branching out and now manage the Park Theatre, Youngstown, Ohio. They are building a new theatre at Schenectady, N. Y., which will be ready for opening early next season.

Perce R. Benton has written and staged a new dramatization of Dora Thorne for the R. L. Cresey Amusement Company. The new version is in four acts, and has been so successful since it was produced two weeks ago that Mr. Cresey has ordered a complete new scenic equipment for the Eastern and Southern tour of the company. Mr. Benton is at present with the company playing the character lead.

Anna Hollinger, who is filling an extended engagement with the Grand Opera House Stock company, Memphis, Tenn., is considered one of the most versatile actresses among the younger women of the stage.

Elmer E. and A. Beatrice Knowles are enjoying an unusually prosperous season in the Southern States and, judging from reports during the past ten seasons, the Knowles should be stamped as America's foremost hypnotists. The Knowles are authors of a new book, "Modern Hypnotism."

Professor P. J. Ridge, of Chicago, announces that his Great Western Academy of stage and general dancing is the largest and most complete school of the kind in America. It has been established ten years and commended by the press and professionals. Professor Ridge is assisted by Frances Lee and others.

That the old acts are in the greatest demand to-day in vaudeville is shown by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and company, in An Up-Town Flat, have their entire season booked. The managers have persistently refused to play these clever people in a new act, and are willing to book their present one far ahead into next season.

James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr have now three sketches that they are presenting in vaudeville, and also have a new one in active preparation. Mr. Dolan is one of vaudeville's most prolific author-actors, and all of his sketches, besides being original in theme and treatment, are full of quaint humor that makes them very enjoyable.

James F. Kelly and Dorothy Kent are again announcing their new act, which is almost complete, and will place it on the vaudeville stage next season. Both Mr. Kelly and Miss Kent are inimitable in their line of work, and much will be expected of a new act from them, which is heralded as being better than anything they have ever attempted.

Robert Carlin, of Carlin and Brown, and Frank Otto, of Whalen and Otto, have joined hands, and during the present vaudeville season have been making an enviable name for themselves by their clever work as German comedians. The managers have not been slow in realizing their merit and have booked them well into the future.

Ed Lawrence and Nina Harrington are now in their second season with Joe Welch in The Peddler, doing their clever specialty. They are the originators of The Bowery Boy and Tough Girl in vaudeville, and have been one of the most successful vaudeville teams to enter the legitimate in the past two seasons.

One of the best dog acts in vaudeville is Gillett's musical dogs. It has been the hit of two continents for the past few years, and the many novelties Mr. Gillett is adding for next season will in all probability greatly increase his prestige here and abroad.

Menifee Johnstone and Belle Stoddard are meeting with great success in their entertaining sketch, by Edmund Day, entitled The Golden Rose. They are booked up until April, 1904.

LETTER LIST.

WOMEN.

Avis, Imogen, Pearl Andrews, Helen Ashley, Lora L. Arundel, Anita Abbott, Leonora Ainsworth.

Blake, Marguerite, Anna Bergen, Emilie Bowman, Aileen Bertelle, Lillian Burnham, Kathryn Bloodgood, Viola Bancroft, Dorothy Brenner, Maud Brookman, Pauline Brandon, Alice J. O'Brien, Charlotte Burton, Anna Barton, Beatrice Burke, Edith Barker, Margaret Bourne, Johnstone Bennett, Mable Bordine, Helen Bertram, Kate Beseteau, Miss Jack Boutwell, Jane M. Blair, Minnie T. Brune, Edith Blair, Lillian C. Blair, Marie Balcom, Helen Brackett, Lole A. Benton.

Clinton, Katherine, Nina Carlton, Louise Compton, Una Clayton, Leslie Curtis, Mrs. Howard A. Cook, Violet Curtis, Marie Casmere, Susie Claer, Nina Cunningham, Elizabeth Clark, Lottie Church, Blanch Calvert, Mae Crossley, Carolie Clifton.

Davenport, Alice S., Berna De Vore, Lucille Dyer, Ida Desmond, Birt Dean, Ross de Breniser, Mary Dustan.

Echerhard, Isabella, Margaret Ethredge, Georgia Earle, Mrs. H. Edgerby, Elizabeth Elliott, Lyda Earle, Grace Ellwood.

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Young, Jas. A., Bertram Yost.

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A GLANCE BACKWARD.

ON this twenty-fifth anniversary of THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR a glance backward is pertinent, and may prove interesting. A quarter of a century is an age to which few newspapers among the multitude that are projected attain, and this is particularly true of journals devoted to the professions and the arts.

The first number of THE MIRROR was published from 12 Union Square on Jan. 4, 1879. It was a small sheet of eight pages, but it showed an unusual vitality from the first, and it was scanned on that day by some of the most celebrated actors that ever graced the American stage, for that period was rich in dramatic art as that art was illustrated by the companies of WALLACK and other representatives of the best functions of the stage—a race of managers of whom not a single active member survives.

When the first MIRROR was born the elevated railroads of New York were not six months old, the old Broadway stages were running between Fortieth and Wall streets, and the street cars were drawn by horses. Gas lighted the streets, and the application of electricity as an illuminant was yet for the future. The city then was quiet and sober-going as compared with the activities of to-day, when even the night is brilliant with electricity and teeming with life.

The history of THE MIRROR since that day has been the history of the American stage, for the honor and welfare of which this journal has fought many a battle without a defeat. And in its contests for an artistic and a healthful theatre THE MIRROR has had among its friends and supporters the very elect of the stage. Here are the names of some of those who have been counted among the adherents of THE MIRROR, many of whom have passed away, leaving memories of fine fellowship and art, and others of whom survive with honor to their profession: EDWIN BOOTH, LAWRENCE BARRETT, JOHN GILBERT, JOHN E. OWENS, LESTER WALLACK, JOHN MCCULLOUGH, JOHN T. RAYMOND, FRANK MAYO, JOHN BROUGHAM, E. A. SOTHERN, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE, HENRY CLAY BARNABEE and WILLIAM H. MACDONALD; CHARLES R., Jr., and EDWIN THORNE, Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE S. KNIGHT, Mr. and Mrs. DION BOUCICAULT, NAT C. GOODWIN, JAMES O'NEILL, GUSTAVUS LEVICK, MARK PENDLETON, J. B. STUDLEY, J. B. POLK, W. R. FLOYD, J. K. EMMET, FRANK EVANS, W. H. CRANE, STUART ROBSON, FRANK S. CHANFRAU, JOSEPH PROCTOR, DENMAN THOMPSON, LOUIS ALDRICH, MCKEE RANKIN, J. H. STODDART, W. J. LE MOYNE, FRANK HAMMENBURG, AUGUSTIN DALY, WILLIAM WARREN, ANNIE CLARKE, J. H. RING, DAN MAGUINNIS, NEIL BURGESS, CHARLES A. STEVENSON, MILTON NOBLES, BRONSON HOWARD, GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE, CHARLES T. PARSLOE, ADELAIDE NEILSON, CHARLES COGHLAN, "JIMMY" LEWIS, MARY ANDERSON, ADA REHAN, CLARA MORRIS, ROSE EYTINGE, MAUD GRANGER, MODJESKA, LOTTA, MAGGIE MITCHELL, AIMEE, FANNY DAVENPORT, GENEVIEVE WARD, ADA CAVENDISH, FANNY HERRING, ELLIE WILTON, ANNIE PIXLEY, ADELE RICHMOND, KATE CLAXTON, KATHERINE REIGNOLDS (Mrs. ERVING WINSLOW), SYDNEY COWELL, SARA JEWETT, FANNY MORANT, Mrs. VINCENT, MARY CARY, Mrs. BARRY, ELIZA and JENNIE WEATHERSBY, MATHILDE COTTRELLY, Professor HERRMAN, TONY HART, EDWARD HARRIGAN, BILLY GRAY, JOHNNY WILD, and Mrs. and JENNIE YEAMANS.

The year 1880 saw THE MIRROR'S fight against the threatened production of SALMI MORSE'S Passion Play—the very first of the many battles undertaken by THE MIRROR for the honor and well-being of the American stage. THE MIRROR won that fight, HENRY E. ABBEY withdrawing the play at the last moment. EDWIN BOOTH was of great help to THE MIRROR in that battle, as he condemned the project vigorously.

In 1880, also, THE MIRROR began to urge the necessity of a Fund for actors, advocating the project strenuously and persistently. Views of prominent actors and managers were printed, until the entire profession was aroused to the need of active steps to establish this great blessing to the profession. June 8, 1882, saw the fruition of THE MIRROR'S mission in the foundation and incorporation of the Actors' Fund of America. The first benefit for the Fund was undertaken in that month, at the instance of THE MIRROR. On July 15 LESTER WALLACK was chosen as the first President of the Fund; A. M. PALMER, Vice-President; DANIEL FROHMAN, Secretary, and THEODORE MOSS, Treasurer.

In March of 1883 THE MIRROR began to publish casts of plays in the convenient form still employed; and on April 28 it issued simultaneously in New York and Cincinnati a sixteen-page number in commemoration of the great Cincinnati Shakespearean Festival.

The first special number of THE MIRROR was the Midsummer number of July 16, 1881. It was of sixteen pages, and seems very youthful as we look back upon it, but it was a notable issue then. The first Christmas number was born Dec. 16, 1881, and contained twenty pages, with a lithographed supplement. A twenty-four-page Midsummer number was issued in the following year, and special numbers of THE MIRROR have been growing in size and beauty ever since.

During the period of 1884-1889 THE MIRROR was instrumental in bringing about various reforms for the benefit of actors and managers. The theatrical license bill, which THE MIRROR had presented to the New York Legislature through Senator GRADY, passed Assembly and Senate, and only awaited the approval of the Governor. This bill was of great pecuniary advantage to the Actors' Fund, for by its terms all moneys paid annually for theatre licenses by the managers of New York city were placed in the hands of the New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment for distribution. Previously they had been given in their entirety to the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. In 1885 the Actors' Fund received $6,350, in 1886-1887, $9,000, and it received its quota annually thereafter for many years.

In 1887 THE MIRROR began a crusade against play pirates, and insisted that the National Legislature must be brought, sooner or later, to see the necessity of amending domestic copyright laws, so that play stealing would be a criminal act. The entire corresponding staff of THE MIRROR was formed into a vigilance committee, with the result that the pirate flag had to be hauled down by hundreds of the pirate companies.

In 1887 THE MIRROR started the dressing-room reform, and turned thousands of rat holes into decent apartments.

When, in 1888, two reverend gentlemen of the church condemned the stage, THE MIRROR in many interviews with clergy and actors proved that the stage was undeserving of such condemnation.

In 1886 the New York *Herald* started an agitation in regard to the abolition of the free pass system, especially the passes sent to the press. The *Herald's* argument was rather one-sided, as its reporters only interviewed the managers. THE MIRROR determined to interview both sides, critics and managers, and found that the managers did not object to extending courtesies to the critics, but did to honoring "the army of promiscuous deadheads," while the critics smiled at the idea of being bought by free seats.

In 1888 THE MIRROR fought and killed the "Husted bill," which, had it become a law, would have relieved the city of keeping firemen in the theatres and saddled the expense upon the managers, said expense being about $30,000 per annum.

In 1887 THE MIRROR collected $3,192.20 for the Actors' Monument Fund, and $4,564.60 to provide headstones and beautify the Actors' Fund plot in Evergreen Cemetery. That money came from over two thousand members of the profession. The Actors' Monument was dedicated June 6, 1887.

The battle begun by THE MIRROR more than five years ago against the commercializing of the theatre and the oligarchy that had seized this great institution for selfish purposes, has been waged persistently since, and has attracted the attention and won the support of those concerned for the welfare of the stage the world over. In spite of all means taken to hinder and embarrass this journal in this contest, THE MIRROR is to-day stronger than ever, while the signs of a collapse of the evil combination that has demoralized the theatre are multiplying every day. Coming events cast their shadows before.

The first theatrical roster was published in THE MIRROR of Aug. 19, 1882, and the first authentic directory ever published of the theatrical profession in America was embodied in "The Mirror Annual," for 1888.

In October, 1891, when the idea of the Actors' Fund Fair was born, THE MIRROR gave it its heartiest support, and aided it in every possible way to a triumphant success. The opposition THE MIRROR fought determinedly, and the receipts of the Fair were $186,560.61, the expenses were about $20,000, and the net sum realized was $166,560. It has always been a privilege to THE MIRROR to work for a good theatrical cause, and it always will be. It fought the arbitrary methods of ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and helped to curtail his power, and it has originated and been leadingly active in many beneficial and reformatory movements, of which those noted above are but the more prominent.

Some of the contributors to THE MIRROR have been TOMMASO SALVINI, HENRY IRVING, HENRY ARTHUR JONES, A. W. PINERO, C. COQUELIN, SARAH BERNHARDT, MAX O'RELL, E. A. DITHMAR, Mrs. M. E. BRADDON, IGNATIUS DONNELLY, FANNY DAVENPORT, WILLIAM J. FLORENCE, LOTTA CRABTREE, STUART ROBSON, T. W. KEENE, CHARLES HOYT, VIOLA ALLEN, NEIL BURGESS, Mrs. FISKE, WILLIAM GILLETTE, NAT GOODWIN, DENMAN THOMPSON, HERBERT KELCEY, Mrs. LANGTRY, ROBERT MANTELL, WILTON LACKAYE, CLAY GREENE, AUGUSTUS THOMAS, FRANCIS WILSON, RICHARD MANSFIELD, FRANK DANIELS, DE WOLF HOPPER, AUGUSTIN DALY, A. M. PALMER, "NYM CRINKLE" (A. C. WHEELER), "THE GIDDY GUSHER" (Mrs. MARY H. FISKE), Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, JULIAN MAGNUS, JOHN COLLIER, FRED LYSTER, Professor CHARLES CARROLL, JOSEPH HOWARD, Jr., HOWARD PAUL, CHARLES MILLWARD, A. OAKEY HALL, ANNIE WAKEMAN, FANNIE AYMAR MATTHEWS, MILTON NOBLES, H. CHANCE NEWTON ("GAWAIN"), CHARLES WASON, GUS PHILIPS (OOFTY-GOOFT), ALFRED AYRES, AGNES ROBERTSON, DION BOUCICAULT, H. C. BUNNER, Professor BRANDER MATTHEWS, "JENNIE JUNE" (Mrs. CROLY), G. W. ROBERTSON, JOAQUIN MILLER, FELIX G. DE FONTAINE, SELINA DELARO, STEPHEN FISKE, GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY, FLORENCE MARRYAT, LUCY HOOPER, LOUISE POMEROY, IAN ROBERTSON, SYDNEY ROSENFELD, G. O. SEILHEIMER, FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS, and WILLIAM WINTER. Many of the best artists in England and America have beautified THE MIRROR'S pages.

BOOK REVIEWED.

TECHNIQUE OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION, by Albert Girard-Thiers. The Theodore Rebla Publishing Company, New York.

Here is a treatise upon vocal music that should be of great value to singers of every class. The author, Albert Gérard-Thiers, has been for years one of the foremost vocal instructors in New York, and he has put into his book the fruits of a ripe experience as a teacher and as a student. His effort is, it appears, to reduce to a system the elements in a vocal performance that are ordinarily attributed to individual temperament. By the most delicate dissecting he has accomplished this, and has set forth very clearly a means by which perfection in the interpretation of songs may be attained. The book is written in concise, authoritative fashion, and every point made is illustrated by an excerpt from some familiar song. It is an interesting book to the music lover, and to the singer it is doubtless a treasure.

LORD CHUMLEY AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

Lord Chumley was produced on the Wellesley College stage by the students last week with success. Every part was well cast and played with fine intelligence, Helen Daniels carrying off the honors as Chumley. Between the acts the college songs were sung. This was the cast:

Lady Adeline	Juliet Zimmerman
Winterbottom	Sarah Woodward
Adam Butterworth	Ruth Haulenbeck
Eleanor, daughter of A. Butterworth,	Elizabeth Marston
Jessie	Marie Milliken
Blink Blunk	Florence Risley
Lord Chumley	Helen Daniels
Hugh Butterworth	Marie Dowd
Gasper le Sage	Lena McCurdy
Miranda	Luna French
Meg	Clara Greene
Tommy Tucker	Gertrude Knight

GLAD OF IT?

Some one behind the scenes gives this bit of exclusive information to THE MIRROR: Out of twenty-three or twenty-four characters in Clyde Fitch's coming play, Glad Of It, only three are men, the other nineteen or twenty being women.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

[No replies by mail. No attention paid to anonymous, impertinent or irrelevant queries. No private addresses furnished. Questions regarding the whereabouts of players will not be answered. Letters to members of the profession addressed in care of THE MIRROR will be forwarded if possible.]

PATRON: Charles Cherry is, Byron Douglas was, Maxine Elliott's leading man.

L. F. S., Cohoes, N. Y.: Certainly, THE MIRROR will advertise and forward letter, if sent for.

W. B. M., Milwaukee, Wis.: See reply to T. H. L. E., above.

H. C. P., Paris, Ky.: Charlotte Cushman died in Boston, 1876.

TONY, Tacoma, Wash.: Dion Boucicault did play Louis XI., in Booth's Theatre, about 1878.

DORA, Monterey, Cal.: Mary Anderson was born in California, 1859, but bred in Kentucky, where she made her first appearance, 1876.

CURIOUS: We have never been able to know why Wallack's Theatre has been left unfinished for so many years. Write to the owners.

WHITLOCK BROTHERS, Asheville, N. C.: If you cannot see company in THE MIRROR in months you may assume that there is n't a company.

ANXIOUS, Rutland, Vt.: Something more than "Anxious" is needed as a signature to your note.

R. W. BEATY, Oklahoma: Write to agents advertised in THE MIRROR for plays for your repertoire company.

GEORGIANUS, West End, La.: We are forced for want of space to ignore hundreds of letters palpably written to advertise friends of the writers.

STUDENT, Columbia: The last line ever spoken by Edmund Kean upon the stage was: "Othello's occupation's gone!" It seems like fiction, but it is said to be fact.

W. G. S.: The letter shows ignorance, of course, on the part of the applicant for the position, but it was written in good faith, so we do not care to hold the writer up to ridicule.

T. H. L., Ellsworth, Maine: He is not well enough known to be known to THE MIRROR. A letter sent to this office for him will be advertised.

C. T., Jamestown, N. Y.: THE MIRROR does not give "home addresses." A letter to her, care of THE MIRROR, will be advertised and forwarded when sent for.

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UNDER WHICH KING? By James Bernard Fagan.

AN AFTER-THE-WAR EXPERIENCE.

CHARLES MORTON.

So many things happened to me while I was in America that I could fill a volume with them. The Southerners at the time (1874) had not settled down to regard the black man as an equal—for that matter they have not done so yet—but a law had just been passed conferring certain privileges on the black when I arrived with my company at Louisville.

The first night I was informed by an agent that a number of the best seats had been bought by colored persons, one of whom had become a small cotton planter and had purchased part of the estate upon which he had been reared from his former owner, a lady who was most popular in the district, but whose property had mostly been confiscated by the Federal Government.

"Well," I said, "I suppose their money is as good as anybody else's."

"Yes," replied the agent; "but if you want to avoid bloodshed and the probable wrecking of your show you'll be well advised not to let any niggers through except to the top gallery, where they've always been in the habit of going up till now."

I found there were about a dozen coming, all of whom knew one another, and I arranged that as each arrived he was to be shown round to my own private room, where I had some special, vitriolic rye whiskey for them. The negro gentleman of those days liked his throat burnt. It was not legal to refuse them admission, although such was the then tense state of feeling in the South that no judge would have decided against me; and to tender their money back without explanation would probably have brought about a bother at the very busiest box-office moment.

Presently, when my managerial room was full to overflowing with nearly a dozen, quiet, well-behaved men of color, and the curtain was just going up, I said: "Gentlemen—I might say brethren—we have brought this show out to America at great expense, and we are most anxious to please everybody. Personally I haven't the least objection to your going into the best seats in this theatre, but there are about four hundred determined white men in there, mostly dead shots, and every man carries a 'derringer.' You are less than a dozen, and are no doubt very brave fellows, but I feel sure you are also sensible men. If you like to have a glass of whiskey with me to prove that I have no ill-feeling, and as you go out exchange your admission tickets for money at the box-office, it will avoid much unpleasantness. If, on the contrary, you persist in going I will shake each of you by the hand and bid you all good-bye, as unless I am asked to serve at the inquest I shall never see any of you again."

I need scarcely say that they chose the whiskey and the return of their money, although I heard afterwards that one or two did get past the attendant, only to be stopped and driven out by the determined whites inside with revolvers at full cock.

Charles Morton

GRAND OPERA AT THE WEST END.

The only opportunity to hear a repertoire of the classic music drama sung in English in New York this season will be that offered by Henry W. Savage's famous English singing organization, which will open a five weeks' season at the West End Theatre Christmas week. This year Manager Savage has a company including twenty prima donnas, tenors, baritones and basses. There is a great singing chorus of all American voices for the first time in the history of grand opera. The opera season at the West End will open with an elaborate scenic production of Verdi's Othello, to be given for the first time in English in New York. This opera will alternate during the first week with Carmen, with Marion Ivell, the contralto, in the title-role. Ten operas will be sung during the five weeks, Gounod's Faust and Verdi's Il Trovatore being the bill for the second week. The third week will be devoted to Puccini's masterpiece, Posca, and Lohengrin, the former being sung in English for the first time in New York. For the fourth week Tannhauser and Aida will be the bill. For the farewell week there will be a scenic revival of The Bohemian Girl and four other operas selected from the repertoire.

BEERBOHM TREE'S GREETING.

(By Cable.)

Photo. Stereoscopic Co., London.

LONDON, Dec. 9.

TO THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR:

Felicitations on your Jubilee:

"An' if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight."
—Richard II., Sc. I., Act IV.

TREE.

THE USHER

A quarter of a century, reckoned by the calendar, is not a long time in these days; but measured by national growth and material progress the last twenty-five years has been an unprecedented period in the history of the United States.

And what is true of our country is true of our stage. Looking backward, we are filled with amazement in contemplating the extraordinary metamorphoses that the American theatre has undergone since the late seventies.

The actors that then were in the public eye have mostly disappeared from view—age, obscurity or death having claimed them. The theatres that were patronized by New Yorkers then for the most part have vanished also, the northward march of trade having swept them away.

Even the theatrical institutions, the methods of producing and the system of conducting dramatic enterprises at the time when THE MIRROR came into existence have passed.

♣

The old style had its advantages, and the new style has its betterments. There was much that was slipshod, unbusiness-like and thoughtless in the departed methods.

The stock companies were real schools for actors, and the stars were players of genuine worth, who had won their honors legitimately and sustained them worthily.

Actors were not so well paid, but they represented higher histrionic standards; they enjoyed wider opportunities and they were less frequently out of engagements.

Plays were mounted less expensively, and the arts of painting, lighting and costuming were crude in comparison with what they are to-day. As there were comparatively few theatres, there was a greater choice in selecting plays. The royalties paid for these were small, but experience has since proved that the price paid for dramatic material bears no relation to its intrinsic merit.

Tragedy was represented by Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough and Mary Anderson; comedy by Joseph Jefferson and a group of lesser lights, most of them of sterling quality; stock companies by the Union Square, Wallack's, Daly's and several permanent organizations almost equally as fine in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans and other cities.

There was no Theatrical Trust.

The "combination system" was in its infancy. The principal managers, although rivals in business, were friends. They possessed ability and character; as a rule, they knew the stage department as well as the box-office. Theatrical speculators were few and far between, and they did not inspire confidence or esteem.

The number of actors was relatively small; everybody in the profession knew everybody else; it was a sort of big and happy family.

Society recruits, amateurs with backing and boundless ambition, scandal-tainted notorieties and dramatized novels were given a cold reception at the stage-door.

The newspapers gossiped less about the players, and there was a charm and mystery about the people of the stage for playgoers.

The press-agent was in embryo. He had not yet destroyed stage illusion and found the publicity value of fake stories.

Dramatic criticism was serious, and it was written usually by brainy and brilliant men.

So, taking it all in all and making due allowance for the remarkable progress that has been made in certain directions—such as the profusion of new theatres, many of them veritable Aladdin's palaces, and the vast expansion of the commercial scope of the theatre, which has given employment to added thousands, and the growth of salaries, authors' royalties, and the aggregate of theatre receipts—taking it all in all, there was much in the American stage of twenty-five years ago to remember with satisfaction, and perhaps to justify a tinge of regret.

It is not that we would desire a return to the exact old conditions or that we disparage what has been accomplished of value during all these years—but there were some things about the theatre and professional life twenty-five years ago that seem, when we are in a retrospective mood, to be sweeter and saner and better than what has taken their place.

♣

THE MIRROR began its career as a lusty infant. It has waxed strong with growth, and it has always endeavored to employ its strength in furthering the best interests of the drama and those that worthily represent it.

Davy Crockett's motto—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead"—has seemed a good motto to THE MIRROR, and it has been followed steadfastly. It has never hesitated in the choice between principle and policy, and the course conviction dictated it has followed, irrespective of other considerations. It has had the firm approval and the moral support of the great, self-respecting majority of the world of the theatre in this, wherefore it has become a positive and—as the events of the past half-dozen years have shown—an unassailable force.

Efforts of the corrupt Ring that has sought to monopolize the theatrical business of this country to silence its voice of protest and rebuke, to injure its prosperity and to impair its field of usefulness ended in failure and disgrace. The futile attacks of these enemies served only to reveal their weakness and THE MIRROR'S strength.

The congratulations and good wishes that have reached THE MIRROR in connection with its twenty-fifth anniversary are most gratifying. THE MIRROR reciprocates heartily the sentiments of its multitude of friends, and desires for them long life and prosperity.

ROSE STAHL.

Photo Baker, Columbus, O.

Rose Stahl is starring with William Bonelli in his latest society play, A Man of the World. Miss Stahl has made another success in her new role—that of Hope Lovejoy—and will be seen in the part in New York City later in the season.

ERROLL DUNBAR.

Photo. Otto Sarony, N. Y.

Above is a recent picture of Erroll Dunbar, who is now playing Louis XIV. in Babette at the Broadway Theatre, in support of Madame Fritzi Scheff.

ACTORS' SOCIETY MEETING.

The informal Sunday night meetings, which have been held at the Actors' Society during the past two months, have aroused much interest in the workings of the organization and brought forth many suggestions for the betterment of the society. On Sunday night, Dec. 6, Georgia Earle delivered an address advocating the raising of a special fund for the erection of a building which shall be owned and occupied by the Actors' Society. The proposition met with favor and plans were suggested for the collection of money to carry out the project, among others the scheme of selling, figuratively, the bricks to be used in the new building. If the plan is carried out the bricks will be sold at $1 each to members of the society and their friends, so that each member purchasing a brick will feel that he is actually a part owner in the building where his business is transacted and his professional interests centre. The following have recently been elected to membership in the society: W. H. Crane, Virginia Harned, Amelia Bingham, Peter F. Dailey, Henry Woodruff, Oswald Yorke, Helen MacGregor, Charlotte Townsend, Charles J. Jackson, Henry Miller, James T. Powers, Arthur Elliott, Charles Richman, Fay Davis, Lincoln J. Plumer, John Perugini, Lawrance D'Orsay, James A. Devlin, Ida Waterman, William H. Crompton, Thomas Williams, Thomas Haskett, Perce R. Benton, Annette Gray, Walter H. Bedell, Harry S. Sargeant, Grace Cahill, Mr. Longfellow, Severin J. De Deyn, Laura Forrest, and Frederick Kerby.

MR. BELASCO SUES FOR $50,000.

David Belasco began suit last week against Klaw and Erlanger for $50,000, money he claims is due him for The Heart of Maryland, which was booked by the above-named firm, and Mr. Belasco asseverates that the firm has not made a proper accounting to him.

AMERICAN ACADEMY MATINEE.

At the Empire Theatre last Thursday afternoon the senior students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts appeared for the third time this season and presented, before a large audience, four interesting one-act plays. The performance was admirably smooth from beginning to end, and the plays were, without exception, well cast.

The first offering of the afternoon was Charles Matthews' little costume comedy, The Dowager, in which a half dozen beaux and belles of the eighteenth century play at cross purposes until the action becomes a perfect maelstrom of misdirected intrigue. John W. Dugan played the principal male role, Lord Alfred Lindsay, in admirable fashion, though his delivery was too rapid to be distinct. Edson Russell Miles as Sir Frederick Chasemore did excellent work, and William Lambert was amusing as the witless Edgar. Olive Temple played the chief female role, the Dowager herself, with grace and spirit.

Jephtha's Daughter, a one-act comedy adapted from the Italian of Felice Cavalotti, proved to be an entertaining morsel with rather firmer dramatic foundation than is ordinarily found in short plays. The Countess Beatrice Alberti, the bride of Count Mario, who has been something of a profligate, lures him gradually, by pretended childishness, into the first perfect emotion of love that he has ever experienced. So adroitly does she bring about the change in him that she puts to rout his former mistress and wins his admiration as well as his affection. The role of the heroine was exceedingly well played by Elizabeth Flournoy, and Morgan Wallace impersonated Count Mario with spirit and force. The other roles were acceptably played by George W. Haley, Robert H. Booth and Florence Auer.

A Lonely Life, by Alfred Sutro, was the third play of the afternoon. While the little piece possesses literary worth and presents a situation by no means uninteresting, it is not well suited to stage presentation. The dialogue becomes tiresome, and the climax is so long delayed that it is not effective. A young art student, Janet McAusland, finds herself deeply in love with her master, Mr. Cassidine, who is a painter of note, unhappily married, and many years the senior of his pupil. Cassidine loves her in an ideal fashion. The girl begs him to take her to Italy with him, but he, having been brought to see the danger of the situation by Janet's cousin, Walter Gifford, refuses—though against his inclination. The drama is really a plea for sane thought in artistic life, and in the lines are presented many of the problems that must assail one in whom the practical and the ideal are at war. Olive Temple played Janet in natural, girlish fashion; Henry Greenwell, as Cassidine, was somewhat melodramatic, and William Temple was an acceptable Walter Gifford.

A Cigarette from Java, a one-act comedy, translated from the French of Meilhac and Narrey by T. Russell Sullivan, concluded the entertainment. It is an amusing trifle and it was very creditably performed. The heroine, Regina, is a wealthy young widow, living in Paris, who is pursued by fortune-hunting admirers. The one man whom she loves, Maurice de Preuil, becomes penniless and resolves to leave Paris without disclosing his love for Regina. Her servant, Teherita, a Japanese, skilfully rids the heroine of her unworthy suitors and contrives to make Regina confess her love for Maurice in that attractive young gentleman's presence. The comic and sentimental situations in the little play are brought about through the agency of cigarettes from Java that are supposed to compel the smoker to speak the truth. Gerald Saxton played Maurice in a clear-cut, manly way, and was very natural in manner. Adeline Bagley was a picturesque Teherita. Margaret Taylor played Regina with grace and feeling, and Richard C. Taber and John W. Dugan played two comic suitors in excellent humorous style.

EDGAR BAUME.

Photo. Klein and Guttenstein, Milwaukee, Wis.

Edgar Baume, as Captain Thorne, in Secret Service, is now in his third season as leading man of the Thanhouser Stock company, Milwaukee, where he has steadily gained in popularity. He is possessed of a good voice, fine physique and a magnetic personality, and has achieved the most encouraging success in a wide range of characters. Among Mr. Baume's essays are Hamlet, Richard the Third, Romeo, Virginius, John Storm in The Christian, and John Van Buren in The Charity Ball.

PATRIOTS AT THE MANHATTAN.

The Daughters of the American Revolution of the New York Chapter filled the Manhattan Theatre last Wednesday afternoon to enjoy Captain Barrington. At the end of the third act Charles Richman, the star, made a happy little speech. At the end of the play there was a reception for the Daughters on the stage, when Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the Chapter, presented a laurel wreath to Mr. Richman. Suzanne Sheldon, Joseph Kilgour, George W. Wilson, and William Redmond received flowers, too. After the reception Mr. Richman delivered an address in the Waldorf-Astoria, at an entertainment given by the Daughters of the War of 1812, to raise funds to bring back here the remains of Paul Jones.

Last Monday night the auditorium of the Manhattan rivaled the stage in military color, for the boxes were draped with American flags and occupied by Adjutant-General Corbin, Brigadier-General Barry, Colonel Darlington, Captain Moss, and many other officers, all accompanied by ladies, while over one hundred uniformed men were scattered through the theatre. Manager Fiske was the host.

IS YOUR TONGUE COATED?

Orangeine Powders quickly, surely correct the incipient ills which cause serious sickness. * * *

Young Tobe Hoxie, sideaches of laughter and heartaches of pathos. * * *

PERSONAL

Photo. Russell & Son, London

BEERBOHM.—Here is an excellent portrait of Max Beerbohm, the London critic and caricaturist, whose brilliant work in distinct fields is well known. On another page will be seen a striking and amusing caricature of Charles Hawtrey, drawn by Mr. Beerbohm, especially for the Anniversary Christmas MIRROR.

SPENCER.—Up to within a few years the late famous philosopher Herbert Spencer's only recreations were long walks and visits to the theatre.

TILLEY.—Vesta Tilley has been engaged, by arrangement with Liebler and Company, to play Lady Molly in the play of that title when it comes to Daly's Theatre in January.

WIEHE.—Charlotte Wiehe gave a dinner on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre last Tuesday night, in celebration of her fiftieth appearance, to the members of her company and invited guests.

SCHEFF.—Fritzi Scheff sent to Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, the first copy of the printed score of Babette, last Tuesday, as Miss Roosevelt is an ardent admirer of Miss Scheff.

MILLAIS.—Helena Millais, who was "discovered" by George Alexander, is now playing Kathie in Old Heidelberg in the English provinces. Miss Millais is only seventeen years old, and is said to have remarkable talent. She has had no experience, even as an amateur, and prepared for the profession by reciting to herself in the attic of her home. A great future is predicted for her by Mr. Alexander.

RILEY.—James Whitcomb Riley has written a fine letter to C. B. Dillingham about Millie James in The Little Princess.

YEATS.—W. B. Yeats, the Irish literary knight, lectured last Thursday night in the Cosmopolitan Building on "The Theatre and What It Might Be," If— There is much virtue in that particular if.

BELLEW.—Kyrle Bellew was robbed of a valuable gold watch, a present from General Kitchener, last Wednesday night in the Madison Square Garden, while Mr. Bellew was watching the bicycle race.

DALY.—"It's an ill wind," etc., for if Major Andre had not been a failure New York would not have seen Candida last week, and Arnold Daly would still be wasting his talents in the part of a miserable servant in Andre.

GOODWIN.—Mr. and Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin gave a dinner at Sherry's last Thursday night to Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Gordon (Marie Tempest). Among the guests were Mrs. Charles Hall, Bourke Cochran, Elizabeth Harbury, Elsie De Wolfe, and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness.

DAWSON.—Forbes Dawson, an English playwright, arrived on the *Oceanic* last Thursday.

LUCILLE LORING.

Photo. Wheeler, N. Y.

Lucille Loring is the original of the photo. reproduced above. Miss Loring is leading woman of The Gentleman Burglar company, now playing at the New Star Theatre.

Errors of Life, by Will M. Crimans. * * *

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

CHICAGO.

George Ade Lucky Again—Henry W. Savage Also—Colburn's Gossip.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.

Christmas week in Chicago will find Viola Allen in the Twelfth Night at the Grand Opera House, The Yankee Consul at the Studebaker, John Drew in Captain Dieppe at Powers', Florodora at McVicker's, Nat M. Wills in A Son of Rest at the Great Northern, Jerome Sykes in The Billionaire at the Illinois, Mr. Bluebeard at the Iroquois, The Belle of Newport at the La Salle, The Pit, with Lackaye, at the Garrick; In the Palace of the King at the Columbus, Quo Vadis at the Thirty-first Street, La Belle Russe at the Bush Temple, White Slave at the Criterion, Limited Mail at the Marlowe, McFadden's Flats at the Alhambra, Only a Shop Girl at the Academy, and The Man Who Dared at the Bijou.

Richard Mansfield will give one performance of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Dec. 18, in response to innumerable requests, and will bring on his special scenery from New York for that one performance. The large company he has been carrying, with Ivan the Terrible in prospect, will be used for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Ivan the Terrible will be played for the first time in this country by the Players' Stock company at the Bush Temple the week beginning Sunday, Dec. 27.

Manager Harry Hamlin, of the Grand Opera House, has given the use of the theatre, with the consent of Viola Allen, for a benefit performance, Dec. 22, to help the widows of policemen killed in the capture of the car barn bandits.

Adelaide Manola, daughter of Marion Manola, succeeded Isadore Rush as Lady Holyrood in Florodora. She was a success.

There are indications that Chicago is getting ready to give Raymond Hitchcock and The Yankee Consul an exhilarating welcome at the Studebaker Monday night. The prima donna of the company, Flora Zabelle, is a daughter of the Rev. M. M. Mangasarian, an accomplished Armenian, who is highly esteemed here as the local lecturer of the Ethical Culture movement.

Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan opened a two weeks' engagement Monday at the Illinois. They are playing Taming of the Shrew this week. Both the stars received high praise from the critics, and Ben Ringgold's Gremio also was singled out for especial commendation. Some of the support was not good enough, and much of the minor comedy detail was altogether too undignified. Praise was bestowed on the Christopher Sly of George Clarke. Edwin Varrey's Baptista, Charles Welles' Travis and on the Augustin Daly scenery.

Charles Hawtrey had a large audience to greet him and his company in The Man from Blankley's at Powers' Monday night, and play and players seemed to give great pleasure.

Margaret Reid, a native of Indianapolis, made her debut with the Savage Grand Opera company Monday, as Marguerite in Faust, and revealed a rather light soprano voice of remarkable clearness. She evinced thorough artistic preparation.

The receipts of the Savage English Grand Opera engagement this season were away ahead of last. Il Trovatore, on Thanksgiving Day, brought more theatregoers together in the Studebaker than ever were there before in one day. The night audience broke all records of attendance. Martha, Bohemian Girl, Carmen, Tannhauser—all did well.

Clifford and Rowland and James Wingfield have arranged to supply Waukegan, a northern suburb of Chicago, with a $30,000 theatre. The city is without a theatre now.

George Ade has the laugh on union labor. He is building a country villa on his 700-acre farm in Indiana, just over the line from Chicago. Some days ago he sent a plumber out there to work, and later found that the local unions had been after him because he was not a union man. While the innocent Mr. Ade was busy writing bright lines for the Sho-Gun an emissary of the unions was on his way out to stop the non-union work at the Ade villa, if possible by persuasion. The union man got lost in the wilds and mazes of suburban street-car lines. He wandered about for days, and meanwhile the non-union man innocently finished his job and returned to Chicago. The union man never found the villa.

Heart of the Blue Ridge will be played at the New American next week.

University of Chicago students will play, Dec. 18, Land of the Heart's Desire, by W. B. Yeats, and The Duenna, by Sheridan.

Eugene Dreux's Red Robe was played by the Leon Wachner German Stock company at Powers', Sunday. Creatore drew two big audiences at the Auditorium Sunday. The news of the new Garrick to be built in St. Louis, opposite the Laclede Hotel, to be opened next June, by Weber and Fields, was received here with especial interest. The Shuberts will control it.

Jane O'Donnell Bennett, in the *Record-Herald*, announces that De Wolf Hopper will star in a Summer engagement of musical comedy at the Garrick next Summer. Dr. Syntax and Wang are said to be on the list.

Sol Litt, manager of McVicker's, has returned to the city after trips to New York and Milwaukee.

Manager Edward Smith, of the Great Northern, who is entertaining The Beauty Doctor this week, will have a favorite attraction, York State Folks, next week.

McFadden's Flats will be at the Academy next week, with Marguerite Ferguson, Ada Beshell, May Baker, Libby Hart, Jo Williard, Brett Reid, James E. Rome, Jerry Sullivan, Walter Brombletti, Teddy Simmonds, and the Exposition Four in the company.

Nadine Winston had the leading woman role in Fabio Romani this week at the Thirty-first Street Theatre, and added to her reputation as an unusually competent stock actress.

OTIS L. COLBURN.

BOSTON.

A Lively Week Promised at the Hub—Benton's Gossip.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BOSTON, Dec. 12.

E. H. Sothern will next week bring his new miracle play, The Proud Prince, to the Hollis. There will be special interest to many in the fact that Mary Hull is in the company. Many people hailed her as a Boston discovery, for her advancement was so rapid when she came here to the Castle Square. The many friends that she made there will give her an enthusiastic welcome with Mr. Sothern, while Cecilia Loftus is always a favorite, whatever she plays.

There will be a new Richard Carle musical comedy at the Colonial, and although The Storks failed to duplicate its Chicago success and set the town afire a year ago, better things are expected.

The Wizard of Oz is doing the largest business in town.

An English Daisy also continues with the story of prosperity at the Globe, where no change of attraction will be made until after the new year comes in.

That other musical attraction, My Lady Molly, continues to do good business at the Park. When it goes into New York for its run at Daly's a different policy will be adopted, for Andrew Mack will retire, to resume his place in Irish drama, playing The Bold Sojer Boy. Richard F. Carroll will play his character, while Vesta Tilley will be featured in the part now taken by Ethel Levey.

The Darling of the Gods is nearing the close of its long engagement at the Tremont.

The Octoroon will be the revival of the coming week at the Castle Square with John Sainpolis in the character of Jacob McCloskey. Howell Hansel will have Charles Barron's old part of Salem Scudder.

Lawrance D'Orsay will begin his final week with The Earl of Pawtucket at the Majestic, and then will start on an extended tour, starting at Toronto.

Man to Man will be given by the stock company at the Bowdoin Square next week.

The Queen of the White Slaves will be brought to the Grand Opera House next week.

At Cripple Creek next week will be played at Music Hall.

For the first time since its change of management the Columbia is dark, and there will be nothing doing until Dec. 21, when There and Back comes, with Vesta Tilley as an added attraction. Irene Bentley's illness was given as the explanation for the sudden closing of the house in the middle of the engagement. She was unable to appear Dec. 7, but Adelaide Sharp, her understudy, took her place and did well, although she had not had any rehearsal.

Ben Greet has been in town during the past week, and has completed arrangements by which his company, which played Everyman here last season, and which afterwards gave open-air performances at Harvard last Summer, will give a series of performances at Chickering Hall, opening Dec. 28. In addition to Everyman, he will give a number of Shakespearean comedies, including Twelfth Night and A Midsummer Night's Dream.

JAY BENTON.

PHILADELPHIA.

Many Bills and Meager Business—Some Successful Stocks—Notes and Gossip.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.

The patronage at our high-priced theatres continues in the same old rut—nothing offered to attract theatregoers.

Annie Russell will bring Mice and Men to the Broad Street Theatre on Dec. 14. The present intention is to remain here three weeks. Maxine Elliott in Her Own Way to follow Jan. 4 for two weeks. The Darling of the Gods, Jan. 18.

Mary Mannering will inaugurate a fortnight's engagement at the Garrick Theatre on Dec. 14, opening with The Stubbornness of Geraldine for four representations, after which she will present her new play by Leo Ditrichstein, entitled Harriet's Honeymoon. A Japanese Nightingale has been booked here for Dec. 28, two weeks, to be followed by Richard Mansfield, Jan. 11.

Nat C. Goodwin returns to his old line of work at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Dec. 14, for a two weeks' stay, appearing in My Wife's Husbands. Bookings to follow are Ben Hur, 28. The Light that Failed, Jan. 11. William Faversham, Jan. 25.

The Four Cohans in their latest success, Running for Office, remain another week, which completes their term of three weeks, at the Walnut Street Theatre. Chauncey Olcott plays his annual two weeks' engagement here, Dec. 21.

Amelia Bingham in The Frisky Mrs. Johnson remains for the coming week at the Chestnut Street Theatre. Francis Wilson in Erminie comes Dec. 21 for three weeks. Prince of Pilsen, Jan. 11.

At the Auditorium, The Stain of Guilt, with Rube Waddell, the ball pitcher, in a prominent role, is the offering for week of Dec. 14, to be followed by Holty Tolty, 21.

The Choir Boy of St. Mary's, by Theodore Kremer, is the attraction at the Grand Opera House the week of Dec. 14. Dockstader's Minstrels are booked for week of Dec. 21.

George Monroe with his musical farce, Our Bridget's Dream, opens at the Park Theatre for week of Dec. 14. No Wedding Bells for Her will fill in week of Dec. 21, originally booked for Miss Petticoats. The Silver Slipper follows week of Dec. 28.

A Working Girl's Wrongs is the bill at the National Theatre week of Dec. 14, to be followed by The Ninety and Nine, 21; A Desperate Chance, 28.

At the Star Theatre Daisy Lovering in His Sister's Shame is playing a big engagement this week. Saved from the Sea, Dec. 14.

The James Boys in Missouri, a genuine thriller, is the announcement of the Kensington Theatre, week of Dec. 14.

The Child Wife, after doing a turn earlier in the season at the National Theatre, will put in appearance at the People's Theatre week of Dec. 14, to be followed by A Working Girl's Wrongs, 21; Alphonse and Gaston, 28.

Forepaugh's Theatre Stock company made a success this week with Faust. For week of Dec. 14 Nettie the Newsgirl will receive its first production here.

Darcy and Speck's Stock company at the Standard Theatre will appear week of Dec. 14 in a new American sensational melodrama, The Moonshiners.

Carrie Radcliffe's Stock company at the Columbia Theatre is gaining in popular favor. A Celebrated Case is the offering for week of Dec. 14. There is a project under way to erect a new theatre up-town for Carrie Radcliffe.

The German Stock company at the Arch Street Theatre is doing its full share of business. The Blind Passenger is now in rehearsal for the holidays.

The Bostock Animal Show at the Palace Exchange is now doing a splendid business.

Dumont's Minstrels at the Eleventh Street Opera House continue with unchanged programme to splendid patronage.

Mrs. Helen Rhodes' Parsifal lectures at Witherspoon Hall have proved successful. She is assisted by Adolf Glose, pianist.

Burton Holmes' illustrated lectures at the Academy of Music are most pleasing entertainments.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, Fritz Scheel, conductor, with the distinguished French violinist, Jacques Thibaud, met with a grand reception at the matinee rehearsal at the Academy of Music, Dec. 11, and repeats the concert to-night with large advance sale.

Heinrich Conried's Metropolitan Opera company opens on Dec. 29 at the Academy of Music. Rigoletti will likely be the opera. The season is for twelve nights and two matinees.

Barney Gilmore, with Kidnapped in New York, is doing splendidly at the Empire Theatre. Merry Christmas to everybody.

S. FERNBERGER.

WASHINGTON.

Good Business Recorded—Melba in an Attractive Programme.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.

Next Monday the card at the New National Theatre is the Virginia Earle Opera company in Sergeant Kitty, which will be followed Christmas week by Eleanor Robson in Zangwill's play, Merely Mary Ann. The opening performance, Dec. 21, will be in the nature of a benefit for the Washington Hospital for Foundlings.

The Columbia Theatre presents next week Alice Fischer in What's the Matter With Susan, which will be succeeded by The Chinese Honeymoon, this time with Katie Barry as Fifi.

The announcement for next week at the Lafayette Square Opera House is David Harum, with William H. Turner as Harum. For Christmas week Manager David A. Weis presents the young romantic actor, Richard Buhler, in Paul Revere.

At Stair's popular Academy of Music, Her Marriage Vow is next week's attractive presentation, with a Stain of Guilt to follow.

At the Empire Theatre, New York Day by Day is the presentation for the coming week.

The local union of stage employes and the Theatrical Managers' Association of Washington are again at peace.

Edward Newman has been recently appointed by Manager P. B. Chase, treasurer of Chase's Theatre, to succeed the late William C. Reeves.

Katie V. Wilson presents Madame Melba in concert at the New National Theatre next Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 15. She will give the mad scene from Lucia, with flute obligato by C. H. North; the Tosti Serenata, with harp accompaniment; the scene from Hamlet, and the great vocal waltz from Romeo and Juliet. She will be assisted by Ellison Van Hoose and M. Gilbert, singers; Mlle. Sassoli, harpist, and Llewella Davis, pianist.

Manager Chase presents at Chase's Theatre for the week of Dec. 14 Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner, Sager Midgley and Gertie Carlisle, Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, the Haidabura Family, Aurie Dagwell, Charles Kenna and Mlle. Dorothy's poodles.

At Kernan's Lyceum, The High Rollers begin to roll next Monday.

JOHN T. WARDE.

PITTSBURGH.

Business Is Lighter Than Usual—The Xmas Bills.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 12.

E. H. Sothern and his excellent company in The Proud Prince won the highest praise from the large gatherings throughout the week.

The Stain of Guilt, at the Bijou, met the approval of very large audiences.

Arizona, at the Duquesne Theatre, was pleasing.

At the Empire, Hearts of Oak drew fairly well, as did also the stock company at the Grand in Garrett O'Magh.

Most of those who attended the new Nixon seemed to be as much interested in the appearance of the house as in Francis Wilson and company in Erminie.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in Du Barry will be the event of the coming week at the Nixon. Ethel Barrymore in Cousin Kate will follow for Christmas week.

The Fatal Wedding will doubtless be a potent drawing card the approaching week at the Bijou. The Factory Girl is the underline.

At the Grand, the stock company will be seen in Mrs. Jack, which will be followed by the Christmas pantomime, Babes in the Woods, on 21 for an indefinite run.

The Empire will have A Hot Old Time. The Princess Chic for the following week.

A Chinese Honeymoon will be at the Alvin, with the Four Cohans in Running for Office the following week.

The Avenue and Duquesne have good vaudeville bills for next week, and the usual burlesque will be seen at the Academy.

ALBERT S. L. HEWES.

BALTIMORE.

Charles Warner, Eleanor Robson and Other Attractions Announced for the Week.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BALTIMORE, Dec. 12.

At Ford's Grand Opera House next week Charles Warner will present Drink.

Eleanor Robson will begin an engagement on Monday evening at the Academy of Music in Merely Mary Ann.

The Henry Savage English Grand Opera organization will be heard for a week at the Lyric, beginning on Monday. Othello will be the opening opera.

East Lynne is the play selected for presentation next week by the George Fawcett Company at Chase's Theatre.

Arabian Nights will be offered at the Oriole Theatre, with Walter Seymour in the principal part, Marian Barney playing The Guttapercha Girl. What's in a Name will also be presented, Mr. Seymour taking the leading part.

The attraction at the Maryland will be Al. H. Wilson, in A Prince of Tatters.

The Price of Honor will hold the stage of the Holliday Street Theatre.

The Scout's Revenge will be given at the Bijou Theatre.

Maxine Elliott will appear in Her Own Way at Ford's Grand Opera House on Jan. 18.

Helen Rhodes lectured on Parsifal at the Lyric on Thursday, showing fine views, and was musically accompanied by Adolf Glose, pianist.

The large advance subscription indicates that the season of English grand opera at the Lyric will be a notable success.

Beginning Christmas Day, in Newport News, George Fawcett will make a brief Southern tour in Othello.

HAROLD RUTLEDGE.

CINCINNATI.

The Eternal City—Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott—And Other Attractions.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 12.

For next week we are promised our third successive dramatization at the Grand, namely, Hall Caine's The Eternal City. Edward J. Morgan is to appear as David Rossi, with Frederick De Belleville as Baron Bonnelli, Frank C. Bangs as the Pope, W. E. Bonney as Brunno Rocco, and Sarah Truax as Donna Roma.

The musical event of next week will be Patti's farewell appearance at Music Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 16.

The German company will give to-morrow night a performance of Ernst von Wildenbruch's Die Hauben-lerche.

The Little Christian is booked to follow In Louisiana, which closes at Robinson's to-night.

James A. Hearne's Hearts of Oak is the popular bill offered at Heuck's next week.

Charles Grapewine and Anna Chance are to be introduced as stars to-morrow afternoon at the Walnut in The Awakening of Mr. Pipp.

The Minister's Daughter is to be the attraction at the Lyceum, beginning to-morrow afternoon.

Byron Douglas, formerly leading man at the Pike, having closed his engagement with Maxine Elliott, spent a few days in town last week, visiting friends, *en route* to the South, where he will spend the Winter.

H. A. SUTTON.

ST. LOUIS.

(Special to The Mirror.)

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 12.

James O'Neill as a dashing hussar in The Adventures of Gerard will open at the Olympic Monday night. Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner follow.

The Burgomaster will be seen at the Century next week, beginning with the performance Sunday night.

Eugenia Blair comes to the Grand Opera House next Sunday afternoon for a week of David Belasco's Zaza.

At the Imperial next Sunday matinee Hall Caine's play, The Christian, will be produced by Davis and Darcey's company. Lionel Adams will play John Storm.

The Crawford will have next week Alphonse and Gaston.

Not Guilty will be the Havlin bill next week.

The Odeon and Masonic Temple Building was sold last Tuesday to a syndicate headed by Lester Crawford, proprietor of the Crawford Theatre and general manager of the Crawford Theatre syndicate, owners and lessees of a number of playhouses in Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska cities. The purchasers will assume control of the building May 1, after which the Odeon will be converted into a theatre. A World's Fair attraction will hold the boards during the Summer and Fall months.

J. A. NORTON.

THEATRE BURNED.

The theatre at McGregor, Iowa, owned by Bergman Brothers, was burned Sunday, Dec. 6. The building was valued at $15,000, and was insured for $8,000. It is to be rebuilt in the near future. The fire originated in the basement, the ground floor being occupied by a large dry goods house. Manager Frank J. Stanton, of the Starr Comedy company, managed to save his property.

MRS. GILBERT TO RETIRE.

After nearly eighty years of stage life Mrs. G. H. Gilbert has finally decided to retire to private life, at the age of eighty-four. Next season will be her last on the stage. She will make a farewell tour, and then be seen no more by her army of admirers.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

Photo, Spafford and Cable, Bloomington, Ill.

Above is a good portrait of William J. Maddern in the light comedy role of Hugh Berry in A Human Slave, which role he is now playing with success. In an experience of eleven years Mr. Maddern has played nearly 250 leading juvenile and light comedy roles in stock repertoire and one-piece attractions. He has won commendation by his strong personality and natural methods.

Leonie Darmon succeeded Millie James in The Little Princess at the Madison Square Theatre last Tuesday night, Miss James having retired to join Glad of It, Clyde Fitch's latest.

Henry Irving is reducing prices for seats from $3 to $2.50 on his tour.

On Dec. 8 Frank Moulan was enjoined from appearing under any management other than the Castle Square company until Dec. 11. But his lawyer obtained a temporary modification from Judge Lacombe, permitting Mr. Moulan to appear last Tuesday in the opening of Mam'selle Napoleon with Anna Held at the Knickerbocker.

A. B. Beall, manager of the Grand Opera House at Sioux City, Iowa, has leased the Midland Theatre at Fort Dodge, Iowa, taking possession Jan. 1.

Some malicious and revengeful persons are hiring men to endanger the lives of David Belasco's actors and stage hands by cutting the ropes on the scene lifts in the Belasco Theatre.

The Virginian will be produced Jan. 4 at The Manhattan Theatre, when Captain Barrington leaves that house to tour the Stair and Havlin circuit.

The properties and costumes of Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin were attached last Wednesday, in Cleveland, by William Cleveland, manager of the Cleveland Theatre, who made affidavit to the effect that Rankin and Miss O'Neil were about to dispose of their property, leave the State and defraud him of many hundreds of dollars advance expenses. Both Rankin and his star denied the allegations.

Andrew Mack will retire from the cast of My Lady Molly when it goes to Daly's Theatre, as he thinks the part assigned him unworthy of him. Richard Carroll has been engaged to play his part. Vesta Tilley will be the star.

Cecelia Rhodes, one of the ten Jenny girls in Winsome Winnie at the Casino, played and sang Helen Redmond, the prima donna's part, at last Wednesday's matinee, and made a hit. Miss Redmond was ill.

F. M. Norcross, manager of the Alphonse and Gaston company, had a hot time in the Hotel Adams, Fall River, last week. He was on the top floor when the smoke came up the elevator shaft and stairways, and had just time to pick up his belongings and grope his way to the street.

It is possible that Miss St. George Hussey may star next season in a piece especially written for her.

Robert Matteson was stabbed accidentally by his leading woman, in Gervais, Ore., recently during a performance. The dagger pierced his lung.

Maurice Drew closed a fourteen weeks' engagement with Edward Harrigan in Under Cover, Nov. 28.

Liebler and Company are said to be contemplating a new theatre at Sixty-second Street and Broadway, just above the Grand Circle.

Mignon Phillips, of the Alphonse and Gaston company, while playing in Youngstown, O., slipped while entering the stage door and fell upon her back, as a result of which she is now confined in a Rochester hospital with a slight fracture of her spine. It is hoped that Miss Phillips will be able to be about again in about three weeks.

William F. Powell is going with Hal Davis and Inez McCauley to play the part of Higgins in their new sketch, Falls.

The run of The County Chairman at Wallack's Theatre has been extended indefinitely.

Christine Hudson, formely with Princess Chic, Wizard of the Nile and Runaway Girl, has been engaged for Loo Loo in A Chinese Honeymoon.

Henry E. Dixey may appear in a Barrie play next year.

Theodore Kremer is rehearsing his latest melodrama, with a Russian historical setting and the Empress Katharine as the protagonist.

Red Feather continues at the Lyric Theatre, with every prospect of remaining until after the holidays.

Edgar Allen will appear at the American Theatre, New York, in January with Ralph Stuart, in By Right of Sword.

Joseph Rawley denies that he has ever appeared in The Sign of the Four.

J. C. Marlowe, playing with The Isle of Spice at La Salle Theatre, Chicago, has recovered from his recent illness and is back in the cast.

Corse Payton is now distributing green trading stamps at his Williamsburg theatre to each holder of an orchestra seat.

Adele Lane has withdrawn from the Eben Holden company as leading woman.

Joe Kane is now playing the part of Herr Gebubler with Henry W. Savage's Yankee Cousin company.

H. Reeves Smith will soon be seen in a new play called Captain Clay.

Edward Trautman has returned from abroad to become musical director of Viola Allen's company.

Justin Huntley McCarthy is said to be dramatizing Longfellow's Hiawatha for Sothern.

White Whittlesey is to be starred on the Pacific Coast by Belasco and Mayer next season.

Errors of Life, by Will W. Crimans.

Young Tobe Hoxie, a play for all people.

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Manager Sweet, Collingwood Opera House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in an interview says:—"Miss Fleming has made the biggest hit with my audiences that any star has ever succeeded in doing, and I want your company for next season."

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Manager Bright, Music Hall, Yonkers, N. Y., says:—"Mr. Gracey, you have a good show. It is not all Miss Fleming—she gives all the performers an equal chance, and you should have the best of time for your attraction. Let me know early what week you want next season."

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DATES AHEAD

Managers and agents of traveling companies and correspondents are notified that this department closes on Friday. To insure publication in the subsequent issue dates must be mailed to reach us on or before that day.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

A BREEZY TIME (Merle H. Norton, mgr.): Fairbury, Neb., Dec. 15, Belleville, Kan., 16, Beloit 17, Minneapolis 18, Ellsworth 19, Sterling 21, Herington 23, Council Grove 24, Clay Center 25, Manhattan 26, Alma 28.

A BUNCH OF KEYS (Gus Bothner, mgr.): Mason City, Ia., Dec. 18, Iowa Falls 19.

A COUNTRY KID: Nevada, Mo., Dec. 16, Clinton 17, Carthage 18.

A DESPERATE CHANCE (Eastern; Bert Howard, mgr.): Derby, Conn., Dec. 16, Bristol 16, Waalingford 17, Stamford 18, Danbury 19.

A DESPERATE CHANCE (I. M. Mittenthal, mgr.): Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 13-19, Chicago, Ill., 20-26.

A DEVIL IN SKIRTS (Chas. L. Young, mgr.): Troy, N. Y., Dec. 14-16, New Haven, Conn., 17-19, Lowell, Mass., 21-23.

A DEVIL'S LANE (Jas. F. Green, mgr.): Burlington, Kan., Dec. 15, Newton 16, Arkansas City 18, Winfield 19, Wellington 21, Pittsburg 25.

A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.

A GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER (Frazee and Browne, props.): Natchez, Miss., Dec. 15, Port Gibson 16, Vicksburg 17, Jackson 18, Yazoo City 19, Greenville 21, Clarksdale 22, Memphis, Tenn., 23, Hot Springs, Ark., 25, Little Rock 26.

A HAPPY TRAMP (Jos. H. Thonet, mgr.): Beaver Falls, Pa., Dec. 15, Niles, O., 16, Salem 17, Conneaut 18, Sharon, Pa., 19.

A HIDDEN CRIME (J. M. Ward, mgr.): Holyoke, Mass., Dec. 14-16, New Haven, Conn., 17-19.

A HOMESPUN HEART (Leon Williams, mgr.): Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 15, Middletown 16, Lewisburg 18, Danville 19.

A HOT OLD TIME: Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 14-19, Washington 21, Richmond 28, Charlottesville 29.

A HUMAN SLAVE (J. M. Ward, mgr.): Ilion, N. Y., Dec. 15, Utica 16, Ottawa, Can., 17-19, Montreal 21-26.

A LITTLE OUTCAST (Eastern; Geo. E. Gill's): Manchester, N. H., Dec. 14-16, Fall River, Mass., 17-19, Boston 21-26.

A LITTLE OUTCAST (Western; E. J. Carpenter, mgr.): Fresno, Cal., Dec. 15, Salamanco 16, Oroville 18.

A LITTLE OUTCAST (Northern; Geo. E. Gill's; E. H. Fitzhugh, mgr.): Circleville, O., Dec. 15, Portsmouth 16, Parkersburg, W. Va., 17, Athens, O., 18, Nelsonville 19, Coshocton 21, New Philadelphia 22, Cadiz 23, Steubenville 24, Beaver Falls, Pa., 26.

A MILLIONAIRE TRAMP (Elmer Walters; H. E. Buchanan, mgr.): Oakland, Cal., Dec. 15, 16.

A NIGHTMARE (H. V. Fitzgerald, mgr.): Union, S. C., Dec. 15, Yorkville 16, Durham, N. C., 17, Fayetteville 18, Darlington, S. C., 19, Chester 21, Laurens 22, Greenwood 23, Anderson 24, Gainesville, Ga., 25.

A RABBIT'S FOOT (Pat Chappell, mgr.): Port Gibson, Miss., Dec. 15, Vicksburg 16, Monroe, La., 17, Ruston 18, Arcadia 19, Shreveport 20.

A RAGGED HERO: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.

A ROMANCE OF COON HOLLOW (Archibald Allen, mgr.): Manistee, Mich., Dec. 15, Cadillac 16, Traverse City 17, East Jordan 18, Petoskey 19, Soo 22, Canada Soo 23, Manistique 24.

A ROYAL SLAVE (Harry Gordon, mgr.): Hambleton, W. Va., Dec. 15, Bellington 16, Buckhannon 17, Weston 18, Morgantown 19.

A ROYAL SLAVE (Harry Gordon, mgr.): Fort Smith, Ark., Dec. 15, Fayetteville 16.

A RUN ON THE BANK (I. Seidenberg, mgr.): Knightstown, Ind., Dec. 15, New Castle 16, Anderson 17.

A TEXAS STEER (M. Rice, mgr.): Yazoo City, Miss., Dec. 15, Jackson 16, Monroe, La., 17, Natchez 18, Baton Rouge 19, Vicksburg, Miss., 21, Meridian 22, Demopolis, Ala., 23, Selma 24, Montgomery 25, Mobile 26.

A WISE MEMBER (Arthur Verner, mgr.): McPherson, Kan., Dec. 16, Pratt 17, St. John 18.

A WORKING GIRL'S WRONGS: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-19.

AN ARISTOCRATIC TRAMP (Will Kilroy, mgr.): Upper Sandusky, O., Dec. 15, Galion 16, Newark 18, Zanesville 19.

AN ENGLISH DAISY (Weber and Fields, mgrs.): Boston, Mass., Dec. 7—indefinite.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE: Iowa City, Ia., Dec. 16, Cedar Rapids 17.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC (Harry Clay Blaney, mgr.): Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 14-19, Richmond, Va., 21-26.

ADAMS, MAUDE: New York city Nov. 10-Jan. 12.

ALLEN, VIOLA: Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 15, Atlanta, Ga., 16, Birmingham, Ala., 17, Terre Haute, Ind., 19, Chicago, Ill., 21-Jan. 2.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Peru, Ind., Dec. 15, Huntington 17, 18, Noblesville 22, Decatur 23, 24.

ARE YOU A MASON: Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 14-16, Pasadena 17, Santa Barbara 18, Fresno 19.

ALPHONSE AND GASTON: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1, 2, Newport News, Va., 4.

ARIZONA (J. P. Palser, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 13-19.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE (Davis and Butterfield, mgrs.): Fall River, Mass., Dec. 25, 26, Providence, R. I., 28-Jan. 2.

AT CRIPPLE CREEK: Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-19.

BARRYMORE, ETHEL: Boston, Mass., Nov. 30-Dec. 19.

BATES, BLANCHE (David Belasco, mgr.): Boston, Mass., Dec. 7—indefinite.

BEN HUR: Butte, Mont., Dec. 17-19.

BERESFORD, HARRY: Kewanee, Ill., Dec. 15, Oceana 16.

BINGHAM, AMELIA: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 7-19.

BLOODGOOD, CLARA: Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 15, Sioux City 16, Lincoln, Neb., 17, Omaha 18, 19.

BONELLI, WM., AND ROSE STAHL: Jamestown, N. Y., Dec. 15, Bradford, Pa., 16, Corry 17, Erie 18, Fredonia, N. Y., 19, Akron, O., 21, Canton 22.

BUFFHAM, ELMER (Fletcher and Stronach, mgrs.): Kingsville, Can., Dec. 15, Wallaceburg 17, Sarnia 18.

BUHLER, RICHARD (Henry B. Macks, mgr.): Cortland, N. Y., Dec. 15, Elmira 16, Corning 17, Pittston, Pa., 18, Scranton 19, Carbondale 21, Wilkes-Barre 22, Hazelton 23, Mahanoy City 24, Pottsville 25, Reading 26.

BURGESS, NEILL (H. A. Mann, mgr.): Fall River, Mass., Dec. 14-16.

CHECKERS (Kirke La Shelle, mgr.): Newark, N. J., Dec. 14-19, New Haven, Conn., 25, 26.

CHILD SLAVES OF NEW YORK: Akron, O., Dec. 14-16, Wheeling, W. Va., 17-19, Brooklyn, N. Y., 21-26.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE (Fred D. Fowler, mgr.): Russellville, Ark., Dec. 15, Hot Springs 16, Little Rock 17, Camden 18, Hope 19, Clarksville, Tex., 21, Bonham 22, Denison 23, South McAlester, I. T., 24.

CLAXTON, KATE (W. W. Randall, mgr.): New York city Dec. 14-19.

CLEMENT, CLAY (Jos. C. Logan, mgr.): Brazil, Ind., Dec. 15, Laporte 16, Ft. Wayne 19.

COHANS, FOUR (Fred Niblo, mgr.): Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 30-Dec. 19.

CRANE, W. H.: Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 14-16, St. Paul 17-19.

CROSMAN, HENRIETTA: New York city Dec. 9—indefinite.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS: Bellaire, O., Dec. 15, Bridgeport 16, Steubenville 17, Woodsfield 18, 19, Kenton 21, Fostoria 22, Fairmont 23, Tiffin 25.

DARE DEVIL DOROTHY: Ypsilanti, Mich., Dec. 15, Ann Arbor 16, Lansing 17, Flint 18, Port Huron 19.

DAVID HARUM (Edwin F. Dees, mgr.): Gallipolis, O., Dec. 15, Ashland, Ky., 16, Portsmouth, O., 17, Mt. Sterling, Ky., 18, Paris 19, Columbus, O., 28-30.

DAVID HARUM (E. G. Davidson, mgr.): Washington, D. C., Dec. 14-19.

DENVER JACK: Willard, U., Dec. 15, Perry 16, Brigham 17, Honeyville 18, Dewey 19.

DESERTED AT THE ALTAR (Percy G. Williams, mgr.): Providence, R. I., Dec. 14-19, New York city 21-26.

DEVIL'S AUCTION: Fostoria, O., Dec. 15, Findlay 16, Lima 17, Elkhart, Ind., 18, Goshen 19.

DODGE, SANFORD: Cando, N. D., Dec. 15, Churches Ferry 17, Bottineau 21, Minot 25, Harvey 28, New Rockford 30, Carrington Jan. 2.

DORA THORNE (Robt. Haicott, mgr.): Wellsville, O., Dec. 15, Steubenville 16, Coshocton 18, Bellaire 19, Barnesville 21, Circleville 22, Springfield 23, Lancaster, Washington C. H. 25, Hamilton 26.

DOWN ANOTHER (Chas. A. Arthur, mgr.): Minerva, O., Dec. 15, Cambridge 17, Pleasant City 18, Bridgeport 19, Cadiz 21.

DOWN BY THE SEA (Phil Hunt, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 6-19, Omaha, Neb., 20-23, St. Joseph, Mo., 24-26.

DOWN MOBILE: Carthage, Mo., Dec. 16, Joplin 20, Springfield 25, Webb City 26.

EBEN HOLDEN: Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 15, New Albany, Ind., 17, Greensboro, Ky., 19, Evansville, Ind., 21, Cairo, Ill., 22, Centralia 23, Arcola 24, Bloomington 25.

EDESON, ROBERT: Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 15, Indianapolis 16, Louisville, Ky., 17-19.

EIGHT BELLS: Youngstown, O., Dec. 17.

ESCAPED FROM SING SING: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.

ELLIOTT, MAXINE: New York city Dec. 7-26.

EVERYMAN: Portland, Me., Dec. 15-17, Portsmouth, N. H., 18, 19.

EVERYMAN (Western): St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 30-Dec. 19.

FISKE, MRS. (Harrison Grey Fiske, mgr.): Toledo, O., Dec. 25, 26.

FISHER, ALICE: Washington, D. C., Dec. 14-19.

FORGIVENESS (Edward P. Corrigan, mgr.): Newport, Vt., Dec. 15, 16.

FOR HER CHILDREN'S SAKE (Eastern; Sullivan, Harris and Woods, mgrs.): New York city Dec. 7-26, Montreal, Can., 28-Jan. 2.

FOR HER CHILDREN'S SAKE (Western; Sullivan, Harris and Woods, props.; Ed. H. Lester, mgr.): Mahanoy City, Pa., Dec. 15, Berwick 16, Milton 17, Nanticoke 18, Pittston 19, Hazelton 22, Mt. Carmel 26.

FOR HER SAKE: Mercer, Pa., Dec. 15, Titusville 16, Oil City 17, Ridgeway 18, Kane 19.

FOR HIS BROTHER'S CRIME (L. B. Williams, mgr.): Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 14-16, Wilmington, Del., 17-19.

FOR HOME AND HONOR: Newport, R. I., Dec. 14-19.

FOXY GRANDPA (Wm. A. Brady's; "Doc" Breed, mgr.): San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 13-26, San Jose 27, Oakland 28, Marysville 29.

GALLAND, BERTHA: New York city Dec. 14—indefinite.

GALLATIN, ALBERTA (Geo. H. Brennan, mgr.): Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 24-26, Santa Anna 28.

GEORGE, GRACE (Wm. A. Brady, mgr.): Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 14-16, Atlantic City, N. J., 19.

GILLETTE, WM.: New York city—indefinite.

GLAD OF IT: New York city Dec. 28—indefinite.

GOLDWIN, NAT: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-16.

GRANTLEY, HELEN (J. B. Delcher, mgr.): Denison, Tex., Dec. 15, Bonham 16, McKinney 17, Sherman 18, Cleburne 19, Ft. Worth 21, Dallas 22, Paris 23.

GRIFFITH, JOHN (Jno. M. Hickey, mgr.): Danville, Ill., Dec. 15, Decatur 16, Springfield 17, Lincoln 18, Peoria 19.

HALL, GEORGE F. (A Ragged Hero): Montreal, Can., Dec. 14-20, Cornwall 21, Brockville 22, Ottawa 24-26.

HALL, HOWARD: Omaha, Neb., Dec. 13-16.

HANS HANSON (Jas. T. McAlpin, mgr.): Blue Rapids, Kan., Dec. 15, Wamego 16, Burlingame 17, Lyndon 18, Osage City 19, Quenemo 21, Burlington 22, La Harpe 23, Humbolt 24.

HAPPY HOOLIGAN (Eastern; Charles E. Barton, mgr.): Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Detroit, Mich., 21-26, Cleveland, O., 28-Jan. 2.

HAPPY HOOLIGAN (Western; Al. Dolson, mgr.): Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 15, Joplin, Mo., 16, Pittsburg, Kan., 17, Wichita 18, Pueblo, Col., 19, Denver 20-26, Victor 27, Colorado Springs 28.

HARNED, VIRGINIA: New Orleans, La., Dec. 14-19.

HAWTREY, CHARLES: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 7-26.

HEARTS ADRIFT: Toledo, O., Dec. 13-16, Akron 17.

HEARTS OF OAK (Wm. B. Gross, mgr.): Cincinnati, O., Dec. 14-19, Piqua 21, Tiffin 22, Massillon 23, Sharon, Pa., 24, Meadville 25, Youngstown, O., 26.

HER FATAL SIN: Brownsville, Pa., Dec. 15, Uniontown 16, Belle Vernon 17, Monongahela 18, New Kensington 19.

HER FIRST FALSE STEP (C. F. Whitaker, prop.; E. A. Schiller, mgr.): New York city Dec. 14-19, Worcester, Mass., 21-26, Boston 27-Jan. 2.

HER MARRIAGE VOW (Vance and Sullivan, mgrs.): Washington, D. C., Dec. 14-19.

HER ONLY SIN: Marianna, Ark., Dec. 16, Texarkana 17, Little Rock 18, Newport 19, Poplar Bluff, Mo., 25, Cape Girardeau 26.

HIS NIBS, THE BARON (A. W. Cross, mgr.): Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 15, Antigo 16, Tomahawk 17, Rhinelander 18, Escanaba 19, 20, Iron Mountain 21, Marquette 22, Ishpeming 23, Lake Linden 24.

HUMAN HEARTS (Southern; Jay Simms, mgr.): Bedford, Ind., Dec. 15, Seymour 16, Connersville 17, Franklin 18, Elwood 19, Anderson 20, Noblesville 21, Muskegon 25.

HUMAN HEARTS (Western; Claud Saunders, mgr.): Fond du Lac, Mich., Dec. 15, Green Bay 16, Merrill 17, Wausau 18, Eau Claire 19.

HUMAN HEARTS (Eastern; J. M. Blanchard, mgr.): Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 15, Milton 16, Danville 17, Bloomsburg 18, Hazleton 19.

HUMPTY DUMPTY: New Castle, Pa., Dec. 15, Beaver Falls 16, Franklin 17, Ashtabula, O., 18, Erie, Pa., 19.

IF WOMEN WERE MEN (M. W. Taylor, mgr.): Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 31, Jan. 1.

IN LOUISIANA (G. D. Johnstone, mgr.): Big Spring, Tex., Dec. 15, Sweetwater 16, Baird 17, Cisco 18.

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GALLOWS: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 13-19.

IRVING, HENRY: Springfield, Mass., Dec. 14, 15, Hartford, Conn., 16, 17, New Haven 18, 19, Brooklyn, N. Y., 21-26, Washington, D. C., 28-Jan. 2.

JAMES BOYS IN MISSOURI (Eastern; Geo. Klimt, prop.; Frank Gazzalo, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-20, Philadelphia, Pa., 21-26, Trenton, N. J., 28, Chester, Pa., 29, Reading 30, 31, Pottstown Jan. 4.

JESSE JAMES (Art M. Gruber, mgr.): Kokomo, Ind., Dec. 15, Tipton 16, Noblesville 17, Lebanon 18, Brazil 19.

JOSHUA WHITCOMB (Kilpatrick and Burniston, mgrs.): Providence, R. I., Dec. 14-19, Worcester, Mass., 21-23, Rochester, N. Y., 25, 26, Harrisburg, Pa., 28, Altoona 29, Johnstown 30, Greensburg 31.

KELCEY, HERBERT, AND EFFIE SHANNON: Savannah, Ga., Dec. 25, Charleston 26.

KYLE, HOWARD (Geo. H. Brennan, mgr.): Shreveport, La., Dec. 15, Texarkana, Tex., 16, San Antonio 22, Austin 26.

LEGALLY DEAD (Harry Shannon, mgr.): Cherokee, Ia., Dec. 15, Mason 16, La Mars 17, Webster City 18, Fort Dodge 19, Iowa Falls 25, Boone 26.

LANGTRY, MRS. Louisville, Ky., Dec. 14-16, Nashville, Tenn., 17, Memphis 18, 19.

LODER, CHAS. (A Funny Side of Life; W. S. Butterfield, mgr.): Danville, Ill., Dec. 14, 15, Terre Haute, Ind., 16, Richmond 17, Dayton, O., 18, Springfield 19, Hamilton 21, Muncie, Ind., 22, Anderson 23, Indianapolis 24-26, Alexandria 27, Crawfordsville 28, Franklin 29, Columbus 30, Seymour 31, Madison Jan. 1, New Albany 2.

LOOKING FOR A WIFE (D. E. Benn, mgr.): Portland, Ore., Dec. 14, 15, Walla Walla, Wash., 16, Colfax 17, Moscow 18, Pullman 19.

LOST RIVER (Jules Murry, mgr.): Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 15, Sioux Falls, S. D., 16, Mankato, Minn., 17, St. Cloud 18, Brainerd 19.

MACDOWELL, MELBOURNE (Francis Courtney, mgr.): Atchison, Kan., Dec. 15, St. Joseph, Mo., 16, 17, Topeka, Kan., 18, Wichita 19.

McFADDEN'S FLATS (Thos. R. Henry, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 13-26, Cincinnati, O., 27, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 3.

McHENRY, NELLIE: Chicago, Ill., Nov. 29-Dec. 19.

MARTINOT, SADIE: Amsterdam, N. Y., Dec. 15, Syracuse 16, Jamestown 18, Bradford, Pa., 19.

MAN TO MAN (W. S. Butterfield, mgr.): Vinita, I. T., Dec. 15, El Reno, O. T., 16, Weatherford, Tex., 17, Gerry, O. T., 18, Shawnee 19, Guthrie 20, Kingfisher 21, Oklahoma City 22, Chickasha, I. T., 23, Gainesville, Tex., 24, Denison 25, Sherman 26.

MANNERING, MARY: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-26.

MANSFIELD, RICHARD (Lyman B. Grover, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Nov. 30-Dec. 19.

MANTELL, ROBERT B.: New York city Dec. 7-26.

MARTINOT, SADIE: Amsterdam, N. Y., Dec. 15, Syracuse 16, Jamestown 18, Bradford, Pa., 19.

MASON AND MASON (Broadhurst and Currie, mgrs.): Pueblo, Col., Dec. 15, Salida 16, Leadville 17, Topeka, Kan., 19, Sioux City, Ia., 25, Omaha, Neb., 27, 28.

MELVILLE, ROSE (J. R. Sterling, mgr.): Salt Lake, U., Dec. 14-16, Provo 17, Grand Junction 18, Ouray 19, Telluride 21, Durango 22, Alamosa 24.

MICKEY FINN (Clark Brown, mgr.): Salt Lake, U., Dec. 17-19.

MILLER, HENRY-MARGARET ANGLIN (Chas. B. Dillingham, mgr.): Montreal, Can., Dec. 17-19.

MORRISON, LEWIS (Jules Murry, mgr.): Toledo, O., Dec. 15, Port Huron, Mich., 16, Bay City 17, Saginaw 18, Lansing 19.

MORTIMER, CHARLES: Charleston, W. Va., Dec. 15, Harpers Ferry 16, Westminster, Md., 17, Charlestown 18, Havre de Grace 19.

MR. JOLLY OF JOLIET (Broadhurst and Currie, props.; H. A. Wickham, mgr.): Junction City, Kan., Dec. 15, Wamego 16, Lawrence 17, Atchison 18, Marshall, Mo., 19, Kansas City 20-26.

MR. PIPP: Cincinnati, O., Dec. 14-19, St. Louis, Mo., 21-26.

MURPHY, JOSEPH: Quebec, Can., Dec. 14-16, Toronto 21-26.

MURPHY, TIMOTHY: Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 13-16.

MURRAY AND MACK (Ollie Mack, mgr.): Cleveland, O., Dec. 14-19, Toledo 20-23, Marshall, Mich., 24, Grand Rapids 25, 26.

NATION, CARRIE: New York city Dec. 14-19.

NEILL, JAMES: Honolulu Dec. 7-Jan. 2.

NEW ENGLAND FOLKS: Louisville, Ky., Dec. 13-19.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY (G. W. Winnett, mgr.): Washington, D. C., Dec. 14-19, Baltimore, Md., 21-26, Frankford 28-30.

NINETY AND NINE: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.

NO WEDDING BELLS FOR HER: Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 17-19.

NOT GUILTY: St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 14-19, Kansas City 20-26.

ORER, GEORGE (Wm. H. Currie, mgr.): Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 15, 16, Hot Springs 17, 18, Texarkana 19.

OLD ARKANSAW (Fred Raymond's): Washington, Kan., Dec. 15, Concordia 16, Manhattan 17, Marysville 18, Wahoo, Neb., 19, Stella 21, David City 22, York 23, Seward 24, Beatrice 25, Auburn 26.

ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT (Geo. Klimt, prop.; Frank Gazzalo, mgr.): Columbus, O., Dec. 14-16, Marion, Ind., 17-19, Lafayette 25, South Chicago, Ill., 26.

ON CIRCUS DAY: Meridian, Miss., Dec. 16.

OSTERMAN, KATHERINE: Marion, Ind., Dec. 15.

OTIS, ELITA PROCTOR (George H. Brennen, mgr.): Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 14, 15, Evansville 16, Paducah, Ky., 17, Columbus, Ga., 25, Macon 26, Asheville, N. C., 28.

OUR NEW MINISTER (Miller and Conyers, mgrs.): New York city Nov. 30-Jan. 16.

OVER NIAGARA FALLS (A; Rowland and Clifford, mgrs.): Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 14-19.

OVER NIAGARA FALLS (B; Rowland and Clifford, mgrs.): Gardner, Mass., Dec. 15, Athol 16, Northampton 17, Westfield 18, Paterson, N. J., 21-23, New Rochelle, N. Y., 25.

OVER NIAGARA FALLS (C; Rowland and Clifford, mgrs.): Rock Springs, Wyo., Dec. 15, Rawlins 16, Laramie 17, Cheyenne 18, Ft. Collins 19, Denver, Col., 20-26.

OWEN, WM. (Martin Sheeley, mgr.): Hannibal, Mo., Dec. 15, Louisiana 16, Streator, Ill., 25.

PATTON, W. B. (J. M. Stout, mgr.): Portland, Ore., Dec. 13-19, Salem 21, Albany 22, Eugene 23, San Jose, Cal., 25, 26.

PECK AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW ABROAD (Jas. M. Brennan, mgr.): Baltimore, Md., Dec. 14-19, Brooklyn, N. Y., 21-26, Boston, Mass., 28-Jan. 2.

PECK'S BAD BOY (A; Leroy J. French, mgr.): Cedar Falls, Ia., Dec. 15, Sioux City 17, Elk Point, S. D., 18, Council Bluffs, Ia., 19, 20.

PECK'S BAD BOY (B; Leroy J. French, mgr.): Higginsville, Mo., Dec. 15, Odessa 16, Atchison, Kan., 17, St. Joseph, Mo., 18, 19, Sedalia 22, California 23, Clinton 25, Nevada 26.

PECK'S BAD BOY (Southern; Harry Reavey, mgr.): Ft. Worth, Tex., Dec. 15, Dallas 16, Waxahachie 18, Mexia 19.

PEG WOFFINGTON: Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 15, Sheffield 16.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK (Ollie Mack and Jas. M. Galter, mgrs.): Youngstown, O., Dec. 14-19, Canton 21, Wooster 22, Lima 23, Van Wert 24, South Bend, Ind., 25.

QUEEN OF THE HIGHWAY (Wallick's; W. McGowan, mgr.): Cleveland, O., Dec. 14-19, Massillon 21, New Castle, Pa., 22, Youngstown, O., 23, Canton 24.

QUEEN OF THE WHITE SLAVES (A. H. Woods, mgr.): Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-19, New York city 21-26.

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER (Eastern; C. B. Brooks, mgr.): Marietta, O., Dec. 15, Parkersburg, W. Va., 16, Ironton, O., 17, Portsmouth 18, Maysville, Ky., 19, Dayton, O., 25, 26.

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER (Central; C. H. Smith, mgr.): Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 13-19, Louisville, Ky., 21-25.

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER (Western; W. G. Shelling, mgr.): Albia, Ia., Dec. 15, Centerville 16.

REHAN, ADA, AND OTIS SKINNER: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 7-19.

RICHMAN, CHARLES (Weber and Fields, mgrs.): New York city Nov. 23—indefinite.

ROBERT EMMET: Scranton, Pa., Dec. 25, Wilkes-Barre 26, New York city 28-Jan. 2.

ROBERTS, FLORENCE (Frederic Belasco, prop.; E. D. Price, mgr.): Seattle, Wash., Dec. 13-19, Victoria, B. C., 21-23, Vancouver 24-26, New Westminster 28, New Whatcom, Wash., 29, 30, Everett 31.

ROBERTSON, FORBES, AND GERTRUDE ELLIOTT: Detroit, Mich., Dec. 14-19.

ROBSON, ANDREW (Jno. W. Bennett, mgr.): Leadville, Col., Dec. 15, Aspen 16, Salt Lake, U., 17-19, Baker City, Ida., 21, Pendleton, Ore., 22, North Yakima, Wash., 23, Ellensburg 24, Tacoma 25, Olympia 26.

ROBSON, ELEANOR: Baltimore, Md., Dec. 14-19.

ROYAL LILLIPUTIANS: San Antonio, Tex., Jan. 1, Austin 2, Shreveport 3.

RUSSELL, ANNIE: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-26.

SAG HARBOR (Wm. B. Gross, mgr.): Claremont, N. H., Dec. 15, Woodstock, Vt., 16, Berlin, N. H., 17, Lisbon 18, Bellows Falls, Vt., 19, Worcester, Mass., 21-26.

SAVED FROM THE SEA: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-19.

SHAW, MARY (Geo. H. Brennen, mgr.): Rockford, Ill., Dec. 15, Aurora 16, Champaign 17, Madison, Wis., 25, Wausau 26.

SHEA, THOS. F. (Jas. Wall, mgr.): Allentown, Pa., Dec. 14-19, Wilmington, Del., 24-26.

SHORE ACRES (Wm. B. Gross, mgr.): Perry, Ia., Dec. 15, Des Moines 16, Boone 17, Rockford, Ill., 18-25, Morrison 26, Davenport, Ia., 28, Clinton 29, Rock Island, Ill., 30, Burlington, Ia., 31.

SI PLUNKARD (Bob Mack, mgr.): St. Marys, W. Va., Dec. 15, Wellsburg 16, Mannington 17, Barnesville, O., 18, Cambridge 19, Canal Dover 21, Carrollton 22, Massillon 25, Canton 26, Sharon, Pa., 28, Oil City 29, Mercer 30, Conneaut, O., 31.

SIDNEY, GEORGE: Decatur, Ill., Dec. 15, Bloomington 16, Peoria 17, Galesburg 18, Rock Island 19.

SLAVES OF THE MINE: Hancock, Mich., Dec. 15, Ishpeming 16-21, Marinette, Wis., 22, Neenah 23, Manitowoc 24, Marquette 25, Escanaba 26, Calumet 28, Hancock 29.

SOTHERN, E. H.: Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-26.

STIRLING, ALMA: Hicksville, O., Dec. 15, Auburn 16, Kendallville 17.

STODDARD, JAMES H. (Kirke La Shelle, mgr.): San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 14-19.

SULLIVAN, JOSEPH J.: Lakewood, N. J., Dec. 15, Atlantic City 16, Millville 17, Glassboro 18, Bridgeton 19.

SWEET CLOVER: Toronto, Can., Dec. 13-24, Hamilton 25, Guelph 26.

SULLY, DANIEL: Cohoes, N. Y., Dec. 15, Kingston 16, Newburgh 17, Albany 25, 26.

SUPERBA (Edward Warren, mgr.): Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 15.

THE BEAUTY DOCTOR: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 8-19.

THE BLACKTHORN: Lakewood, N. J., Dec. 15, Atlantic City 16, Millville 17, Glassboro 18, Bridgeton 19, Lancaster, Pa., 21, York 22, Hanover 23, Westminster, Md., 24, Annapolis 25, Frederick 26.

THE CHARITY NURSE (Henck and Fennessy, props.; Jno. M. Cocke, mgr.): Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 17-19, St. Louis, Mo., 20-26, Kansas City 27-Jan. 2.

THE CHILD WIFE: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-19.

THE CHOIR BOY OF ST. MARY'S: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-19.

THE CHRISTIAN (A; Davis and Darcy, props.; Chas. L. Young, mgr.): St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 13-19.

THE CHRISTIAN (B; Davis and Darcy, props.; Chas. L. Young, mgr.): Staunton, Va., Dec. 15, Charleston, W. Va., 16, Huntington 17, Parkersburg 18.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER (Southern; Roland G. Pray, mgr.): Belton, Tex., Dec. 15, Temple 16, Hillsboro 17, Ft. Worth 18, Dallas 19, Sherman 20, Gainesville 21.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER (Eastern; J. H. Washburn, mgr.): Belding, Mich., Dec. 15, St. Louis 16, Clare 17, Ludington 18, Big Rapids 19, Muskegon 20, Kalamazoo 21, Saginaw 22.

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN (Henry W. Savage's): New York city Nov. 24—indefinite.

THE DARKEST HOUR (Lincoln J. Carter's): McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 17, Greensburg 16, Scottdale 17, Latrobe 18, Windber 19, South Fork 25, Altoona 26.

THE DENVER EXPRESS (H. M. Holden, mgr.): Tobica, Ill., Dec. 16, 17, Bloomington 18-22, Danville 23, 24, Hannibal, Mo., 25, 26, Centralia, Ill., 28-30.

THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET (Kirke La Shelle, mgr.): Waterbury, Conn., Dec. 15, Newburgh, N. Y., 16, Yonkers 17.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR: Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 25, Marlboro 26, South Framingham 28.

THE ETERNAL CITY: Cincinnati, O., Dec. 14-19.

THE FAST MAIL: Macomb, Ia., Dec. 25, Brook Haven 26, Jackson 28, Yazoo City 29.

THE FATAL WEDDING (Western): Rochester, Ind., Dec. 15, Wabash 16, Logansport 17, Lebanon 18, Crawfordsville 19, Brazil 21, Terre Haute 22, 23.

THE FATAL WEDDING (Sullivan, Harris and Woods, mgrs.): New Orleans, La., Dec. 13-19, Los Angeles, Cal., 20-26.

THE FATAL WEDDING (Sullivan, Harris and Woods, mgrs.): Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 14-19.

THE FLAMING ARROW (Lincoln J. Carter's): Scranton, Pa., Dec. 14-16, Wilkes-Barre 17-19, Auburn, N. Y., 25, Rochester 26-30.

THE GAME KEEPER (Smith O'Brien; Rowland and Clifford, mgrs.): Willimantic, Conn., Dec. 15, Hartford 16, Springfield, Mass., 17-19, Bridgeport, Conn., 21-23, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 24, Peekskill 25, New Rochelle 26.

THE GAME KEEPER (Thos. J. Smith; Rowland and Clifford, mgrs.): Anita, Ia., Dec. 15, Atlantic 16, Omaha, Neb., 17-19, Neola, Ia., 20, Creston 21, Clarinda 22, Red Oak 23, Platsmouth 24, Nebraska City 25, Tecumseh 26.

THE GAY MR. GOLDSTEIN: Le Roy, N. Y., Dec. 15, Palmyra 16, Newark 17, Clyde 18, Oswego 19, Penn Yan 21, Ithaca 25, Owego 26.

THE GERMAN LILLIPUTIANS: Seward, Neb., Dec. 15, David City 16, Columbus 17.

THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE: Columbus, O., Dec. 14-16, Toledo 17-19, Detroit, Mich., 20-26.

THE GREAT WHITE DIAMOND: Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Brooklyn 21-26.

THE HEAD WAITERS (B. C. Whiting, mgr.): Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 13-15, Victoria, B. C., 16, Vancouver 17, New Westminster 18, New Whatcom, Wash., 19, Seattle 20-26.

THE HEART OF A HERO: Albany, N. Y., Dec. 14-16, Troy 17-19, Rochester 21-23, Syracuse 24-26.

THE HEART OF CHICAGO: Burlington, N. J., Dec. 25, Salem 26, Baltimore, Md., 28-Jan. 2.

THE HEART OF MARYLAND (David Belasco, mgr.): Norwich, Conn., Dec. 15, New London 16, Fall River, Mass., 17, Worcester 18, Springfield 19, Lawrence 25, Salem 26.

THE HILLS OF CALIFORNIA: Omaha, Neb., Dec. 14-16.

THE IRISH PAWNBROKERS (Joe W. Spears, mgr.): Perry, Okla., Dec. 15, Muskogee, I. T., 16, Shawnee, Okla., 17, Vinita 18, Coffeyville, Kan., 19.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD (Edw. Houghton, mgr.): Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 14-16, Rochester 17-19.

THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS (Western; Blondell and Fennessy, mgrs.): Washington, Ia., Dec. 15, Muscatine 16, Clinton 17, Galena 18, Dubuque 19, Mason City 22, Des Moines 24-26.

THE KING OF DETECTIVES: New York city Dec. 14-19.

THE LAND O' COTTON (Junker and Corcoran, mgrs.): Augusta, Ga., Dec. 15, Sumter, S. C., 16, Darlington 17, Florence 18, Columbia 19, Athens, Ga., 21, Gainesville 22, Greenville, S. C., 23, Spartanburg 24, Charlotte, N. C., 25.

THE LIM

Galena, Ill., 16, Morrison 17, Sterling 18, South Chicago 19, Dowagiac, Mich., 21, Battle Creek 22, Union City 23.
TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM: Elsinore, U., Dec. 15, Richmond 16, Gunnison 17, Nephi 19.
TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM (Jno. F. Stowe, prop.): Elsinore, U., Dec. 15, Richfield 16, Gunnison 17, Nephi 19, Payson 23, Provo 26, Hedar 28.
THERE AND BACK: Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-16.
THOMPSON, DENMAN: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 28-Jan. 2.
THURSTON, ADELAIDE (Frank J. and Clayton Wilstach, mgrs.): St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 15, Lincoln, Neb., 16, Omaha 17, Creston, Ia., 18.
TO BE BURIED ALIVE: Montreal, Can., Dec. 14-19, Camden, N. J., 21-23, Hoboken 24-26, Brooklyn, N. Y. 28-Jan. 2.
TO DIE AT DAWN (J. M. Ward, mgr.): Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 15, Ft. Wayne 16, Delphos, O., 18, Lima 19, Columbus 21-23, Dayton 24-26, Anderson, Ind., 27, Marion 28, Indianapolis 31-Jan. 2.
TOO PROUD TO BEG (Lincoln J. Carter's): Newark, N. J., Dec. 14-19, Brooklyn, N. Y., 21-26, New York city 28-Jan. 2.
TRESCOTT, VIRGINIA DREW: Topeka, Kan., Dec. 15.
TWO LITTLE WAIFS (No. 1: Lincoln J. Carter, prop.): Camden, N. J., Dec. 14-16, Hoboken 17-19, Newark 21-26.
TWO LITTLE WAIFS (No. 2: Lincoln J. Carter's): Richmond, Ky., Dec. 15, Georgetown 16, Paris 17, Portsmouth, O., 25, Waverley 26.
TWO MERRY TRAMPS: Winfield, Kan., Dec. 15, Kingman 17, Newton 18, Hutchinson 19, Wichita 20.
ULYSSES: Cleveland, O., Dec. 14-19.
UNCLE JOSH SPRUCEBY (Frazee and Bates, props.): Marysville, Cal., Dec. 15, Oroville 16, Napa 17, Vallejo 18, Oakland 19.
UNCLE SI HASKINS (C. S. Primrose, mgr.): Galena, Ill., Dec. 15, Manchester, Ia., 16, Waterloo 17.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Eastern; Al. W. Martin's; Ed. S. Martin, mgr.): Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-19, Providence, R. I., 21-26.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Western; Al. W. Martin's; F. C. Cooper, mgr.): Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 13-19, Cameron 21, Hamburg, Ia., 22, Osceola 23, Chariton 24, Perry 25, Nevada 26.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Northern; Stetson's): Parson's, Kan., Dec. 15, Coffeyville 16, Fredonia 17, Independence 18, Sedan 19.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Western; Stetson's; Wm. Kibbe, mgr.): Canton, Ill., Dec. 15, Monmouth 16, Kewanee 17, La Salle 18, Ottawa 19.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Stetson's; Eastern; Leon Washburn, mgr.): New Britain, Conn., Dec. 15.
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES (Eastern; Harry Doel Parker, mgr.): Allentown, Pa., Dec. 25, Reading 26, Pottsville 28, Lansford 29, Bethlehem 30, Easton 31, Trenton, N. J., Jan. 1, 2.
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES (Western; Harry Doel Parker, mgr.): Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 25, Battle Creek 26, Detroit 27-Jan. 2.
UNDER TWO FLAGS (O. D. Wood, mgr.): Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 13-19.
WAINWRIGHT, MARIE (Sam'l McCutcheon, mgr.): Wichita, Kan., Dec. 15, La Junta 16, Trinidad 18, Pueblo 21, Colorado Springs 22, Leadville 23, Ogden, U., 25, Park City 26.
WARFIELD, DAVID: Newport, Va., Dec. 16, Roanoke 17, Knoxville, Tenn., 18, Chattanooga 19.
WARNER, CHARLES: Baltimore, Md., Dec. 14-19.
WAS SHE TO BLAME (Southern; J. G. Stultz): Grundy Centre, Ia., Dec. 21, Reinbeck 22, Cedar Rapids 23, Vinton 25, Dysart 26, Toledo 29, Story City 30, Boone Jan. 1.
'WAY DOWN EAST (Eastern; J. Claude Gilbert, mgr.): North Baltimore, O., Dec. 15, Defiance 16, Norwalk 17, Warren 18, Wheeling, W. Va., 19.
'WAY DOWN EAST: New York city Dec. 14-19.
WEALTH AND POVERTY (Jno. J. Brophy, mgr.): Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Dec. 14-16, Scranton 17-19, Harrisburg 25, 26.
WEARY WILLIE WALKER (Harry Dull, mgr.): Mauch Chunk, Pa., Dec. 16, Mahanoy City 18, Shenandoah 21, Danville 22.
WEDDED AND PARTED: New York city Dec. 14-19.
WHEN THE BELL TOLLS: Hamilton, Can., Dec. 18, 19.
WHEN WOMEN LOVE (Frank W. Nason, mgr.): Elkhart, Ind., Dec. 15, Kalamazoo, Mich., 16, Grand Rapids 17-19, Toledo, O., 20-23, Akron 24-26.
WHY WOMEN SIN (M. W. Taylor, mgr.): St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 13-19, Minneapolis 20-26, Chicago, Ill., 27-Jan. 2.
WHY WOMEN SIN (Western; M. W. Taylor, mgr.): Beardstown, Ill., Dec. 15, Clinton 16, Taylorsville 17, Pana 18, Litchfield 19, Alton 25, Cairo 26, Paducah, Ky., 28-30.
WHY WOMEN SIN: Watertown, N. Y., Dec. 21-23, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 24-26, Scranton 28, Pittston 29.
WIEHE, CHARLOTTE, FRENCH THEATRE: New York city—indefinite.
WIFE IN NAME ONLY (Garland Gaden, mgr.): Utica, N. Y., Dec. 15, Elmira 16, Binghamton 17, Saratoga 18, Troy 19, Albany 21, Poughkeepsie 22, Peekskill 23, Harrisburg, Pa., 24.
WILLARD, KATHERINE (Edward C. White, mgr.): Ft. Dodge, Ia., Dec. 15.
YON YONSON: Santa Rosa, Cal., Dec. 15, Napa 16, Vallejo 17, Sacramento 18, Stockton 19, San Jose 20, Salinas 21, Watsonville 22, Santa Cruz 23, Mandura 24, Fresno 25, Bakersfield 26.
YOUNG TOBE HOXIE (Homer Drake, mgr.): Steubenville, O., Dec. 15, Cambridge 16.
ZIG ZAG ALLEY: Newark, N. J., Dec. 14-19.

STOCK COMPANIES.

ACADEMY: Buffalo, N. Y., May 25—indefinite.
ALCAZAR (Belasco and Mayer, mgrs.): San Francisco, Cal.—indefinite.
AMERICAN (Oliver Martell, mgr.): Los Angeles, Cal.—indefinite.
BAKER THEATRE (Jno. E. Boyle, mgr.): Rochester, N. Y.—indefinite.
BALDWIN-MELVILLE: New Orleans, La., Sept. 12—indefinite.
BOWDOIN SQUARE: Boston, Mass.—indefinite.
BOYLE: Nashville, Tenn.—indefinite.
BUFFINGTON: Pawtucket, R. I.—indefinite.
BUSH TEMPLE: Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
CASTLE SQUARE: Boston, Mass.—indefinite.
CENTRAL (Belasco and Thall, mgrs.): San Francisco, Cal.—indefinite.
CLEVELAND: Chicago, Ill., Oct. 31—indefinite.
DARCY AND SPECK'S: Philadelphia, Pa.—indefinite.
DUQUESNE: Pittsburgh, Pa.—indefinite.
ELLIOTT: Chicago—indefinite.
ELYSIAM (Will R. Wilson, mgr.): New Orleans, La., Nov. 21—indefinite.
EMPIRE: Toledo, O.—indefinite.
EMPIRE: Columbus, O.—indefinite.
FAWCET, GEORGE: Baltimore, Md., Sept. 21—indefinite.
FERRIS: Minneapolis, Minn.—indefinite.
FOREPAUGH THEATRE: Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 15—indefinite.
FRAWLEY, DANIEL, AND CO. (James Neill and Daniel Frawley, props.): Dunedin, N. S., Dec. 7-20, Auckland 26-Jan. 16.
GARRICK: Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
GERMAN: Philadelphia, Pa.—indefinite.
GLUCKMANN: Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE: Pittsburgh, Pa.—indefinite.
HOPKINS': Memphis, Tenn.—indefinite.
HOSMER, MAY: Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
HUNTLEY: Atlantic City, N. J.—indefinite.
IMPERIAL THEATRE: Providence, R. I., Aug. 22—indefinite.
IRVING PLACE THEATRE (Heinrich Conried, mgr.): New York city—indefinite.
LYCEUM: Cleveland, O.—indefinite.
NEILL-MOROSCO (Chas. Astor Parker, mgr.): Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 22-Jan. 8.
NEW AMERICAN (Jno. Conners, mgr.): Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
PAYTON'S LEE AVENUE: Brooklyn, N. Y.—indefinite.
PAYTON'S FULTON STREET (Corse Payton, prop.; Fred Andrews, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 5—indefinite.
PHILLIPS' LYCEUM (Lewis A. Phillips, prop. and mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 29—indefinite.
PLAYER'S STOCK: Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE: New York city—indefinite.
PROCTOR'S 125th STREET: New York city—indefinite.
PROCTOR'S: Albany, N. Y., May 18—indefinite.
RADCLIFFE'S, CARRIE: Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 7—indefinite.
SPOONER (Mrs. Spooner, prop.; Will McAlister, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 22—indefinite.
STANDARD THEATRE (Darcey and Specks, props.): Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 22—indefinite.
THANHOUSER: Milwaukee, Wis., July 7—indefinite.
THIRTY-FIRST STREET: Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
TROY, DONNA, STOCK (Jas. L. Glass., mgr.): New Orleans, La., Nov. 15—indefinite.

REPERTOIRE COMPANIES.

AUBREY STOCK (Eastern): Schenectady, N. Y., Dec. 14-26, Lockport 28-Jan. 2.
AUBREY STOCK (Western): Oil City, Pa., Dec. 7-18, New Castle 19, East Liverpool, O., 21-26.
BENNETT-MOULTON (W. A. Partello, mgr.): Orange, Mass., Dec. 14-19, Athol 21-26.
BENNETT-MOULTON (F. C. Twichell, mgr.): Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 14-19, Derby, Conn., 21-26.
BENNETT-MOULTON (Ira H. Newhall, mgr.): New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 21-Jan. 2.
BRECKENRIDGE STOCK: Edorado, Kan., Dec. 14-19.
BUNTING, EMMA (Earl Burgess; Theo. Johnson, mgr.): Williamsport, Pa., Dec. 14-23, Reading 24-Jan. 2.
CARPENTER, FRANKIE (Jere Grady, mgr.): Lewiston, Me., Dec. 14-19, Rumford Falls 21-24, Portland 25-Jan. 2.
CASTLE SQUARE STOCK (L. L. Green and Jno. Yeager, mgrs.): Elkland, Pa., Dec. 14-16, Athens 17-19, Addison, N. Y., 21-23, Andover 24-26.
CHASE-LISTER (Southern; R. T. Rutledge, mgr.): Morris, Minn., Dec. 14-16, Cooperstown, N. D., 17-19.
CONROY AND MACK'S COMEDIANS (P. P. Craft, mgr.): Cumberland, Md., Dec. 14-19, Charlerol, Pa., 21-26, Grafton, W. Va., 28-Jan. 2.
COOK-CHURCH (H. W. Taylor, mgr.): Orange, N. J., Dec. 14-19, Norristown, Pa., 21-26.
CUTTER AND WILLIAMS: Greenfield, O., Dec. 14-19, Chillicothe 21-26.
DAVIDSON, FRANK: Perryville, Ind., Dec. 14-16.
DAVIDSON STOCK (A. E. Davidson, prop. and mgr.): Streator, Ill., Dec. 14-19, Aurora 21-26, Racine, Wis., 27-Jan. 3.
DILGER-CORNELL: Lewistown, Pa., Dec. 17-19, Carlisle 21-26, Chambersburg 28-31.
DYFFRYN, ETHEL: Danbury, Conn., Dec. 14-19.
ECLIPSE STOCK: Bessemer, Ala., Dec. 14, 15, Corona, Miss., 16, 17, West Point 18, 19.
EDWARDS STOCK: Punxsutawney, Pa., Dec. 14-19, Phillipsburg, Pa., 20-26, Butler 28-Jan. 2.
EWING-TAYLOR (Albert Taylor, mgr.): Tyler, Tex., Dec. 14-19, Marshall 25, 26, Palestine 28-Jan. 2.
FENBERG STOCK (Geo. M. Fenberg, mgr.): Lowell, Mass., Dec. 14-21, Gloucester 28-Jan. 2.
FERRIS COMEDIANS (Harry Bubb, mgr.): Jacksonville, Ill., Dec. 14-19.
FISKE, MAY: Nashua, N. H., Dec. 14-19.
FLEMING, MAMIE: Chester, Pa., Dec. 14-19, New Brunswick, N. J., 21-26.
GARSIDE, CONDIT AND MACK: Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Oswego 21-26, Binghamton 28-Jan. 2.
GODDING COMEDY (C. M. Cotton, mgr.): Soo, Mich., Dec. 14-26, Manistique 28-Jan. 2.
GUY STOCK (Billy Casad, mgr.): Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 14-19.
HALL, DON C.: Winslow, Ariz., Dec. 14-19, Flagstaff 21-26.
HARCOURT COMEDY (Chas. K. Harris, mgr.): New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 14-19, Brockton 21-26.
HARRISON AND ADAMS: Alexandria, Va., Dec. 14-19.
HAYNES-WHEELER: Fall River, Mass., Dec. 13-15, Lowell 16-18, Troy, N. Y., 20-22, Cohoes 23-25, Glens Falls 27-29, Brockton, Mass., 31-Jan. 2.
HENDERSON, MAUD: Edgerton, O., Dec. 10-15.
HUMMELEIN'S IDEALS: Columbia, Pa., Dec. 14-16, Wilmington, Del., 21-Jan. 2.
HIMMELEIN'S IMPERIAL STOCK (Jno. A. Himmelein, mgr.): Elkhart, Ind., Dec. 21-26, South Bend 28-Jan. 2.
HOEFFLER, JACK, SHOWS (Jack Hoeffler, mgr.): Boonville, Mo., Dec. 14-19, Jefferson City 20-26, Alton, Ill., 28-Jan. 2.
HOLDEN COMEDY: Mobile, Ala., Dec. 10-18.
HOWARD-DORSET (Geo. B. Howard, mgr.): Fairmount, W. Va., Dec. 14-19, Parkersburg 21-Jan. 2.
HOWARD STOCK (A. G. Howard, mgr.): Perth Amboy, N. J., Dec. 14-19.
JEAKINS, CLARE: North Platte, Neb., Dec. 14-19.
KARROLL, DOT: Augusta, Me., Dec. 15-19, Manchester, N. H., 21-23, Dover 24-26.
KEANE, JAMES (Morris B. Durley, mgr.): Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 6-19, Pomona 21, Riverside 22, San Bernardino 23.
KENNEDY, JAMES (O. E. Wee, mgr.): South Bend, Ind., Dec. 14-19, Port Huron, Mich., 25-Jan. 2.
KERKHOFF DRAMATIC: Ridgeway, Mo., Dec. 14-20.
KEYSTONE DRAMATIC (McGill and Shipman, props.): Newport, R. I., Dec. 14-19, Lynn, Mass., 21-Jan. 2.
KING-PERKINS (Edward Taylor, mgr.): Lisbon, Ia., Dec. 15, Vinton 16, Nichols 17, Kalona 18, Wellman 19, North English 21, Montezuma 22, Newton 23, Boone 25, Prairie City 26, Pella 28, Eddyville 29.
KINGSLEY-RUSSELL: La Harpe, Ill., Dec. 14-16, Dallas City 17-19.
KLARK-URBAN: Somersworth, N. H., Dec. 14-19, Nashua 21-26.
LONG, FRANK E.: Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 14-19.
LONG, NELLIE, STOCK (Frank C. Long, mgr.): Connellsville, Pa., Dec. 14-19.
LORRAINE, RHE (S. F. Sherman, mgr.): Port Jervis, N. Y., Dec. 14-16, Catskill 17-19, Geneva 21-26.
LYCEUM STOCK (E. C. Grougean, mgr.): Conway Springs, Kan., Dec. 14-16, Alva, Okla., 17-19, Woodward 21-26.
LYONS, LILLIAN, STOCK (Dean and Ogle, mgrs.): Wellsville, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.
McAULIFFE, JERE, STOCK: Meriden, Conn., Dec. 14-19, Stamford 21-26.
McDONALD STOCK: Opelousas, La., Dec. 14-16, Washington 17-19.
MACK, WILBUR: Newcomerstown, O., Dec. 14-16, Barberton 17-19, Mansfield 21-23, Mt. Vernon 24-26.
MARKS BROTHERS (Joe Marks, mgr.): Galt, Can., Dec. 14-19, St. Catharines 21-27.
MARKS BROTHERS (R. W. Marks, mgr.): Lowville, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.
MARKS, TOM, STOCK (Tom Marks, mgr.): Green Bay, Wis., Dec. 14-26, Oshkosh 28-Jan. 2.
MASON-KEELER: Toronto, Can., Dec. 14-19, Pittsburgh, Pa., 28-Jan. 2.
MATHES, CLARA: Walla Walla, Wash., Dec. 21-26.
MAY, VERNA (H. A. Du Bois, mgr.): Uhrichsville, O., Dec. 14-19, Rochester, Pa., 21-26.
MILDRED-ROUCLERE (Frank Fox, mgr.): Sumter, S. C., Dec. 15, Camden 16, New Barry 17, Lawrens 18, Abbeville 19, Anderson 21, Greenville 22, Spartanburg 23, Charlotte, N. C., 26.
MOREY STOCK (Le Comte and Flesher, mgrs.): Oklahoma City, Okla., Dec. 14-19, Stillwater 21-26.
MURRAY AND MACKEY (John J. Murray mgr.): Johnstown, Pa., Dec. 14-19.
MYERS, WILL H., STOCK (Sim Allen, mgr.): Richmond, Ind., Dec. 14-16, Hamilton 17-19.
MYRKLE-HARDER (Wm. H. Harder, mgr.): Saratoga, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Cohoes 21-26, Yonkers 28.
MYRKLE-HARDER (Eugene J. Hall, mgr.): Parkersburg, W. Va., Dec. 14-19, Sistersville 21-26.
NORTH BROTHERS' COMEDIANS: Stanberry, Mo., Dec. 14-16.
PAYTON, CORSE, COMEDY (J. T. Macauley, mgr.): Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 14-19, Hartford 21-Jan. 2.
PAYTON, CORSE, STOCK: Biddeford, Me., Dec. 14-19.
PAYTON SISTER (Col. Frank Robertson, mgr.): McComb, Miss., Dec. 14-16, Natchez 21-26.
PHELAN, E. V., STOCK (Ralph A. Ward, mgr.): Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 14-19, Cumberland, Md., 24-Jan. 2.
PHELAN, E. V., STOCK (Eastern; E. V. Phelan, mgr.): Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Newburg 21-28.
PRINGLE, DELLA, STOCK (G. Faith Adams, mgr.): Grass Valley, Cal., Dec. 14-19, Sacramento 21-Jan. 4.
RAPIER PLAYERS: Laclede, Mo., Dec. 14-19, Linneus 21-26.
ROBERTS, GERTRUDE (Harry C. Arnold, mgr.): Glace Bay, C. B., Dec. 14-16, North Sydney 17-19, Sydney Mines 21-23.
ROYAL STOCK: Eutaw, Ala., Dec. 14, 15, Livingston 16, 17, Meridian, Miss., 18, 19.
RYAN, DANIEL R.: Trenton, N. J., Dec. 21-26, Stamford, Conn., 28-Jan. 2.
SARGENT, MAY: Clarksville, Ky., Dec. 15, Paducah 16.
SIGHTS, PAULINE (J. W. Sights, mgr.): Appleton, Minn., Dec. 14-16, Gutonville 17-19.
SLATER PLAYERS: Manistee, Mich., Dec. 14-19.
TAYLOR-ALBERT STOCK: Mount Pleasant, Tex., Dec. 14-16, Tyler 17-19.
THE SEWARD SHOW (Arthur J. Chisam, mgr.): Arcola, Ill., Dec. 14-19, Paris 21-26.
THE STEELSMITH: Huntington, Ind., Dec. 14-19, Henderson, Ky., 21-26.
THE VAN DYKE (H. Walter Van Dyke, mgr.): Webb City, Mo., Dec. 14-19, Carthage 21-26.
TURNER, CLARA (Moulton, Thompson and Moulton, props.; M. R. Miller, mgr.): Lynn, Mass., Dec. 14-19, New Britain, Conn., 28-Jan. 2.
VAN DYKE AND EATON (F. Mark, mgr.): Huntington, W. Va., Dec. 14-26, Charleston 28-Jan. 2.
VERNON STOCK (Benj. B. Vernon, mgr.): Walden, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Dover, N. J., 21-26, Boonton 28-Jan. 2.
WARDE STOCK (W. T. Warde, mgr.): Irwin, Pa., Dec. 14-19, Franklin 21-26.
WATERS COMEDY: Versailles, Mo., Dec. 14-16.
WILBER STOCK (H. R. Wilber, mgr.): Durham, N. C., Dec. 14-19.
WILSON, FREDERICK H. (Jno. A. Ryan, mgr.): Bethlehem, Pa., Dec. 14-19.
WINNINGER BROTHERS' OWN: Sioux Falls, S. D., Dec. 14-20, Fairmount, Minn., 21-27.

OPERA AND EXTRAVAGANZA.

A CHINESE HONEYMOON (Western: Harry S. Fulton, mgr.): Jackson, Miss., Dec. 15, Vicksburg 16, Shreveport, La., 17, Beaumont, Tex., 18, Galveston 19, Houston 21, San Antonio 22, Austin 23, Waco 24, Fort Worth 25, Dallas 26.
A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE: New York city Nov. 19-Dec. 26.
BABES IN TOYLAND: New York city Oct. 12—indefinite.
BLACK PATTI TROUBADOURS: Greenville, Miss., Dec. 15, Vicksburg 17, Port Gibson 18, Natchez 19.
DANIELS, FRANK: New York city Nov. 2—indefinite.
DE ANGELIS JEFFERSON: Topeka, Kan., Dec. 18.
EARLE, VIRGINIA (Geo. R. White, mgr.): Washington, D. C., Dec. 14-19.
FLORODORA (Fisher and Ryley, mgrs.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 6-26.
FRENCH OPERA: New Orleans, La., Nov. 10—indefinite.
GLASER, LULU: San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 14-26.
HELD, ANNA: New York city Dec. 8—indefinite.
HOITY TOITY (Mack and Gaites, props.; W. H. Oviatt, mgr.): Scranton, Pa., Dec. 15, Pittston 16, Wilkes-Barre 18, Trenton, N. J., 19, Philadelphia, Pa., 21-26.
HOPPER, DE WOLF (G. W. Wadleigh, mgr.): West Superior, Wis., Dec. 17, Duluth, Minn., 18, 19.
HUMPTY DUMPTY (E. C. Cornell, mgr.): New Castle, Pa., Dec. 15, Beaver Falls 16, Franklin 17, Ashtabula, O., 18, Erie, Pa., 19, Syracuse, N. Y., 21-23, Rochester 24, 26, Hornellsville 28, Corning 29, Elmira 30, Penn Yan 31.
KING DODO (Henry W. Savage's): Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 13-19, Springfield, Ill., 25, Peoria 26, Galesburg 28, Burlington, Ia., 29, Keokuk 30, Hannibal, Mo., 31.

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MISS BOB WHITE: Clarksburg, W. Va., Dec. 17, Morgantown 16, Martinsburg 17, Hagerstown, Md., 18, Annapolis 19.
MOTHER GOOSE: New York city Nov. 30—indefinite.
MR. BLUE BEARD: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 7-Jan. 9.
MY LADY MOLLY: Boston, Mass., Dec. 7—indefinite.
PEGGY FROM PARIS (Henry W. Savage's): Clinton, Kan., Dec. 16, Topeka 17, St. Joseph 18, Denver, Col., 21-26.
POLLARD LILLIPUTIANS OPERA: Santa Cruz, Cal., Dec. 14-16, Watsonville 17-19, Sacramento 20-27, Oakland 29-Jan. 2.
RED FEATHER: New York city Nov. 9—indefinite.
ROGERS BROTHERS: Richmond, Va., Dec. 15, Wilmington, Del., 16, Harrisburg, Pa., 17, Lancaster 18, Trenton, N. J., 19.
SAVAGE'S, HENRY W., GRAND OPERA: New York city Dec. 21-26.
SCHEFF, FRITZI: New York city Nov. 16—indefinite.
THE BOSTONIANS: Dubuque, Ia., Dec. 15, Rock Island, Ill., 16, Burlington, Ia., 17, Keokuk, Ill., 18, Quincy 19, Hannibal, Mo., 21, Galesburg, Ill., 22, Peoria 23, Terre Haute, Ind., 24, Indianapolis 25, 26.
THE BURGOMASTER (Wm. P. Cullen, mgr.): St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 13-19, Pine Bluff, Ark., 21, Hot Springs 22, Little Rock 23, Beaumont, Tex., 25, Galveston 26, 27.
THE CHAPERONS: Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 13-19.
THE COUNTRY GIRL: Hamilton, Can., Dec. 15, 16, Toronto 17-19, Montreal 21-26, Ottawa 28, 29, Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 1, 2.
THE FORTUNE TELLER: Belleville, Can., Dec. 16.
THE GIRL FROM KAYS: New York city Nov. 2—indefinite.
THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME: Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 14-19, Baltimore, Md., 21-26, Philadelphia, Pa., 28-Jan. 2.
THE ISLE OF SPICE (Albert Campbell, mgr.): Chicago, Ill.—indefinite.
THE LITTLE DRAGOON (Jas. H. Kent, mgr.): Quebec, Can., Dec. 14-16, Ottawa 17-19.
THE PRINCE OF PILSEN (Henry W. Savage's): Findlay, O., Dec. 15, Tiffin 16, Akron 17, Canton 18, Youngtown 19, Bradford, Pa., 21, 22, Beaver Falls 24, Mansfield, O., 25, Marion 26, Lima 28.
THE PRINCE OF PILSEN (Henry W. Savage's): Paducah, Ky., Dec. 15, Cairo, Ill., 16, Memphis, Tenn., 17, Greenville, Miss., 18, Vicksburg 19, New Orleans, La., 20-26, Mobile, Ala., 28, 29.
THE PRINCESS CHIC (Jno. P. Slocum, mgr.): Niles, O., Dec. 15, Ashtabula 16, Titusville, Pa., 17, Oil City 18, Butler 19, Pittsburgh 21-26, Washington 28.
THE RUNAWAYS: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.
THE SHOW GIRL (W. H. Kobule, mgr.): Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 14-20, Rochester 21-26, Philadelphia, Pa., 28-Jan. 2.
THE SILVER SLIPPER (John C. Fisher, mgr.): Beaumont, Tex., Dec. 15, Shreveport, La., 16, Texarkana, Ark., 17, Ft. Smith 18, Springfield, Mo., 19, Kansas City 21-26.
THE SLEEPY KING: Cedar Rapids, Ia., Dec. 16.
THE STORKS: St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 13-16.
THE SULTAN OF SULU (Henry W. Savage, pres.): Utica, N. Y., Dec. 15, Ithaca 16, Buffalo 17-19, Cincinnati, O., 21-26, St. Louis, Mo., 27-Jan. 2.
THE TENDERFOOT: Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-26.
THE WIZARD OF OZ: Boston, Mass., Nov. 30-Jan. 2.
THE YANKEE CONSUL (Henry W. Savage's): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 14-Jan. 9.
THREE LITTLE MAIDS: New York city Nov. 16-Jan. 2.
TIVOLI: San Francisco, Cal.—indefinite.
WELLS, DUNNE, HARLAN OPERA (Dave A. Wells, mgr.): Norfolk, Va., Dec. 14-19.
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME: Adrian, Mich., Dec. 15, Toledo, O., 16, Ann Arbor, Mich., 17, Bay City 18, Saginaw 19.
WILLS', NAT M.: Detroit, Mich., Dec. 13-18, Chicago, Ill., 20-26, Louisville, Ky., 27-Jan. 2.

MINSTRELS.

ADAMS', FRANK: Van Wert, O., Dec. 15, Delphos 16, Montpelier, Ind., 17, Hartford City 18, New Castle 19.
BARLOW AND WILSON'S (Lawrence Barlow, mgr.): Rushville, Ind., Dec. 15, Shelbyville 16, Seymour 17.
CLARK'S, BILLY, MINSTRELS: Norwalk, O., Dec. 16.
CULHANE, CHACE AND WESTON'S (Wm. E. Culhane, mgr.): Skowhegan, Me., Dec. 15, Pittsfield 16, Dover 17, Oldtown 18, Ellsworth 19, Bangor 21, Dexter 22, Belfast 23, Togus 24, Waterville 25, Augusta 26.
DOCKSTADER'S (J. H. Decker, mgr.): Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 15, 16, Chattanooga 17, Nashville 18, 19, Philadelphia, Pa., 21-26.
FAUST, TED E., MINSTRELS (G. D. Cunningham, mgr.): St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 1—indefinite.
FIELD'S, AL. G. (J. M. J. Kane, mgr.): Mt. Vernon, O., Dec. 15, Wooster 16, Mansfield 17, Mt. Gilead 18, Zanesville 25, New Philadelphia 26, Canton 28, Akron 29, Youngstown 30, Meadville, Pa., 31, Erie Jan. 1, Sharon 2.
GORTON'S (C. C. Pearl, mgr.): New Martinsville, W. Va., Dec. 17.
GUY BROTHERS (Geo. R. Guy, mgr.): Brockwayville, Pa., Dec. 15, Punxsutawney 16.
HAVERLY'S (Wm. Franklin Riley, mgr.): Denver, Col., Dec. 14-19.
HENRY'S, HI: Albany, N. Y., Dec. 15, 16.
KERSAND'S, BILLY (C. Jay Smith and W. C. Thompson, mgrs.): Sherman, Tex., Dec. 17, Paris 18, Corsicana 21, Shreveport, La., 24, Vicksburg, Miss., 25, Natchez 26, Greenville 28, Clarksdale 29, Greenwood 30, Jackson 31.
RICHARD AND PRINGLE'S (Rusco and Holland, mgrs.): Morgan City, La., Dec. 15, Patterson 16, New Iberia 17, Abbeville 18, Jennings 19, Lake Charles 20, Sour Lake 21, Liberty 22.
TROCADERO BROTHERS: Decatur, Neb., Dec. 15, Tekamah 16, Fremont 17, North Bend 18, Ashland 19.
VOGEL'S, JOHN W.: Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 13-16, Middletown, N. Y., 17, Kingston 18, Newburg 19, New York city 21-26.
WEST'S: Louisville, Ky., Dec. 13-19.

VARIETY

AMERICAN BURLESQUERS: Montreal, Can., Dec. 14-19.
A NIGHT ON BROADWAY: Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 14-19.
BEHMAN SHOW (Frank Barry, mgr.): St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 14-19, Chicago, Ill., 21-26, Detroit, Mich., 28-Jan. 2.
BLUE RIBBON (Jas. Hyde's): Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 7-19.
BOHEMIANS: Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-19.
BON TONS: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14-19.
BOWERY BURLESQUERS: Manchester, N. H., Dec. 17-19.
BRYANT'S BURLESQUERS: Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 13-19.
CHERRY BLOSSOM: Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 14-19.
CITY SPORTS: Fall River, Mass., Dec. 17-19.
CRACKER JACKS: St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 14-19, Kansas City 21-26, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 4-9.
DAINTY DUCHESS: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 13-19.
DEVERE, SAM: St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 13-19.
EMPIRE SHOW: Oakland, Md., Dec. 17, Cass Alta, W. Va., 18.
FOSTER, FAY: Providence, R. I., Dec. 14-19.
FOX, IMRO (T. C. Matthews, mgr.): Springfield, Mass., Dec. 14-19.
HIGH ROLLERS: Washington, D. C., Dec. 13-19.
HILL, ROSE, ENGLISH FOLLY: New York city Dec. 14-19.
HYDE'S COMEDIANS (James Hyde, mgr.): New York city Dec. 14-20.
IMPERIAL BURLESQUERS: Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 14-19.
IRWIN'S, FRED: New York city Dec. 14-19.
JOLLY GRASS WIDOWS: Boston, Mass., Dec. 14-19.
KENTUCKY BELLES: Toronto, Can., Dec. 14-19.
KNICKERBOCKER BURLESQUERS: Paterson, N. J., Dec. 14-19.
LAFAYETTE: Reading, Pa., Dec. 14, 15, Altoona 16, Johnstown 17, 18, Latrobe 19.
LONDON BELLES: Cincinnati, O., Dec. 17-19.
MAJESTICS (Fred Irwin, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 14-26.
MERRY MAIDENS: Louisville, Ky., Dec. 13-19.
MOONLIGHT MAIDS: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 13-19.
ORIENTAL BURLESQUERS: Hartford City, Ind., Dec. 15, Gas City 16, Alexandria 17, Elwood 18.
PARISIAN WIDOWS: Cleveland, O., Dec. 14-19.

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AT THE THEATRES

To be reviewed in THE MIRROR *next week:*

DOROTHY VERNON, OF HADDON HALL.....New York.
A GIRL FROM DIXIE.....Madison Square.
GENTLEMAN BY DAY, BURGLAR AT NIGHT.....New Star.

Belasco—Sweet Kitty Bellairs.

Play in four acts, by David Belasco. Produced Dec. 2.

Sir Jasper Standish	John E. Kellerd
Colonel the Hon. Henry Villiers	Edwin Stevens
Captain Norris	Frank H. Westerton
Lord Kelsey	Charles Hammond
Mr. Tom Stafford	James Carew
Mr. Bob Chichester	Clyde Fogel
Gumly	Addison Pitt
Fenwick	Shelley Hull
The Bishop of Bath	H. Reeves Davies
Colonel Kilmby McHoulan	R. Peyton Carter
Captain Denis O'Hara	J. Malcolm Dunn
Major Owen MacTeague	Alfred Cahill
Mr. Lanty McClusky	Douglas J. Wood
Mr. Darby O'Donovan	Emmet Lesson
Mallow	Stanley Dewitt
The Innkeeper	Harold Watts
First Courier	Howard Hull
Second Courier	R. K. Blair
Post Boy	William Whitney
Mistress Kitty Bellairs	Henrietta Crosman
Lady Standish	Katherine Florence
Lady Marie Fribourg	Louise Moodie
Lady Bab Flyte	Edith Crane
Mistress Bate-Comme	Genevieve Reynolds
Hon. Mrs. Beaufort	Charlotte Nicoll Weston
Miss Prue	Bernice Golden
Miss Doll	Sybil Klein
Miss Derby	Jane Cowl
Miss Sally	Lydia Winters
Selina	Lillian Coffin
Lydie	Estelle Coffin
Barmaid	Mignon Hardt
Clorinde	Mrs. Irvin Chapman
Dorothea	Gertrude Dorrance
Arabella	Edith Howard
Angela	Helen Hale
Marjorie	Edna Griffin
Mistress Tliney	Sara Delaro
Master of Ceremonies	Mark Smith, Jr.
The Prologue	Antoinette Walker

David Belasco and Henrietta Crosman came forward together for the first time in the respective positions of author-manager and star at the Belasco Theatre last Wednesday evening, when Mr. Belasco's play, Sweet Kitty Bellairs, had its first New York presentation. The size and brilliancy of the audience and the enthusiastic admiration with which the production was hailed have seldom been equaled in a local playhouse. At the end of the performance there was left not the slightest doubt of Sweet Kitty Bellairs' success.

Mr. Belasco's play is founded upon the novel entitled "The Bath Comedy," by Egerton Castle. It has, to a degree, the faults of all dramatizations, yet in view of the entertainment that the author-manager has provided, it seems profitless to seek out the flaws. Sweet Kitty Bellairs is filled with situations and episodes that have been long familiar, but they are so adroitly strung together that they seem quite new, bright and pleasing when exhibited yet again. Neither the play alone, nor the magnificent scenery alone—nor, indeed, the acting alone—would engage the interest; the combination, however, delights the senses and compels the onlooker toward enthusiastic applause.

The story of the play follows closely the plot of the novel, which is too well known to detail here.

The scenic splendor, the magnificent costumes and the stage-management made the production a delight to the eye. The first setting, showing the exterior of Prideaux Hall, and the third setting—the ball-room scene—were exquisitely beautiful, and the groupings throughout the performance were good.

Miss Crosman's impersonation of Kitty, the joyous, nimble witted, big hearted Kitty, was as fine a piece of work as she has yet revealed to the public. Her quick, impulsive, sparkling manner of speech and action are well known to playgoers, but in this impersonation she disclosed beside a sweet, womanly tenderness that she has heretofore hidden.

Charles Hammond played the hero, Verney, in a fresh, manly, natural fashion that was most attractive. John E. Kellerd was a polished, graceful Sir Jasper. Edwin Stevens gave a splendid character sketch as Colonel Villiers, and accomplished the remarkable feat of making a drunken gentleman both humorous and natural. R. Peyton Carter was also admirable in much the same line as Colonel McFlontan. Katherine Florence in the unpleasant role of the tearful Lady Standish gave an impersonation that was worthy of all the plaudits that it won. The other important roles were all in capable hands, and the subordinate people evidenced very careful training.

The Princess—Candida.

Play in three acts, by George Bernard Shaw. Produced Dec. 9.

Rev. James Mavor Morell	Dodson Mitchell
Eugene Marchbanks	Arnold Daly
Mr. Burgess	Herbert Carr
Lexy Mill	F. Newton-Lindo
Proserpine	Louise Closser
Candida	Dorothy Donnelly

At the Princess Theatre last Tuesday afternoon Candida, a three-act intellectual nightmare, by George Bernard Shaw (Dublin, vintage '56), novelist, playwright, critic, delightful egotist, calculating poseur, shy recluse, fascinating sham, hater of shams, mischievous iconoclast, lover and hater of poets and poetry, preacher and preaching, church and state; of everything that is and isn't; believer in nothing, and in all that is good and true; epigrammatist, girder at and defier and hater of Madame and Mademoiselle Grundy; Fabian socialist, literary guerilla, with a feline streak in his spiritual makeup; paradoxical prince or peasant; hater of the conventional and, alas! indulging in the conventional at the final curtain, in Candida, one of the most original things ever done in a civilized town to the delectation of an indulgent audience.

The story of Candida is literary rather than dramatic. There is not one dramatic situation, one effective entrance or exit or curtain in it. It is all talk, but clever talk; sometimes brilliant, and always a mixture of W. S. Gilbert, Wilde and Shaw. Often Mr. Shaw suggests himself, though. As a humorist dealer in paradox Mr. Shaw takes himself very seriously. He likes to annoy the groundling and irritate the judicious. His Candida, unless impeccably played, would be as ridiculous as Pinafore or Patience; his hero, Marchbanks, as comical as Bunthorne. As it is, the three principal figures in Candida are on the very brink of theatrical disaster more than a dozen times, and only the beautiful art of Arnold Daly, Dodson Mitchell and Dorothy Donnelly saved Mr. Shaw and his study from inextinguishable laughter.

A poet of eighteen visits the house of a minister. The minister has a lovely wife, whom he loves devotedly. The poet loves her, too, and after being invited to dinner by the minister he tells him that he is an old windbag and unworthy of his wife. The minister, instead of throwing him through the window, argues the question with him. The wife enters, makes eyes at, and all but love to, the poet, caresses his hands and hair, arranges his collar and tie, and the husband takes it all as if it were buttermilk. Then the wife is surprised to find that she has made the poet love her, and surprised at her husband's troubled mind and words, and surprised at her own moderation in loving the poet and rebuking her unreasonable husband. She is a very superior lady—superior to her husband, lover and father—with an indulgent smile and a chiding word always on the tip of her tongue for her inferiors, when she thinks she has located them. Her husband, the finest character in the play, finally tells her to choose between the poet and himself, and she has a merry time choosing between two tortured men. She chooses her husband after oceans of fun at his expense, and that is illogical but the sop to Cerberus, or the British matron or public; and there Mr. Shaw, as artist and iconoclast, loses our respect.

It was one of the best all-round acted plays seen in years, and a dramatic tonic. Everybody left the theatre with a youthful step. Dodson Mitchell, as the Rev. James Morell, was fine and true; Herbert Carr, as the fat-headed and fatter witted (in all but business affairs) Mr. Burgess, was so good to look at and to hear that he never for a second seemed to be acting; the Lexy Mill of F. Newton-Lindo was the submerged English curate to the life; the Proserpine of Louise Closser was as admirable as Mr. Carr's exquisite Burgess; Dorothy Donnelly was the lovely, alluring, soft, tender charmer of poets and priests, perfectly satisfied that she conferred a favor upon her husband when she married him, and luring on the poor little poet to his doom, to make a Candida holiday. The poet, Eugene Marchbanks, of Arnold Daly, was suggestive of Shelley in social sentiments and of Keats in appearance. It was a splendid portrayal of a most difficult part, and Mr. Daly carried it to a triumphant finish. He is brimming over with the stuff of which stars are made, and as a stage manager he wins nothing but praise.

Knickerbocker—Mlle. Napoleon.

Musical play in three acts and five tableaux, by Jean Richepin. Adapted by Joseph W. Herbert. Music by Gustav Luders.

Napoleon	Arthur Lawrence
Miche	Joseph W. Herbert
Flute	Frank Moulan
Fouche, Duc d'Otrante	Henry Bergman
Chouffle	Reginald Carrington
Noel Gilot	Frank Rushworth
Le Marechal Le Febvre	Robert Hickman
Talma	Harry M. Blake
Constant	
The Marquis D'Eatinac	Robert Hickman
The Viscount Maubreial	Richard Wallace
Ecrevesse	Franz Ebert
The Abbe Delille	Fletcher Norton
Duchi	Frankiyn Wallace
David	Edward Gore
Commissaire of Police	E. A. Tester
A Young Elegant	Alfred Fyfe
An Old Financier	Karl Becca
Joachim Murat	J. S. Northern
Le Marechal Ney	S. P. Fulen
Houstan	J. S. Dunlevy
The Emperor of Austria	Howard Stevens
The Emperor of Russia	M. Sharpe
Madame Phillipard	Mathilde Cottrelly
Flora	Billy Norton
Mlle. Ragocurt	Adelaide Orton
Madame Sans-Gene	Edyth Mayer
Dancers	McCoy Sisters
Duchesse De Genlis	Nina Randall
Madame Recamier	Edna Goodrich
Mlle. Contat	Elsie Baird
Mademoiselle Mars	Anna Held

Last Tuesday night, Dec. 8, Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., showed New York Anna Held in a version of Jean Richepin's play, Mlle. Napoleon, by Joseph W. Herbert. A large audience gathered to witness another triumph of genius and art, but it went home disappointed, for the transplanted rose of M. Richepin turned out to be, in the hands of its present gardeners, a particularly large and offensive cabbage. It is pretty safe to assume that M. Richepin, who is one of France's best playwrights, is not responsible for the slang and cheap wit, humor and vaudeville acts, of this costly production—for costly it undoubtedly is—and had as much good taste and talent been expended as money Mlle. Napoleon would have been one of the two or three successes of the season. Mr. Herbert's work has not added one thing of value to M. Richepin's, as produced in Philadelphia nearly two months ago. Then it was free of gags and coarseness; now it isn't. And such gags! They are older than the 1903 calendar, and should be heard only at a Rogers Brothers' exhibition. Think of a comedian endeavoring to win laughter by speaking of Napoleon and Josephine as "Boney" and "Josey." Think of it, dream of it, dissolute man, and go and see it, then, if you can!

Napoleon and his court cannot be successfully caricatured by third or fourth-class writers, and first and second-class writers won't attempt the work. Not even a second-class writer would be guilty of the awful anachronism of putting up-to-date New York jokes and slang into a Napoleonic play.

The plot concerns Mlle. Mars, her lover, who is a captain in the Imperial Guards, and Napoleon. But the story is hardly worth the telling.

As a production nothing but praise need be accorded Mlle. Napoleon. Money has been freely spent on costumes and scenery. In the lighter scenes Miss Held was piquant and pleasing as of yore, but in the one serious scene with Napoleon she was not as excellent as she was pretty. Seriousness is not in Miss Held's line, perhaps. She sang delightfully, however. The "Lion and the Mouse" song was delightfully rendered, as was her singing in the marionette scene at the ball. The rest of the cast, headed by Frank Moulan and Joseph W. Herbert, was worthy of better material, especially such a fine artiste as Mathilde Cottrelly. Her Napoleon ever scowled as much as the Napoleon of Arthur Lawrence he would have scowled all Europe to a standstill, and there would have been no St. Helena.

Irving Place—The Stream.

Drama in three acts, by Max Halbe. Produced Dec. 8.

Madame Philippine Dorn	Elisabeth Arlaans
Peter Dorn	Julius Kobler
Heinrich Dorn	Alexander Rottmann
Jakob Dorn	Alfred Abel
Renate	Bertha Rocco
Reinholdt Ulrichs	Franz Kierschner
Hanne	Marie v. Wegern

The Stream, a drama in three acts, by Max Halbe, was presented for the first time in America at the Irving Place Theatre last Tuesday night. It proved to be an interesting play, of considerable strength. The atmosphere is one of unrelieved gloom, although, at the very end, there is a certain degree of lightening in the suggestion of a union between two of the protagonists.

The author has been signally successful in securing the effect for which he has striven. All our sympathy goes out to Jakob, whom fate has marked for one of her victims. The abstract idea of fate here asumes the tangible form of the river Vistula, which plays an all-important part in the development of the plot. Symbolism is subtly interwoven in the play, and many of the lines possess a considerable degree of poetic beauty.

The story concerns the Dorn family. Peter, the oldest of three sons, suppresses his father's will and usurps his brother's rights in the estate. Heinrich Dorn goes out into the world and is lost sight of. The youngest brother, Jakob, stays at home, where he receives brutal treatment at Peter's hands. The one bright spot in the boy's life is his love for his sister-in-law, Renate. She has come into the knowledge of her husband's secret through his confession to her in a conscience-stricken moment beside the bodies of their two children, who have been drowned in the Vistula. For five years she has guarded his secret, which is known to but two others—his grandmother, Madame Philippine Dorn, and Ulrichs, a poor relation, living in the house. After twelve years' absence Heinrich returns, a successful engineer, with a commission to build works that are to protect the district from floods. Renate and he had loved each other before her marriage to Peter, and the meeting rekindles the old flame in both hearts. The woman does not trust herself, and asks her former lover to leave the house; but before he goes she is driven by her husband's cruelty to tell him of the wrong that has been done him. Heinrich asks his brother to make reparation, and is laughed at for his pains. He tells Jakob, who has suspected the true state of affairs. The boy, maddened by the news, determines on a terrible revenge. He rushes off to the dam, which confines the force of the river, and attempts to pierce a hole in it in order that the flood, once unloosed, may destroy his persecutor. Peter hurries to the spot to prevent the catastrophe. In the struggle which follows the brothers, locked in each other's arms, are swallowed up in the raging Vistula.

To Alfred Abel as Jakob went the honors of the evening. His acting was natural and instinct with feeling. Particularly well done was the scene in which his brother's baseness is disclosed to him. Alexander Rottmann as Heinrich displayed a fault that is not uncommon with him. His entrance scene was played with too little repression. He was better in his quieter moments, as also was Bertha Rocco, the Renate. When she attempts to tear passions to tatters she fails. Julius Kobler was a consistently good Peter, and Franz Kierschner played Ulrichs with his usual care.

THE LEMKE FAMILY.

Play in four acts, by R. Showronnek and L. W. Stein. Produced Dec. 10.

Mathilde Lemke	Camilla Dalberg
Alfred	Alfred Abel
Eva	Hedwig v. Gotzmann
Hartmann	Otto Meyer
Eugenie	Marie Klerschner
Gerda	Maried Hage
Ernst-Gustav	Richard Schlegelmilch
Amelie von Knoblauch	Elisabeth Arlaans
Redemark	M. Hanseker
Gustav Horn	Otto Ortbert
Christian Boje	Matthias Claudius
Auguste	Lina Hanseker
First customer	Sonia Schefsky
Second customer	Elita Person
Third customer	Amelie Feige
First workman	Bruno Dehnicke
Second workman	Otto Wiehers

The second novelty of the week at the Irving Place was The Lemke Family, a folk-play in four acts by Showronnek and Stein. It proved to be decidedly disappointing. There was scarcely any action; the slightest of plots was drawn out to the point of attenuation in order to fill the four acts, and the dialogue was uninspired.

Mathilde Lemke and her sister Eva have opened a milliner's shop in Berlin in order to support themselves and their brother Alfred. All their pride is centered in him. For him they have struggled and striven early and late in order that he might continue his legal studies. Mathilde has even lost her lover through her devotion to her brother. Alfred calmly accepts the sacrifices made for him as if they were his due, and rewards good with evil by being ashamed of the fact that his sisters are in trade. Without their knowledge he has engaged himself to Gerda, the daughter of the Hartmann family, from whom he conceals his, as he thinks, debasing connections. At a watering place the truth is disclosed to the Hartmanns by the outspoken Eva, who for the first time learns of her brother's duplicity. The girl's honesty appeals to Ernst Hartmann, Gerda's brother, who falls in love with her, and, after a vigorous siege, wins her hand. He resigns his commission in the army to enter into partnership with Gustav Horn, a master locksmith, in the exploitation of an invention of Horn's. Alfred, meanwhile, has married Gerda, and Mathilde finally yields to the importunities of Horn, who has long loved her.

The company struggled bravely with the unpromising material furnished to them, and they did well, considering this fact. It is fitting that mention be made of Matthias Claudius, who, in the small character part of Christian Boje, was signally successful.

Next Thursday night Maeterlinck's Monna Vanna will be put on for the first time in America.

Vaudeville—Je Ne Sais Quoi.

Comedy in three acts by Francois de Croisset.

Marquis d'Evreux	M. Lucien Prad
Comte d'Arleval	M. Max Charlier
Bertrand	M. H. De Ber
Jean	M. G. Laby
First Reporter	M. Duneud
Second Reporter	M. Ariate
Third Reporter	M. Lagier
Molly	Madame Charlotte Wiehe
Comtesse d'Arleval	Mlle. A. Nory
Female Reporter	Mlle. Daurieourt
Comtesse Busac	Miss Gyn
Baroness Arlequin	Miss Marbury

THE STAMMERER.

Vaudeville in one act, by Dr. Feraudy.

Leonie	Mlle. R. Nory
Paul Jumelle	M. H. De Ber

Je Ne Sais Quoi, a three-act comedy by Francois Croisset, and The Stammerer, a vaudeville in one act by Dr. Feraudy, were produced last Wednesday night at the Vaudeville Theatre. Je Ne Sais Quoi is a gibe at the American heiress who marries for a title. This particular girl is the daughter of an oil magnate, and marries the Marquis d'Evreux, whom she bores half to death with her real love for him. She, longing for reciprocal affection, turns to his friend, Count d'Arleval, who is perfectly willing to be her comforter. When she finds herself in danger she flies to her husband for protection.

Madame Wiehe's Molly, the heiress, was a pretty libel on the American lady, but well acted. Her rag-time song in the last act was demanded many times. She is a capital soubrette. Such a play in Paris, with a Parisian girl caricatured by an American actress married to an American bankrupt, would cause a riot. American audiences are very good-natured.

The Stammerer calls for no extended notice.

Grand—Queen of the White Slaves.

Melodrama in four acts by Arthur J. Lamb. Produced Nov. 23.

James Wendel	Theodore Friebus
Ralph Grimestone	E. J. Miltern
Charles Maitland	H. L. Salter
Fleecy Ruggs	J. L. Flatow
Jack Beaucaire	Walter Stuart
Wong Fung Low	Edward Poland
Captain Carter	Harry Snyder
Doctor Toxert	Lee Daniels
Teddy Haynes	William Stevens
David Dean	Charles Henley
Josia Frost	Howard Keene
Gilbert Walken	James Carter
Bill Stevens	Harry Parker
Fang	Don Orr
Moke	Arthur Kline
Jack Wilson	Edward Gorman
William Henley	Walter Moore
John Magen	Sydney Harper
R. Kong	James Morrison
Ke Low	Irving Grant
Sing Su	George Walton
Ragged Joe	Elsie Williard
Alice Branston	Elsie Williard
Mamie Murphy	May Abby
Sybil Grimestone	May Gerald
Laura Rivers	Sylvia Bidwell

Arthur J. Lamb, last week at the Grand Opera House, filched some of the laurels from the wreath of Theodore Kraemer, who sat in a box and felt them falling as ordinary leaves fall in Autumn.

The play was a thriller, called The Queen of the White Slaves. It opened in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and ended in Hong Kong, China. It contained a thrill a minute, and a gun play every five minutes.

The story, in brief, is that of Laura Rivers, the most beautiful young lady in San Francisco, and an heiress. She is loved by Jim Wendel, the Sherlock Holmes of San Francisco, and she returns his love, but Wong Fung Low, a rich merchant, loves her, too, and promises Ralph Grimestone, the worst bad man in California, $25,000 when he lands Laura in his palace in Hong Kong. As a guarantee of good faith he gives him an advance of $5,000. Laura is abducted, then she's saved by Jim Wendel, then she is abducted and saved again by Jim again and again. Finally they get her off, by the aid of the Terrible Nine, a band of murderers, with Grimestone as their leader. In China Laura refuses the hand of Wong, and he is about to chastise her with a leather thonged whip, when Jim Wendel jumps from the middle of the Pacific into the palace grounds with two revolvers in his dripping hands, and Laura is his for keeps.

Everything about this production is on a large scale—company, scenery, situations, and applause. It went like wildfire through about the largest audience ever gathered in the Grand Opera House. The acting of J. E. Miltern as the polished villain made the greatest hit. Mr. Miltern was about the most businesslike, uncompromising villain ever seen in a modern melodrama. He was as polished as patent leather, and as cruel as fate. Theodore Friebus, as Jim Wendel, the hero, gripped the gods of the gallery, while Sylvia Bidwell, as Laura Rivers, was all a heroine so sweetly timid could be. J. L. Flatow worked hard and well as Fleecy Ruggs, the Wong Fung Low of Edward Poland was true to nature, while the rest of the cast left nothing to be desired in the hearts of the tremendous audience.

Metropolis—Our Bridget's Dream.

Musical Farce in Three Acts, by W. F. Carroll. Produced Dec. 7.

Bridget Gallagher	George W. Monroe
Herman Oscarbrook	Harry Taylor
Tom Montrose	Harry Linton
Impossibeare Bluff	Abbott Davidson
Jack Ward	Charles E. Piper
Ray McGonigle	George M. Bailey
Rufus Leading	Joe Hart
Dave Whittier	Victor Bailey
Larry Montrose	Walter Baker
Andy Rattle	Aida Brown
Marie Ramon	Roberta Gilbert
Carrie Taylor	Pauline Hall
Mrs. Taylor	Emily Jordan
Hilda Clarence	Anita Lawrence
Katie Gallagher	Virginia Ackerman
Bella Baldwin	Irene Bayley
Carrie Rohr	Mabel Dillingham

Our Bridget's Dream, a new three-act musical farce by W. F. Carroll, with George W. Monroe in the principal role, made its first appearance in New York at the Metropolis Theatre last week, under the management of George B. Reno. The play was well received, and bids fair to be a popular success. George W. Monroe as Bridget Gallagher, the boss of the house, gave one of those characteristic impersonations that have made him such a fun-maker. Abbott Davidson made a big individual hit in his rawsing solo, "Tired." This week, The King of Detectives.

Fifty-eighth Street—To Be Buried Alive.

Melodrama in four acts, by Frank Lindon. Produced Dec. 7.

Richard Gordon	William H. Pascoe
Jim Hurley	Guy Lewis
Ben Mason	Frank Lindon
Ira Hopkins	Frank Bell
William Pickard	Jack Bell
Elder Plummer	L. J. Plummer
Swan Wilson	Hugh Glenlar
Bessie Mason	Helen Mae Wilcox
Lydia Livingston	Kathryn Purcell
Mrs. Mason	Lida Richards
Amanda Goodman	Maude Cushing
Widow Whitney	Ella Mason

A melodrama, with the blood-curdling title, To Be Buried Alive, was produced for the first time in this city last week. It is constructed on familiar lines, with dialogue that appeals to the emotions, and scenes and situations that cause the blood to flow with great swiftness in the veins of the susceptible.

Hypnotism is the basis on which the plot is founded, and Mr. Lindon deserves much credit for using an unhackneyed theme. Richard Gordon is by far the most unprincipled villain we have seen in melodrama in many a day. He possesses the power of hypnotizing, and uses it to further his devilish schemes. Under the spell he exercises he ruins Lydia Livingston and also succeeds in controlling temporarily the mind of Bessie Mason, who declares that she loves him, although she really loves and wishes to marry Jim Hurley, a good, honest fellow, who has been her friend from childhood. Gordon keeps the girl fascinated, and has the upper hand all the way through the play until the end, when he puts Bessie into a cataleptic trance, so closely resembling death that her people are preparing to bury her alive. His scheme is spoiled by Lydia and Jim, and he is forced to use his hypnotic power to restore her to consciousness and to her devoted lover's arms. He meets his fate at the hands of Lydia, who shoots him before he has a chance to escape.

The piece is far better than the average melodrama. The story is interesting from beginning to end, and most of the scenes and situations are not at all improbable. The best scene occurs in the second act, in which a switch-tower is shown. The comedy element is not lacking, and

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS

Week ending December 19.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—The Best of Friends—9th week—67 to 74 times.
AMERICAN—Our New Minister—3d week—17 to 24 times.
BELASCO—Henrietta Crosman in Sweet Kitty Belairs—2d week—6 to 13 times.
BIJOU—Alice Fischer in What's the Matter With Susan—3d week—15 to 21 times.
BROADWAY—Fritzi Scheff in Babette—5th week—30 to 36 times.
CARNEGIE HALL—Musical Entertainments.
CASINO—Paula Edwardes in Winsome Winnie—3d week—15 to 21 times.
CIRCLE—Vaudeville.
CRITERION—William Faversham in Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner—4th week—25 to 32 times.
CRYSTAL GARDENS—Closed.
DALY'S—A Japanese Nightingale—5th week—29 to 35 times.
DEWEY—World Beaters Burlesquers.
EDEN MUSEE—Figures in Wax and Vaudeville.
EMPIRE—Maude Adams in The Pretty Sister of Jose 6th week—36 to 42 times.
FOURTEENTH STREET—Robert B. Mantell in Corsican Brothers—3d week—17 to 24 times.
GARDEN—Three Little Maids—5th week—86 plus 30 to 36 times.
GARRICK—Fay Davis in Whitewashing Julia—3d week—13 to 19 times.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Francis Wilson in Erminie.
HARLEM OPERA HOUSE—Ethel Barrymore in Cousin Kate—44 plus 1 to 8 times.
HERALD SQUARE—Sam Bernard in The Girl from Kay's—7th week—48 to 54 times.
HUDSON—Marie Tempest in The Marriage of Kitty—3d week—17 to 24 times.
HURTIG AND SEAMON'S—Vaudeville.
IRVING PLACE—German Stock company in German Drama—12th week.
KEITH'S UNION SQUARE—Continuous Vaudeville.
KNICKERBOCKER—Anna Held in Mam'selle Napoleon—2d week—8 to 15 times.
LION PALACE—Vaudeville.
LONDON—Fred Irwin's Big Show.
LYCEUM—William Gillette in The Admirable Crichton—5th week—27 to 35 times.
LYRIC—Grace Van Studdiford in Red Feather—6th week—37 to 45 times.
MADISON SQUARE—A Girl from Dixie—1 to 7 times.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Football Championship Games.
MADISON SQUARE ROOF-GARDEN—Closed.
MAJESTIC—Babes in Toyland—10th week—74 to 86 times.
MANHATTAN—Charles Richman in Captain Barrington—4th week—24 to 33 times.
MENDELSSOHN HALL—Musical Entertainments.
METROPOLIS—The King of Detectives.
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—Metropolitan Opera company in Grand Opera—4th week.
MINER'S BOWERY—Al. Reeves' company.
MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE—Rose Hill English Folly company.
MURRAY HILL—Closed.
NEW AMSTERDAM—Mother Goose—3d week—14 to 21 times.
NEW GRAND—Hebrew Drama.
NEW STAR—Gentleman By Day, Burglar at Night.
NEW YORK—Bertha Galland in Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall—1 to 8 times.
OLYMPIC—Clark's Runaway Girls.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville.
PARADISE ROOF-GARDENS—Closed.
PASTOR'S—Vaudeville.
PEOPLE'S—Hebrew Drama.
PRINCESS—Kyrle Bellew in Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman—8th week—54 to 61 times.
PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE—What Happened to Jones.
PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET—Her First False Step.
PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET—Continuous Vaudeville.
PROCTOR'S 125th STREET—Alabama.
ST. NICHOLAS GARDEN—Closed.
SAVOY—Maxine Elliott in Her Own Way—3d week—54 plus 17 plus 17 to 24 times.
TERRACE GARDEN—Closed.
THALIA—Hebrew Drama.
THIRD AVENUE—Ten Nights in a Bar Room.
WALLACK'S—The County Chairman—4th week—23 to 30 times.
WEBER AND FIELDS'—Whoop-Dee-Doo and Waffles—13th week—94 to 101 times.
WEST END—Kate Claxton in The Two Orphans.
WINDSOR—Hebrew Drama.
VAUDEVILLE—Charlotte Wiehe and French company in French Plays.
VICTORIA—Frank Daniels in The Office Boy—6th week—45 to 51 times.

there is laughter to relieve the more serious episodes.

Although the play was done for the first time last week, the performances, under the author's direction, ran very smoothly. William H. Pascoe as Richard Gordon, the hypnotist, was as smooth, oily and villainous as any one could wish. Mr. Pascoe is an excellent actor and played with much dignity and force. Guy Lewis as Jim Hurley was good looking and manly, and had the sympathy of the house from the start. Frank Linden as Ben Mason, the father of the heroine, read his own lines very effectively, and played his part naturally and instinctly. Frank Hall used a good dialect as the postmaster and carried off the comedy honors. Helen Mae Wilcox as Rosita, the long-suffering heroine, was dainty and sweet, and scored a distinct hit. Kathryn Purcell as Lydia, the wronged girl, made her points quietly but cleverly. Maude Coolidge as Amanda, Ella Mason as Widow Whitney, Lida Richards as Mrs. Mason, and the others in the cast did good work. The scenery and effects were neat and appropriate. The production is under the direction of Harry K. Richards, with Dean Raymond as business-manager. This week's attraction is Her First False Step.

At Other Playhouses.

MANHATTAN.—Charles Richman in Captain Barrington continues here popularly.

WEST END.—Mrs. Carter in Du Barry drew crowded audiences last week. This week Kate Claxton will appear in The Two Orphans, and the outlook is for an excellent patronage.

WALLACK'S.—The County Chairman continues to good patronage.

BELASCO vs. KLAW AND ERLANGER.

Last week David Belasco fired his second broadside against Klaw and Erlanger. He had previously instituted a suit for the accounting of the money they had taken in through the David Warfield bookings, claiming that they had received large sums for this service, and that these sums had been retained by them in defiance of his rights as a partner. Through his attorneys, Vidaver and Josephson, Mr. Belasco began a second action, charging Klaw and Erlanger with double dealing in connection with The Heart of Maryland.

Mr. Belasco claims that in 1899 he employed Klaw and Erlanger to book The Heart of Maryland on the best terms they could secure, and that he paid them for that service. This contract, he says, was renewed in 1900, and Klaw and Erlanger accordingly arranged the bookings for the seasons of 1900-01 and 1901-02. In his complaint Mr. Belasco charges that Klaw and Erlanger arranged the bookings of The Heart of Maryland in such a way as to enable them without legal warrant to earn money from all sides at once. The theatres in which the play was booked, he claims, were compelled to pay Klaw and Erlanger money for the very bookings for which Mr. Belasco paid them. In a number of cases they contracted for the production of the play in theatres which they managed themselves, and charged themselves as managers with a share of the profits for booking. Mr. Belasco's contention is that all the money collected "on the side" by Klaw and Erlanger without his knowledge belongs to him upon the established theory that an agent cannot act with duplicity and make money from a second party without accounting to his principal, who hires him and whose interests he is bound by law to protect. The amount sued for is $50,000.

Mr. Belasco, in connection with this action, made the following statement:

I think it is time that some one took a firm stand against the hold-up policy of these people, if only for the sake of the principle involved. Klaw and Erlanger never have been hailed to court to explain the methods by which they accept pay for booking from the manager of an attraction, and at the same time exact an exorbitant percentage, based on the gross receipts, from the theatre in which the attraction is played. The law clearly says that an agent cannot serve two masters, and this law I propose to test to its limit, not only in my own interests but in those of every manager, actor and producer. I am convinced that there are many managers throughout the country who have been imposed upon, but who, in the face of a threatening and bullying Trust, have been crushed into submission in order to protect their mere existence.

I think I can prove that Klaw and Erlanger have forced the managers of many theatres to give up a large percentage of their gross receipts on a representation that they procured nothing from the attraction for making the booking. I for one have paid them, and paid them liberally, for securing time for The Heart of Maryland, and they in turn contracted to serve my interests faithfully and exclusively, as pertaining to this attraction, and to secure for it the best terms possible. If they were also gathering in blood money from the theatre for a service for which I had previously paid them, it is obvious that my contracts were not made on the best possible terms, and that both the theatre managers and I have been victimized.

The trouble with the dramatic situation to-day is that it is submerged in such a sea of commercial greed that it threatens the very life of the manager who has an honest ambition for the art of the stage. His resources are so curtailed and cut off, and he is squeezed so mercilessly for the last mite, that he is fortunate if he is able to keep alive. I am tired of it. At one time I was forced to submit to their oppression. Now I am not. And I propose to find out whether there is a law which will release us from the tyranny of such people as Klaw and Erlanger.

NAT C. GOODWIN INJURED.

Nat C. Goodwin, who is playing Bottom in A Midsummer Night's Dream this week in Brooklyn, was thrown from his electric brougham while crossing the Brooklyn Bridge at half-past seven o'clock last Friday night, and severely injured. The brougham became unmanageable and flew against the railing near the tower on the Brooklyn side of the bridge. Had Mr. Goodwin not braced himself in the brougham he would have been thrown into the river far below. As it was his head went with a smash through the window of the brougham, and an artery in the temple was cut. He was assisted to the Washington Street Police Station, in Brooklyn, where a surgeon attended to his injuries. It was feared that Mr. Goodwin would not be able to play Bottom, and Edmund D. Lyons was ready to go on, but Mr. Goodwin pluckily acted Bottom with a bandaged head, to applause and sympathy.

AN ERRONEOUS REPORT.

The report published in one of the newspapers that Mrs. Fiske will be seen at the Manhattan Theatre in March in Monna Vanna is erroneous. Mrs. Fiske will rest the week before Christmas, after which she will begin a tour that, after engagements in Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, will take her West to San Francisco, where she is to open the new Majestic Theatre, now nearing completion. Mrs. Fiske's engagements will keep her in the West until late in May.

Young Tobe Hoxie is a big hit.—*.

GOSSIP.

David Belasco is contemplating the building of another theatre, it is said. Adele Ritchie may star in The Mocking Bird.

Kyrle Bellew went on at Weber and Fields last Friday night just before the curtain fell on Waffles. Mr. Bellew was followed by his entire company from the Princess Theatre, across the way, and the Weber and Fields curtain descended on a lively scene.

Ed. H. Mickie, of the A Hoosier Daisy company, was married at Carthage, Mo., on Dec. 2, to Ethel Derry.

Al. G. Field's Minstrels made up a purse of $300 for the widow and children of their fellow-player, John Blackford, who died at Charleston, W. Va., on Dec. 7. The body was sent to Mr. Blackford's home for burial at the expense of Mr. Field. The entire company, headed by the band, escorted the remains to the railway station.

Carl Herbert has taken over the management of the New Rochelle Theatre, New Rochelle, N. Y., in place of J. J. Armstrong, who retired from that post last week. The owners of the property immediately placed the house in Mr. Herbert's hands, and he will from now on have entire charge of the bookings and the business management.

Mabel Gilman and Shubert Brothers have defeated the injunction proceedings taken by the Sire Brothers, who tried to keep Miss Gilman from playing under the management of the former firm.

Virginia Harned, it is reported, will play Letty in Pinero's play of that name when it is produced at the Criterion next season.

The Earl and the Girl, a musical comedy, by Seymour Hicks and Ivan Caryll, appears to have been a success last Friday night at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

Geraldine Ulmar has succeeded in getting a decree against Ivan Caryll, the composer. It was handed down last week in London. They had been married twelve years.

Pauline Fletcher, while playing in Philadelphia last week, was presented with a toy Japanese spaniel by her brother-in-law, the comedian, Marty O'Neil.

Albert Andruss has returned to New York, owing to the closing of the Maud Muller company, in which he has been playing the leading male role.

J. Moy Bennett, leading man and stage director with the Aubrey Stock company for the past three seasons, closed his engagement with that company Dec. 12, at Oil City, Pa.

Robert G. Vignola, who recently played Fabio Romani in Rospitti, a dramatization of "The Vendetta," has joined Melbourne MacDowell's company.

J. Francis Abbott, late of King Dodo, company B, will star next season in his new play, Captain Paul, in which he will introduce his new songs, "Thou Art Mine" and "Love's Offering."

Retour de Jerusalem, a four-act play, by Maurice Donnay, with Madame Le Barry in the leading role, was produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, on Dec. 3.

Mr. Conried is said to have engaged Homer Emens, head scenic artist of the Metropolitan Opera House, under Maurice Grau, to fill the same position under his management there.

Fredericka Going succeeded Ray Oliver as Ermyngarde in The Little Princess last Monday night at the Madison Square Theatre and pleased everybody, before and behind the footlights.

Ida Stanhope, of The Prince of Pilsen company, has been requested by J. J. Hannerty, official poster designer of the department of publicity, St. Louis World's Fair Commission, to pose as a model for the poster to represent Miss St. Louis.

The directors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which was burned last week, have been offered $700,000 for the property by a Manhattan firm. The offer was declined.

George Fawcett, the actor-manager of Baltimore, who now controls two theatres in that city, will go out for a short tour in the South during the holidays in Othello.

Norman Hackett is not playing in Lincoln J. Carter's The Eleventh Hour company. He is still leading man with James and Warde, under Wagenhals and Kemper's management.

W. N. Hammett joined Hubert Labadie's In Louisiana recently to play the part of Willard Armstrong, the heavy. Warren R. Walker, musical director and composer, will leave the Neil Burgess County Fair company Dec. 19.

George P. Huntley, the comedian of the Three Little Maids, at the Garden, thinks that he can see himself in the part of the Swinish Hoggenheimer in The Girl from Kay's, in Australia, next Spring.

Young Tobe Hoxie—new ideas, true to nature.—*.

COMPANIES CLOSING.

Robert Sherman's My Friend from Arkansas closed at York, Neb., Nov. 26.

Maud Muller closed at Montclair, N. J., on Dec. 5.

Buried at Sea closed at Janesville, Ariz., Nov. 27.

Kate Claxton in The Two Orphans, at Fall River, Mass., on Nov. 28.

Faust's Two Orphan company, Nov. 19, Coffyville, Kan.

The Miss Bob White company will close Dec. 19 in Indianapolis, Ind., two weeks' notice having been given at Elkhart, Ind., Saturday night.

Billy Clark's Minstrels, at Bay City, Mich.

The Two Johns closed at Galveston, Texas, on Nov. 30.

Elizabeth Kennedy closed her season in As You Like It in West Virginia last week, to open Jan. 5, in New York, in The Magic of the White Rose.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the unusual expansion of Christmas advertisements and extra features for this number of THE MIRROR, *considerable correspondence is deferred until next week.*

IN OTHER CITIES.

JERSEY CITY.

Thomas E. Shea, always a big favorite here, commenced his annual engagement at the Academy of Music 7-12 to fine patronage. It was known as repertoire week. The Pledge of Honor was the opening play, and it was well received. It is an impossible thing, and gives Mr. Shea very little opportunity, but it is a rest from the heavier pieces in his repertoire. The supporting co. is very good. Spencer Charters is the heavy man, and he is a hard and earnest worker. James Cassady is another good repertoire man, as are Frank Guderian, I. Irving Southard, Robert Lee, George L. Kennedy, and J. E. Gilbert. Charlotte Burkett is a good leading woman, and Emma Southard is a capital old woman and Alice Endres is a fair character woman. The scenery was very good. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was given 8. Mr. Shea's interpretation of the dual parts is a fine one. The support was adequate. The Bells, Cardinal Richelieu, and The Fool's Revenge will follow, and the advance sale is big. The Worst Woman in London 14-19. Al. Wilson 21-26.

The Sign of the Four came to Colonel John W. Holmes' Bijou Theatre 7-12 to packed houses. It is an interesting play, and the adapter has taken plenty of license with Sir Conan Doyle's detective story, but the interest never wanes throughout the entire play. Walter Edwards is the star, and he makes the Scotland Yard detectives "look like thirty cents half spent." The scenes are good, and the finales strong, especially the murder, the rendezvous of the outlaws and the detective's struggle for love and liberty. Walter Edwards as Sherlock Holmes was quiet and reserved and proved to be a good actor. Mr. Van H. Kinzie as Dr. John Watson was excellent. Will Davis as the Scotland Yard detective was good. Leonard Hoyt as Major John Shalto had a small but difficult part, and did it well. Georgina Brandon portrayed the part of a scheming woman, willing to do murder to attain her ends, excellently. Mabel Haslet was charming as the leading woman and divided the honors with Mr. Edwards. Louise Landana as Bessie proved to be an accomplished child actress. The numerous small parts were well taken care of. Over Niagara Falls 14-19.

The Elks held memorial services in their own hall 6. The annual stag is down for 29.

Managers of the local theatres have acceded to the request for an increased scale of wages presented by the Musical Union for the musicians employed by them, to take effect 14.

Florence Bindley, of this city, has been engaged for five years by Forrester and Mittenthal, and will be at the Academy of Music here Jan. 18-23, in a new comedy-drama, A Midnight Marriage.

Selene Johnson, of this city, has been engaged to create the principal female role in this country in The Sacrament of Judas, opening in Buffalo, N. Y., 7.

Chauncey Olcott is one of the latest bookings at the Academy of Music here.

Masters Floyd Hunt, Samuel Golden, and Samuel Liebert, of The Volunteer Organist co., sung in one of the local churches at the evening services 6.

Carey Hastings, a society girl of this city, is a member of For His Brother's Crime co., which opened at the Lyric Theatre, Hoboken, 6.

Charles Newton, of this city, has joined the From Rags to Riches co. as property man.

WALTER C. SMITH.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Grace George, who was to have appeared at the Court Square 7, changed her route and did not appear, leaving the week with only a No. 2 Earl of Pawtucket co. hanging on 12.

Henry Irving, however, is sure to come 15, and Manager Le Roit has secured The Heart of Maryland 19.

Too Proud to Beg, one of Lincoln J. Carter's strenuous melodramas, was the attraction at the New Gilmore 3-5, and pleased large audiences. The play is cast and staged fully up to the Carter standard and has several novel scenes. Clever disguising was done by Fred Eckhart, the detective, particularly when he impersonated at short notice the rascally police inspector, St. George Hussey was in the cast and wasn't hid away at all, and the two Boylan children, with their clever acrobatic work, were prominent. A Desperate Chance was taken by this theatre 7-9 and to a deservedly poor business. Between the acts bandits held up the audience selling the only reliable life of the Biddle Brothers, and Biddle Brothers' song books. Coming are Deserted at the Altar 10-12. A Factory Girl 14-16.

The Tide of Life did not flow into the Grand 3-5, so the house was unlighted for three days. The Cook-Church Stock co. opened 7 for the week and business was light again. The co. is an able one and presents its repertory in good style. J. Harvey Cook plays leads, and is well supported, the women of the co. being particularly attractive. The repertory ranged from The Power of Love, Monday matinee, to The Dice of Death, Saturday night, with An Actor's Romance, Gypsy Jack, East Lynne, Romeo and Juliet, A Rough Rider's Romance, and American Dollars (as well as 10, 20 and 30 cent pieces) sprinkled in between. The Rentz-Santley Burlesquers play a return 14-16. The Devil in Skirts 17-19.

Florence Burns' Vaudeville co. was the bill at the Nelson Theatre 7-12, and, aside from the headliner, provided an entertaining bill. Miss Burns, who can neither sing, dance nor act, appeared in a stupid sketch which a dash of vulgarity could not redeem. She wore a red dress, red hat and red shoe strings and underwear and would stop a cannon ball express six blocks away. The other features were Mudge and Morton in their refined musical act; H. V. Fitz-Gerald, the change artist, in a new sketch, with quicker changes than ever before, and that doesn't seem possible; Gaston and Stone, grotesque comedians; the Vilona Sisters in classic selections on violin and piano; Jeannie Ardell and Mayme Taylor in a musical sketch; the Yeagers; Mollie McConnell in Cinderella at the Telephone, and the kinetograph, with a very realistic set of moving fire scenes, following the firemen from the time they slide down the pole to the rescues at the burning house.

EDWIN DWIGHT.

MILWAUKEE.

Creatore and his Italian Band filled a three days' engagement at the Pabst Theatre 3-5. The attendance was moderate, but the enthusiasm displayed exceeded all bounds. Manager Wachsner's capable stock co. gave a good performance of Eine Leichte Person at the Pabst 6 before a good house, and the musical comedy received a clever rendition at the hands of these accomplished players. Damon and Pythias will be presented by local talent 8 under the auspices of Garfield Lodge, K. of P.

The Jules Grau Opera co. opened a week's engagement at the Alhambra 6 to a good sized audience. The Wizard of the Nile was the opening opera, and the rendition gave general satisfaction. The Governor's Son 13-19.

Joe Welch in The Peddler appeared at the Bijou 6 to S. R. O. The play, the star, and the support made an immediate hit, and Mr. Welch, in his very clever Hebrew impersonation, won frequent rounds of applause. The Chaperons 13-19.

The Thanhouser co. amused a large audience at the Academy 7 with The Nancy Hanks, the players putting forth their best efforts to make the comedy "go," in which they succeeded admirably. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 14-20, with James Kyrle MacCurdy in the title-role.

W. H. Crane appeared at the Davidson 7 in The Spenders before a good house and scored a success, his many Milwaukee admirers regarding his portrayal of Peter Bines as one of the best of his career. The supporting co. was fully equal to the demands, and the staging of the play was quite satisfactory. Tim Murphy 13-16. Ezra Kendall 17-19.

The local lodge of Elks held a memorial service at the Davidson, which was largely attended.

Amateur talent will present the opera Dorothy at the Pabst Theatre 11, 12, in aid of the Protestant Home for the Aged.

CLAUDE L. N. NORRIE.

CLEVELAND.

It is rumored that another new theatre is to be built. This time it is a Garden theatre, the projectors being A. F. Marsh, who recently sold his holdings in the Colonial, of this city, and the Avenue, Detroit, and Max Faetkenheuer, conductor of Shea's Empire Theatre orchestra. According to report they have secured a site on Euclid Avenue, right in the midst of the swell residences on that famous street.

One of the recent additions to our theatres is the Lyric, which is rapidly approaching completion, and will be ready for opening the middle of January. It will be a handsome little playhouse, devoted to German and English high-c'ass dramas. The house is being built by the German Theatre Co., under the direction of Fritz Nolte, manager of the German stock co.

Eleanor Robson was seen in Merely Mary Ann at the Euclid Avenue Opera House 7-12. Ulysses 14-19.

At the Lyceum Theatre Nat M. Wills appeared in A Son of Rest 7-12. Murray and Mack 14-19.

Hearts Adrift, presented by a good co., was at the Cleveland Theatre 7-12.

Patti made her farewell appearance at Grays' Armory 5 before a large audience.

Creatore and his band will be at Grays' Armory 12, 13.

The second concert of the season by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, with Madame Szumoska as soloist, was given at Grays' Armory 10.

The Tucker Dramatic Club presented The Violin Maker of Cremona and A Man's Best Chum at the Gesangverein Club 11.

Charley Fraser, who acted as press representative of the Star Theatre last season, is doing press work for the Lyric.

WILLIAM CRASTON.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Ben Hur came to the Marquam Grand 1-5, giving five-night performances and three matinees, each one to capacity. Old Jed Prouty 8, 9. Lillian Myers' recital 7. Dolly Varden 10, 11.

Jim, the Penman, was the offering of the Baker Theatre co. Nov. 30-5. The Liars next.

A Little Outcast came to Cordray's 3-5. May Stockton is the feature as the heroic newsboy. Head Waiter 7-15. Yon Yonson held over at Cordray's, taking the time which would have gone to the International Dog and Pony Show, had not that organization busted somewhere in the East.

Not Guilty was put on at the Empire by the Empire Stock co. It is a screaming thriller, which set the patrons in a tearful state for several scenes and then made them laugh, by way of a variety.

Edna Archer Crawford, leading woman for the Baker Theatre co., has an Eastern offer and will leave that organization. Manager George L. Baker is negotiating with several well-known Eastern leading women for the vacancy.

Manager Russell, of Cordray's has complete charge of that house, now that his partner, John F. Cordray, is in California for his health.

Alderman Fred T. Merrill, of this city is, according to report, to have a vaudeville house in Spokane.

Edward Shields, who had a circuit of parks along the Pacific Northwest towns last Summer, has organized a stock co. and is playing a small circuit in Eastern Oregon and Washington.

JOHN F. LOGAN.

OMAHA.

Two fine audiences greeted Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner at the Boyd 1, 2, when these eminent artists were seen in The Taming of the Shrew and The Merchant of Venice, which pieces were given a magnificent production, and the leading artists were encored again and again. Leon Herrmann 6, 7, opened to a good house. He has some new and very amusing illusions. Manager Burgess will offer Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch 8, 9. Melbourne MacDowell 11, 12. Lost River 13. Hills of California 14-16. Adelaide Thurston 17. Clara Bloodgood 18, 19. The Sleepy King 22-24. W. H. Crane 25, 26.

At the Krug Theatre Ten Nights in a Bar Room thrilled good sized audiences 3-5. The boys in the upper portion of the house were particularly enthusiastic. The Chaperons opened a half week's engagement 6, and so great was the demand for admission that the police were obliged to stop the sale of standing room after the aisles had been properly packed. The success was not only financial, however, as each of the leading members of the co. acquitted himself to the thorough satisfaction of the audience. From all indications the heavy business will continue. Local Manager Gouden has U. T. C. 10-12. The Man Who Dared and The Game Keeper Divide week of 13.

Caught in the Web was booked for the Boyd 3, but the name seems to have been fatal to them, as they failed to cross the Minnesota line. Tim Murphy was booked 4, 5, but changed his date to January.

J. E. RINGWALT.

NEW ORLEANS.

Alexander the Great, with Louis James and Frederick Warde as Alexander and Pediccas respectively, was the offering at the Tulane Theatre 6-12. A competent co. renders valuable support. Two performances of Julius Cæsar 9-12 were well enacted and attended. A Country Girl 13-19.

At the Grand Opera House the Baldwin Melville Stock co. put on Queen of White Slaves 6-12 to a record breaking business. Under the City Lamps 13-19.

The stock co. at the Elysium Theatre presented Carmen 6-12 to most satisfactory business. All the Comforts of Home 13-19.

A Pair of Pinks, with Ward and Vokes as the principal fun-makers, was the attraction at the Crescent Theatre 6-12. The Fatal Wedding 13-19.

At the French Opera House Lakme was the bill 5, and Mr. and Mrs. Michaelly, in the principal roles, made splendid impressions. La Fille de Madame Angot made a big hit 7. Rigoletto 8. La Favorite 9. Romeo and Juliet 10. Faust 12. Les Surprises du Divorce 13. The attendance is showing a steady increase, and the merit of the performances maintains a high standard.

The Newcomb Theatre, under the management of Charles H. Bourton, is making a name for itself. Harris and Sidman, who are authorized to put on Weber and Fields burlesques, presented Hurly Burly and Way Up East 6-12. There is some very good talent in the co.

J. MARSHALL QUINTERO.

ST. PAUL.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch made a very favorable impression at the Metropolitan Opera House 3-5.

Quincy Adams Sawyer was presented in a pleasing, humorous and creditable manner by an excellent co. 6-8. A good sized and well pleased audience was present the opening night. Ezra Kendall in The Vinegar Buyer 10-12. The Storks 13-16. William H. Crane in The Spenders 17-19. Tim Murphy in The Man from Missouri 20-23. De Wolf Hopper in Mr. Pickwick 24-26.

The attraction at the Grand Opera House 6-12 was A Desperate Chance. Why Women Sin 13-19.

Manager L. N. Scott has arranged for an illustrated lecture on the recent Boer War, to be given by General Gideon Joubert and Captain W. S. O'Donnell, at the Metropolitan 13.

The concert given by the Dance Symphony Orchestra at Mozart Hall, Sunday afternoon, 6, was enjoyed by a large and most responsive audience.

The performance of excerpts from Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Sunday evening, 6, was a musical treat.

GEORGE H. COLGRAVE.

TOLEDO.

At the Valentine The Virginian held forth 4, 5. Dustin Farnum in the name part landed squarely into public favor with a bound. Frank Campeau, as Trampus, also did an excellent bit of work. Nanette Comstock, as Molly Wood, was disappointing. Mrs. Langtry made her annual appearance o in Mrs. Deering's Divorce. There was only half a house present. Tim Murphy was greeted by a fair house to see The Man from Missouri 7. The Eternal City 9. Creatore's Band 10, 11.

The Telephone Girl was the Lyceum offering 3-5. It drew good houses, but they did not take kindly to the comedy. Foxy Grandpa 6-9 was off the same piece.

The Queen of the Highway 4-6 was the best melodramatic concoction that has played Burts' this season. Only a Shop Girl 6-9 drew well.

Prince Otto was given by the Empire Stock 6-12, with Mr. Glazier as the Prince. The co. gave him excellent support. Miss Hampton, who will assume the position of leading woman next week, has arrived in the city and is rehearsing Sowing the Wind with the co.

C. M. EDSON.

SEATTLE.

During the past two weeks we have had four different musical attractions at the Grand Opera House, which booking arrangement was a little different from anything we had experienced before, but now that we have successfully weathered the musical storm, we must admit that it wasn't such a bad thing after all. First came The Toreador, then Mr. Pickwick, and during this past week The Storks and Dolly Varden. The Storks suffered some by comparison with the pieces of the preceding week, but there were several musical numbers that proved pleasing, and the work of Gus Weinburg and Gilbert Gregory as the principal comedians was considered pleasing by the audiences. Lulu Glaser made her initial bow in Seattle in her successful piece, Dolly Varden, 3-5. The star won the admiration and applause of her audiences. Ben Hur 7-12. The Olympic Opera co. 20-26.

The Two Sisters had fairly good business at the Seattle Nov. 29-5. Looking for a Wife 6-12. Florence Roberts 13-19.

The Third Avenue offered A Millionaire Tramp, and as a natural consequence the week's business was large. The Minister's Son 6-12. In Convict Stripes 13-20.

RODNEY D. WHITE.

MONTREAL.

Sadie Martinot opened at the Academy 7 in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray to light business. Miss Martinot gave an excellent rendition of Paula, especially in the stronger scenes. Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller 14-19.

Joe Murphy in the perennial Kerry Gow is the bill at Proctor's. The supporting co. is good. A Ragged Hero 14-19.

A Little Outcast is the bill at the Francais 7-12. Anne Blanke, who is featured, gives a capital performance of the newsboy, "Bob." Buried Alive 14-19.

Charlotte Corday is the bill at the Francais National. Jane Bertain appears in the title-role and gives a fine performance.

At the Nouvautes Sans Gene is the bill.

The Bispham Concert, at the Windsor Hall 8, was a success.

W. A. TREMAYNE.

COLUMBUS.

A fair audience witnessed Elita Proctor Otis' presentation of Hedda Gabler 3, 4, at the Southern. Rose Coghlan in The Greatest Thing in the World 5. George Barnum scored a personal success in A Friend of the Family 7. The supporting co. was but ordinary.

Rebecca Warren in Tess of the D'Urbervilles at the Grand 3-5 to good houses. Her interpretation of the name part was very commendable, and she was rendered good support by a capable co.

A fairly good presentation of The Telephone Girl was the attraction at this house 7-9.

At the High Street The Way of the Transgressor 3-5 and Child Slaves of New York 7-9 were greeted by heavy business.

The Empire Stock co. made a success of The Idler 7-12.

W. W. PROSSER.

MINNEAPOLIS.

The Girl With the Green Eyes, with Clara Bloodgood, was the offering at the Metropolitan latter half of week ending 5, doing fair business.

Ezra Kendall in The Vinegar Buyer delighted large audiences at the Metropolitan first half of week 6. Quincy Adams Sawyer 10. The Storks 17. William H. Crane in The Spenders 14. De Wolf Hopper in Mr. Pickwick 20.

McFadden's Row of Flats returned to the Bijou for their annual engagement 5-12, playing to good houses. A Desperate Chance 13.

A grand scenic production of Around the World in Eighty Days was given by the Ferris Stock co. at the Lyceum 6-12 to capacity. What Happened to Jones 13. Lights o' London 20.

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THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

Keith's Union Square.

Marcel's Living Art Studies are on for a second week, and share the headline honors with the Fadettes Orchestra. Others are Milly Capell, with her horses and dogs; the Donatellis, European acrobats, who make their American debut; Lavender and Tomson, John and Bertha Gleeson, Fisher and Carroll, John D. Gilbert, C. W. Sanderson, Chris Lane, Vera King, Morton and Quigg, the Lavine-Cameron Trio, and the biograph.

Tony Pastor's.

Jules and Ella Garrison are the head liners, and Lottie Gilson, assisted by Billy Hart, in a sketch called The Fly Flirt, is a special attraction. The bill also includes Carlin and Otto, Genaro and Theol, George M. Topack and Edna West, Raymond Teal, Seeker, Wilkes and Company, Fowley and Fowley, Lemar and Rehan, Marvelle and Gleason, Cole and Spencer, Neesen and Neesen, Frank L. Brown and the vitagraph.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.

What Happened To Jones is the bill for this week, with Malcolm Williams, Florence Reed, Gerald Griffin, George Friend, Duncan Harris, Albert Roberts, Loretta Healy, Julia Aiken, Alice Gale, Lorna Elliott, Albert Howson, Mathilde Deshon and others in the cast. Dan Daly is a special feature of the olio, which includes Billy S. Clifford, Clifford and Harvey, Harry Brown, Albert Waltz, Wolfing's horses, Reed and Shaw, Hellman and the kalatechnoscope.

Proctor's Twenty-third Street.

Dan McAvoy returns to vaudeville here this week. Milton and Dollie Nobles are also prominent in a bill that includes the Five Juggling Johnsons, Tony Wilson and Heloise, Mira Amoros, Adonis Trio, Brown and Nevarro, John Mayon and Company, Garrity Sisters, J. Warren Keane, Kiltie Trio, Mary Madden, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Shaw, Sidonia, Rose Parker and the kalatechnoscope.

Proctor's 125th Street.

Alabama, by Augustus Thomas, is this week's attraction, with Jessie Bonstelle, Paul McAllister and the other members of the stock company in the cast. The usual vaudeville turns are given between the acts.

Hurtig and Seamon's.

Hyde's Comedians are here this week. The roster embraces the Four Mortons, Four Holloways, Piccolo Midgets, Yankee Comedy Four, Paul Kleist, Hill and Whittaker, Carl and Burns, Bennett and Young, Cole and Warner and the vitagraph.

Circle.

The bill includes The Grand Opera Trio, O'Brien and Havel, Keough and Ballard, Bedini and Arthur, Four Huntings, Joe Flynn, Carlisle's dogs and ponies, Rita Redmond, Seebeck, and the vitagraph.

Weber and Fields'.

Whoop De Doo, with the new burlesque, Waffles, which was added on Thursday evening last, is the attraction with Weber and Fields, Lillian Russell, Peter F. Dailey, Louis Mann, John T. Kelly, Evie Stetson and others in the cast.

LAST WEEK'S BILLS.

KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.—The beautiful pictures and bas-reliefs shown by Jean Marcel are the best of their kind. Eight splendid subjects were shown last week, and they were all gems. M. Marcel is the only producer who has succeeded in imitating a bas-relief with such accuracy that it is hard to believe that the figures are really living persons. An artist with the true instinct is M. Marcel, and he fully deserves the success that has come to him. Wilfred Clarke, assisted by Theo Carew, Archie Gillies, and Katherine Clinton, again scored a brilliant success in the laughable sketch, In the Biograph, which is an adaptation from the German. Mr. Clarke and his company acted with fine spirit, and their hit was most pronounced. The Fred Gillett Trio, Mr. Keith's latest importation, made their American debut. Their skit is called Fun in a Hairdressing Parlor, and is a conglomeration of a lot of nonsense, well put together and skillfully enacted. One funny trick follows another with amazing rapidity, and there is something going on all the time. The audiences last week took most kindly to the act, and the members of the troupe will be able to write Christmas letters to their friends that will be full of good news. Lotta Gladstone, she of the infectious and irresistible laugh, once more proved that she has a perfect right to be on the boards, as she has a talent for amusing an audience that is possessed by very few women. The laughter during her performance was free and unrestrained, even the most staid old ladies giving way to their mirth in a way that threatened to loosen their hairpins. That delightful pair, Callahan and Mack, in their natural and true-to-nature sketch, The Old Neighborhood, won the hearts of everybody. They have a turn that differs from all others now in vaudeville, and they do it full justice. Gus Williams, up to the moment as usual, had some very apt remarks that won hearty laughs, and his homely recitations touched a responsive chord. Wesson, Walters and Wesson presented for the first time a new sketch called Jinks. Insurance Man, written for them by James F. Dolan. The scene is laid in a hotel. A woman who has been slightly injured by the premature starting of a trolley car mistakes an insurance agent for a representative of the railroad company, and pretends to be very seriously hurt. The idea gives room for several amusing complications, all of which are taken advantage of, and a very good sketch is the result. The piece was played with great spirit by Wesson and Walters, assisted by young Master Walters, who is a remarkably intelligent little chap. He has some of the best lines in the sketch and delivered them like a veteran. He also showed much talent in an imitation of Billy Clifford, singing "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep." Charles Prelle, who combines the talents of ventriloquist and dog-trainer, exhibited his pets to great advantage. For a child who has not yet reached the "know it all" age, this act must appeal irresistibly, as the dogs really seem to talk, owing to Mr. Prelle's cleverness. They do other amusing tricks, too, that show that they have been put through a thorough course in a canine college. Mable Hudson, who has the double advantage of a fine appearance and a good voice, met with much success in a straight singing act that is far above the average. George C. Davis, the clever monologist; Mitchell and Marron, whose two-men minstrel entertainment is constantly improving; Alice Lewis, comedienne; the Three Campbells, musicians; Bean and Hamilton, splendid jumpers, and new views on the biograph completed the bill.

TONY PASTOR'S.—The World's Trio, composed of Perry and Lulu Ryan and Emma Wood, topped last week's programme, and sang, talked and danced to the entire satisfaction of their numerous admirers. Their brilliant costumes and other effects came in for much favorable comment. James B. Donovan chatted with the audience in a friendly, off-hand way, and by his natural, pleasant, easy-going manner, as well as by the good points of his humorous remarks, had the audience with him from start to finish. The Three Westons are prime favorites with the regular patrons of Pastor's, and they were given a welcome that must have pleased them exceedingly. The two girls are growing better all the time, and as for Sam, he is a host in himself. Good old reliable Billy Carter, with his banjo, can give pointers to many of the younger monologists, in the way of originality and up-to-dateness. Billy is never behind the times in any way, and his talks on current topics are always well worth listening to. He has a keen sense of humor, and knows just what to say and how to say it to the best advantage. George E. Austin is another one of the "Old Guard," whose antics never seem to grow tiresome. He has a quaintness and originality in his work that are very taking, and can wake up the coldest audience to a state of intense hilarity. Shedman, the dog trainer, puts lots of thought into his work, and has a collection of twenty canines that are marvels of sagacity and good training. The dogs were exhibited by W. S. and Marjorie Shedman, and they both prove that they are leaders in their chosen profession. A lively act by the Crotty Trio; singing, dancing and acrobatics by Axtell and Howard; a pleasing sketch, called A Parlor Rehearsal, by Janet Barrington and Miriam Martelle; a playlet, called The Persistent Admirer, by Clark and Hilton; amusing magic by the Delaskas, a chandelier act by William Kinkaid, and interesting views by the vitagraph, rounded out a most interesting programme.

PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET.—Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton were the stars of a bill of sixteen acts last week. They were seen for the first time here in a new sketch called Just Like a Woman, in which a good temperance lesson is preached. Mr. Ross appeared as a "good fellow" who comes home stupidly drunk to his good wife, who has forgiven him many times before for the same offense. The act is opened by Mr. Ross, who recounts his jag-gathering experiences amusingly. Then follows a dialogue with his wife, in which he cracks alleged jokes while her heart is breaking. The playlet is amusing almost to the end, when the husband, affected by his wife's tears, begs forgiveness and promises reformation. She, "just like a woman," believes him and the curtain falls on the pair in each other's arms. The sketch was well played by Mr. Ross and Miss Fenton, and pleased the audience immensely. Walthour and Kramer thrilled the spectators with their horse vs. bicycle race. The Four Bard Brothers distinguished themselves by some extraordinary work in the acrobatic line. Billy S. Clifford, with a new English accent, acquired last Summer in London, pleased his admirers greatly with his songs and patter. He sang "Girl Wanted There," "Helen Gone," and a coon song called "It's a Habit," very successfully. Ferguson and Mack scored, as they have done for many years, in their funny act. Julius Tannen was very interesting in his imitations of well-known stars in their curtain speeches. The Four Olifans, with their eccentricities, won many laughs. Pelot, the comedy juggler, was one of the best numbers in the programme. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Young, the Two Baileys, and Healy and Farnum also scored. Others were the Original Madcaps, J. S. Wolfing's horses, and Clifford and Harvey. The kalatechnoscope and views of travel had new pictures.

PROCTOR'S 125TH STREET.—The stock company was seen last week to great advantage in Trilby. The play still has good drawing powers, as was shown by the large audiences that attended. Jessie Bonstelle gave a splendid performance of the leading role and won new laurels for herself. Hugh Ford was Svengali, and his portrayal showed that he possesses powers that had hitherto been unsuspected. Paul McAllister, H. Dudley Hawley, George Friend, Sol Aiken, Charles M. Seay, Cecylie Mayer, Bessie Lea Lestina, and Edward Ellis also had important parts. Dan Daly was a special attraction and his specialty won unqualified approval. Other olioists were Orville and Frank, Ted McKenna and his dog, Pettingill and De Forrest, Lillian Shaw, and the kalatechnoscope.

PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE.—The Sword of the King was presented last week in clever fashion by the talented stock company, with Florence Reed in the role originated by Henrietta Crosman. Miss Reed put plenty of dash into the part and scored another success which may be added to those she has already won. She made a very fetching picture in her male costume. Malcolm Williams shared the honors with Miss Reed as Edward Royston. Alice Gale was effective as Lady Mary Royston. Gerald Griffin was at home in the part of Simon Emmett. Barton Hill as Sir Michael Drayton, Norval McGregor as William Prince of Orange, Loretta Healy as Prudence, and Albert Howson as Philip distinguished themselves. Others in the cast were Edwin Fowler, Julian Reed, Joseph Eggenton, John Westley, Duncan Harris, William Cullington and Louis Owen. The original costumes and scenery helped materially to make the production effective. The Nichols Sisters, who have not been seen here in some time, were in their best form and received a very hearty welcome. They are still unapproachable in their own particular line, and scored splendidly. Collins and Collins, Alexis and Schall, Leonard and Leonard, Bertina, McDevitt and Kelly, Tom White, and the kalatechnoscope also did their share in entertaining large audiences.

CIRCLE.—The Girl with the Auburn Hair is by no means a novelty, but the mystery that surrounds her is still a potent attraction. She headed the bill, and her sweet voice, as well as the setting and effects used in the act, caused as much favorable comment as ever. Fulgora, the lightring change impersonator of famous people and odd characters, once more received the plaudits of those who know a good act when they see one. James J. Morton, who has been cheering up theatregoers in other parts of the country for many moons, was received with open arms. He has rearranged his act and has put in a great deal of new material of the sort that he alone can furnish, and the laughter that followed his quaint sallies showed that he had hit the bull's-eye of popular favor. Jessie Couthoui also came in for a large share of approval, and her excellent monologue proved a rare treat. Foy and Clark were seen in their new act, Oh, Fudge, which has already been commented upon in THE MIRROR. It was written by Mr. Foy, and is fully as amusing as anything in which he and his partner have been seen heretofore. The lines are bright and the situations are amusing in the extreme. Lew Hawkins had some new "wheezes" that took well, and the Adonis Trio, Flood Brothers, Stanley and Brockman, and the vitagraph made up the remainder of one of the best bills of the season.

HURTIG AND SEAMON'S.—Ned Wayburn's Minstrel Misses made their first appearance in Harlem and confirmed the good impression that they had made at other houses in the city. It is an act that never fails to amuse and interest. Florence Bindley, retained for a second week, repeated her hit and was encored again and again for her very clever work. Menifee Johnstone and company in The Golden Rose made a big laughing hit and shared honors in the sketch line with Frederick Lauder and Marion Stanley, who were also prime favorites in Detained On Business. Ward and Curran in their latest act, The Terrible Judge, kept the house in roars. Ward's humor is always good. Swan and Bambard, Pete Baker, Neesen and Neesen, and the vitagraph received their share of the applause.

The Burlesque Houses.

DEWEY.—The organization formerly known as the Eagle Burlesquers, but now called The Gay Masqueraders, appeared here for the second time this season and filled the house at every performance. The change of name has not affected the quality of the performance in the least, and it repeated the success made on a former visit. Annie Hart was a star feature in her reproduction of the old-time song and dance, as done thirty-five years ago. She sang "A Little Bunch of Roses," which, with the business introduced, simply brought down the house. Other good numbers were given by Conroy and McFarland, Post and Clinton, Benny Welch and the Busch-Devere Trio. The Wizard of Jersey and Aboard the Good Ship Jane were the burlesques, with Ida Emerson heavily featured. This week, The World Beaters.

MINER'S BOWERY.—The Utopians enjoyed good business last week. This week Al. Reeve's company.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—Clark's Royals gave good performances to the usual full houses. This week, Rose Hill English Folly company.

LONDON.—The Bon Ton Burlesquers sang and danced to the entire satisfaction of the patrons. This week, Fred Irwin's Big Show.

OLYMPIC.—Robie's Knickerbockers, with burlesque and olio, pleased the Harlemites mightily. This week, Clark's Runaway Girls.

WAFFLES AT WEBER AND FIELDS'.

Travesty in two scenes; book by Edgar Smith, music by W. T. Francis. Produced Dec. 10.

Waffles	Peter F. Dailey
Captain Dedwood	Louis Mann
Croshay	Lew M. Fields
Bunny	Charles Halton
Lord Ansometeeth	John T. Kelly
Lord Prowley / Certon	Carter De Haven
Coldguy	Roger De Coverly
Barociothes	Mae Sherwood
Mrs. Flygal	Vera Morris
Lady Smelrose	Evie Stetson
Gwendolyn Congame	Mildred Mead
Marie	Joseph M. Weber
Ethel	Ilma Pratt

On Thursday evening last there was a change in the bill at Weber and Fields'. The Looney Park section of Whoop Dee Doo was eliminated and in its place a travesty upon Raffles, which is now being done by Kyrie Bellew, was presented. It is called Waffles and follows the story of the original very closely. The costumes and make-up of the characters in Raffles are copied without any attempt at exaggeration, but the properties and scenery, lines and business are burlesqued unmercifully. While the new travesty is amusing at times, it is not hilariously funny. Mr. Smith, the author, has fallen back upon his old habit of punning, and some of his attempts in this line are depressing.

Peter F. Dailey looked very handsome in his gray wig, copied by an expert from Mr. Bellew's luxuriant locks, and gave a fair imitation of Bellew's manner and methods. Louis Mann had evidently made a close study of Mr. Holland's detective in the original, and he succeeded in giving a phonographic reproduction of Mr. Holland's tones. Joseph M. Weber as the French maid had most of the good lines and spoke them well. Lew M. Fields did a fine bit of character work as the genuine burglar, and worked very hard. John T. Kelly, Evie Stetson, Carter De Haven, Charles Halton, Mildred Mead, Vera Morris and the others had but little to do. The only new music introduced was an opening chorus. Peter F. Dailey was down for a song called "The Apropos Organist," but it did not materialize.

Whoop Dee Doo, which has been running since the beginning of the season, formed the first part of the entertainment, and it went with a rush and dash that was very exhilarating.

SINGERS DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP.

J. Evans Lloyd and Lillian Waltone, who have played the principal vaudeville houses during the past two seasons, have dissolved partnership. Miss Waltone has been doing a single specialty for several weeks, and last week she was added to the bill at Tony Pastor's, where her success was most pronounced. Miss Waltone during the past two years has spent all of her spare time in cultivating her voice, which now has a range of two and a half octaves.

ORPHEUM CIRCUIT EXTENDS.

The Orpheum Circuit is once more to be extended. Negotiations have been going on for some time between the owners of the Tootle Theatre, in St. Joseph, Mo., and the directors of the Orpheum Circuit, and last week they came to a satisfactory conclusion. The Orpheum people will take possession at once, and within a very short time the people of St. Joseph will have a chance to see the great stars of America and Europe, as none but the very best are engaged to appear on the Orpheum Circuit.

A MUSICAL AND VAUDEVILLE SURPRISE.

Ladies and gentlemen who successfully pass a course of instruction and coaching at Forrester's Studios, 138 Fifth Ave., are booked for long engagements in opera, concert or vaudeville. * *

VAUDEVILLE JOTTINGS.

Alice Lewis, a bright little comedienne, who was in the bill at Keith's last week, gave imitations of Johnny Ray and others that were not half bad.

Mae Jackson and the Lovaland Sisters have just finished a successful engagement over the Grauman Circuit. They will sail for Alaska Christmas week and from there will go to Australia.

Widmer and Pearce will open the Bon Ton Theatre, on Main Street, Salt Lake City, about Dec. 15, as a vaudeville house.

Signorina Rita Mario, the celebrated violiniste, is playing concert and vaudeville dates this season. Miss Mario has been engaged as soloist for twenty-five weeks with the American Lyceum Union, and is now touring the principal cities of the West. The co. will rest during the holidays, and Miss Mario will fill vaudeville dates at Toledo. At the end of her concert tour, on March 26, she will return to vaudeville for the rest of the season. Next season she will appear at the head of her own co., and will probably play at the St. Louis Exposition.

Mabel McKinley was well enough last week to be removed from Owensboro, Ky., where she was taken ill, to Chicago, where she will have expert medical attendance. It is said that she may not appear on the stage again, as she is not strong enough to stand the strain of the regular vaudeville routine.

It is said that Dan Daly has refused to play vaudeville dates in the West for less than $1,000 per week.

Myles McCarthy took his sketch, The Race Tout's Dream, to the Duquesne, Pittsburgh, last week, where it went with a continuous roar. He has already booked the Kohl and Castle Circuit.

Zelma Rawlston scored again at Cincinnati last week and received some very flattering press notices.

Blocksom and Burns scored one of the hits of their career at the Avenue, Pittsburgh, last week.

John W. World and Mindell Kingston, after an absence from vaudeville for twelve months, will return to that field for the balance of the season. They open on the Orpheum Circuit at Denver on Dec. 28.

Hal Godfrey and co., Tobin Sisters, and Searl and Violet Allen were among the volunteers at a benefit for the Women's Hospital, in San Francisco, given at the Alhambra Theatre on Dec. 2.

THE HARMONY FOUR.

VAUDEVILLE PERFORMERS' DATES

Performers are requested to send their dates well in advance. Blanks will be furnished on application. The names of performers with combinations are not published in this list.

Adams, James R.—Casto, Lawrence, 14-19, Casto, Lowell, 21-26.
Adgie's Lions—Casto, Lawrence, 14-19, Casto, Lowell, 21-26.
Adonis Trio—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
Aherns, The—Novelty, Ogden, 14-19.
Allen, Searle and Violet—Los Angelis, 7-19.
Allisons, The—Casto, Fall River, 14-19.
Ameta—Merida, Mexico, Dec. 7-Jan. 2.
Amoros, Mira—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
Antrim and Peters—Orph., N. O., 14-19.
Ardelle and Taylor—Park, Worcester, 14-19.
Armstrong and Holly—Howard, Boston, 7-19.
Armstrong and Wright—Olympic, Chicago, 14-19.
Arnim and Wagner—Orph., New Orleans, 21-26.
Artesto—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Avon Comedy Four—Casto, Lowell, 14-19.
Bailey and Madison—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 21-26.
Baker and Lynn—Keith's, Boston, 14-19.
Bancroft—Boston, Lowell, Mass., 14-19.
Bayes, Nora—Avenue, Pittsburgh, 14-19, Proctor's 125th St., N. Y., 21-26.
Beanos, The—Sheedy's, New Bedford, 14-19.
Bedini and Arthur—Circle, N. Y., 14-19.
Behman Show—Columbia, St. Louis, 13-26.
Bellman and Moore—Birmingham, Ala., 21-26.
Besnah and Milley—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Bimm, Bomm, Brrr—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Blake, Harry and Flora—Swansea, 14-19.
Blocksom and Burns—Empire, Hoboken, 7-19.
Brittons, The—Orph., San Francisco, 6-19.
Brooks, Herbert—Empire, Washington, 28-Jan. 4.
Brown and Nevarro—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
Brown, Frank L.—Pastor's, N. Y., 14-19.
Brown, Harry—Proctor's 5th Ave., N. Y., 14-19.
BROWNE, WHISTLING TOM—Olympic, Chicago, 14-20, Haymarket, Chicago, 21-27.
Brownings, The—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 21-26.
Bryant and Saville—Orph., Los Angeles, 7-19, Orph., New Orleans, 28-Jan. 4.
Burdette, Madeline—Odeon, Baltimore, 2—Indefinite.
Burns, Harry—Gem, West Superior, Wis., 7-19.
Burto Bijou Circus—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Burton and Brooks—Columbia, St. Louis, 14-19.
Byrne, John H. W.—Jeffers, Saginaw, Mich., 14-19.
Capell, Milly—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Carr and Burns—H. and S., N. Y., 14-19.
Carlin and Otto—Pastor's, N. Y., 14-19.
Carlisle's Dogs and Ponies—Circle, 14-19.
Carus, Emma—Apollo, N. Y., 2—Indefinite.
Cassin, Jack—Huntington, W. Va., 21-26.
Charles, Carl—Empire, Butte, Mont., 7-19.
Clare, Helen—Odeon, Baltimore, Sept. 21—Indefinite.
Clark and Temple—Avenue, Pittsburgh, 14-19, Temple, Detroit, 21-26.
Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper—Empire, Sherberd's Bush, 21-26.
Clifford and Harvey—Proctor's 5th Ave., 14-19.
Clifford, Billy Single—Proctor's 5th Ave., N. Y., 14-19, Proctor's, Newark, 21-26.
Colby Family—Jacques', Waterbury, 14-19, Houston, Tex., 21-Feb. 21.
COLE AND JOHNSON—Keith's, Providence, 7-19.
Cole and Spencer—Pastor's, 14-19.
Courthorpe and Forester—Casto, Lowell, 14-19.
Craig, John, and Mary Young—Keith's, Boston, 9-14.
Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner—Kohl and Castle circuit 14-Jan. 10.
Crawford and Manning—Orph., Omaha, 13-19.
CRESSY, WILL M., AND DAYNE, BLANCHE—Shea's, Buffalo, 14-19, Shea's, Toronto, 21-26.
Dagwell, Auric—Washington, D. C., 14-19, Arcade, Toledo, 28-Jan. 4.
Daly, Dan—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Darrow, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart—Proctor's, Albany, 14-19.
DAVIS AND MACAULEY—Cook's, Rochester, 14-19, Cook's, Rochester, 21-26.
Davis, Geo., and Co.—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Day, Edmund—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
DAY, GEORGE W.—Haymarket, Chicago, 14-19, Columbia, St. Louis, 21-26.
Deave's Marionettes—Orph., Omaha, 14-19.
De Graff Sisters—Casto, Fall River, 14-19.
De Laceys, The—Edison, Seattle, Wash., 7-19.
Delmore, The Misses—New Haven, 14-19, Poli's, Waterbury, 21-26.
Derenda and Green—Olympic, Harlem, 14-19, Bijou, Paterson, N. J., 21-26.
De Wett, Burns and Torrance—Empire, Cleveland, 14-19, Keith's, N. Y., 21-26.
Dillon Brothers—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
DOHERTY SISTERS—Belfast, Ireland, 14-19, Empire, Dublin, 21-26.
Downs, Nelson T.—Keith's, Boston, 14-19, Chase's, Washington, 26-Jan. 2.
Doyle and Granger—Joliet, 14-19.
Doyle, Edward—London, Eng.—Indefinite.
Dressler, Marie—Chase's, Washington, 26-Jan. 2.
Dumitrescu, Van Auken and Vannerson—Orph., Denver, 14-19.
Earl and Wilson—Casto, Lawrence, 14-19, Casto, Lowell, 21-26.
ECKHOFF AND GORDON—Orph., San Francisco, 20-27.
Edwards, Sam, and Co.—O. H., Chicago, 14-19, Grand, Indianapolis, 21-26.
Eldons, Two—Huntington, W. Va., 21-26.
Eldridge, Press—Empire, Hoboken, 14-19, Circle Music Hall 21-26.
Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Harry—Columbia, St. Louis, 14-19.
Emmons, Frank—Huntington, W. Va., 21-26.
Fadette Orchestra—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Falke and Seamon—Shea's, Toronto, 14-19.
Fay, Hugh—Empire, New Cross, 14-19, Empire, Stratford, 21-26.
Ferguson and Mack—Proctor's, Newark, 14-19.
Fernandez-May Trio—Empire, Middlesborough, Eng., 14-19.
Fields, Fanny—Canterbury and Paragon, Nov. 30-19, Palace, Croyden, 21-26.
FIELDS, W. C.—Empire, Johannesburg, 30-Jan. 25.
Fields and Ward—Avenue, Pittsburgh, 14-19, Proctor's 21-26.
Fischer and Walker—Orph., Omaha, 13-19.
Fisher and Carroll—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.

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FISHER, MR. AND MRS. PERKINS—Casto, Fall River, 14-19, Casto, Lawrence, 21-26.
FLETCHER, CHARLES LEONARD—O. H., Chicago, 13-19, Grand, Indianapolis, 20-26.
Flynn, Joe—Circle, 14-19.
Foster, Willard—Huntington, W. Va., 21-26.
Foster and Foster—Orph., Omaha, 13-19.
Fowley and Fowley—Pastor's, 14-19.
Fox and Ward—Empire, Butte, 7-19.
Fraser and Mac—Empire, Manchester, 14-19.
Freeman and Clark—Novelty, Denver, 7-19.
Frey and Fields—Gaiety, Brooklyn, 14-19, Miner's, Bowery, 21-26.
Frobel and Rugan—Dublin, Ireland, 14-19, Empire, Birmingham, 21-26.
Frosto and Harvey—Electric, Stillwater, 14-19.
Fulgora—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Gardiners—Orph., Utica, 14-19.
Gardiner Children—Orph., Utica, 14-19.
Gardner and Maddern Co.—Bijou, Birmingham, Ala., 14-19.
Gardner and Vincent—Avenue, Detroit, 21-26.
Gardner, West and Sunshine—Edison, Victoria, 14-19.
Garrison, Jules and Ella—Pastor's, 14-19.
Garrity Sisters—Proctor's 23d St., 14-19.
Genaro and Theol—Pastor's, 14-19.
Gilbert, John D.—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Gilkey, Ethel—Worcester, 14-19, Nelson, Springfield, 21-26.
Gilson, Lottie and Billy Hart—Pastor's, 14-19.
Gleason, John and Bertha—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Godfrey, Hal, and Co.—Orph., Los Angeles, 14-26.
Goleman's Dogs—Orph., Kansas City, 14-19.
Grand Opera Trio—Circle, 14-19.
Gray and Graham—Proctor's 5th Ave., 14-19.
Gregory and Lind—Arcade, Toledo, 14-19.
Grover, Mildred and Picks—Poli's, Bridgeport, 14-20.
Hacker and Lester—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Harding and Ah Sid—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Haskell, L.—Avenue, Detroit, 14-19, Colonial, Cleveland, 21-26.
Hawkins, Lew—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Hawley and Vass—North Yaking, 14-19.
Hayes, Edmond, and Co.—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Hecklow and Wheeler—Orph., Terre Haute, Ind., 21-26.
Hecklow, Charles—Brook, Marion, Ind., 2-Dec. 14, Orph., Terre Haute, Ind., 21 and 28.
Hofron, Tom—People's, Seattle, 7-19.
HELENA, EDITH—Apollo, Dusseldorf, Germany, 16-31.
Hellman—Proctor's 5th Ave., N. Y., 14-19.
Henry and Hoon—Casto, Lowell, 14-19.
Herrmann, Adelaide—New Bedford, Mass., 21-26.
Hickey and Nelson—Avenue, Detroit, 14-19.
Hill, Hamilton—Chelsea, London, 14-19, Tivoli, London, 21-Jan. 25.
Hines and Remington—Orph., Los Angeles, 21-28.
Holden and Florence—Pearia, 14-19, Orph., Omaha, 28-Jan. 4.
Holden's Manikins—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Holt, Alf.—Duquesne, Pittsburgh, 14-19.
Hoosier Zouaves—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
HOUDINI, HARRY—Palace, Blackburn, England, 14-19.
Howard Bros.—Hopkins', Memphis, Tenn., 14-19, Orph., Omaha, 28-Jan. 4.
Howley and Vass—Casto, Lawrence, 14-19, Casto, Lowell, 21-26.
Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Gene—London, 14-19, Sunderland, England, 21-26.
Huntings, The Four—Circle, N. Y., 14-19.
Ingram and Nicander—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Johnson and Wells—Temple, Detroit, 14-19.
Johnsons, Juggling—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
Johnstone and Cook—Tivoli, London—Indefinite.
Johnstons, Musical—Trocadero, Phila., 14-19, Reading, 21-23, Scranton, 24-26.
Jones and Sutton—Howard, Boston, 14-19.
Keane, J. Warren—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19, Proctor's, Albany, 21-26.
Keatons, Three—Shea's, Buffalo, 14-19, Shea's, Toronto, 21-26.
Keeler and Don—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Keenan, Frank, and Co.—Cook's, Rochester, 14-19, Keith's, N. Y., 21-26.
Keene, Mattie, and Co.—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Kenna, Charles—Chase's, Washington, 14-19, Empire, Cleveland, 21-26.
Kennedy and Rooney—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Kennedy, Maud—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Keno, Walsh and Melrose—Columbia, Cincinnati, 13-19.
Keough and Ballard—Circle, N. Y., 14-19.
Kilties' Trio—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
King, Vera—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Klein, Ott Brothers and Nickerson—G. O. H., Indianapolis, 14-19, Columbia, Cincinnati, 21-26.
La Adelia—Huntington, W. Va., 21-26.
Lakola, Harry and Carrie—Arcade, Portland, Ore., 14-19.
Le Mar and Rehan—Pastor's, N. Y., 14-19.
Lamonts, Two—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Lancaster, Freda—Odeon, Baltimore, 2—indefinite.
Lane, Chris—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19, Keith's, Phila., 21-26.
Larkins and Patterson—Orph., Kansas City, 14-19.
Laurens, Marie—Casto, Lawrence, 14-19, Casto, Lowell, 21-28.
Lavender and Thomson—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Laveen and Cross—Chase's, Washington, 21-26.
Lavine-Cameron Trio—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Lawrence, Al.—Temple, Detroit, 14-19, Orph., Utica, 21-26.
Le Clair, John—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Lee Children—People's, Seattle, Wash., 14-19.
Lee, Henry, and Players—Birmingham, Ala., 14-19, Louisville, Ky., 21-26.
Leonard, James and Sadie—Orph., Denver, 13-19.
Leonard, John F.—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Leonard and Leonard—Gem, Lynn, 14-19, A. and S., Boston, 21-26.
Lewis, Alice—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Litchfield, Mr. and Mrs. Nell—Hopkins', Louisville, Ky., 27-Jan. 2.
Littlefield, Chas. W.—Casto, Fall River, 14-19.
Livingstons, Three—Columbia, St. Louis, 14-19.
Lloyd, Herbert—Orph., Kansas City, 14-19.
Lovetts, The—Proctor's 125th St., 14-19.
Lutz Bros.—Orph., Kansas City, 13-19.
Mack, Eddie—Casto, Lowell, 14-19.
Madden, Mary—Proctor's 23d St., 14-19.
Mahr, Agnes—Orph., Los Angeles, 13-19.
Manhattan Comedy Four—Tichy's, Prague, Austria, 1-15.
Mantell and Lamb—Los Angeles, 14-19.
Marcel's Art Studies—Keith's, N. Y., 7-19.
Mario and Aldo—Howard, Boston, 14-19.
Martini and Maximilian—Mechanic, Salem, 14-19.
Martin and Quigg—Odeon, Baltimore, 2—indefinite.
Marvelle and Gleason—Pastor's, 14-19.
Mascotte, Violet—Howard, Boston, Aug. 17—indefinite.
Mason-Keeler Co.—Shea's, Toronto, 14-19, Cook's, Rochester, 21-26.
Masse, Ed and Nettie—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19, Keith's, Boston, 21-26.
Munyon, John, and Co.—Proctor's 23d St., 14-19.
Maxwell's Firemen's Quintette—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
MURPHY, MR. AND MRS. MARK—Orph., Omaha, 13-19, Orph., Denver, 20-26.
McAvoy, Dan—Proctor's 23d St., 14-19.
McCord, Lewis—Empire, Cleveland, 14-19, Arcade, Toledo, 21-26.
McCue and Cahill—Orph., Kansas City, 14-19.
McKenna, Ted—Shea's, Buffalo, 14-19.
McWatters, Tyson, and Co.—Temple, Detroit, 14-19, Cook's, Rochester, 21-26.
Millard, Laura—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Mitchells, Three—Casto, Lawrence, 14-19, Casto, Lowell, 21-26.
Moa and Goodrich—Keith's, Phila., 14-19.
Moore and Littlefield—Orph., San Francisco, 20-26.
Morris and Morris—Putnam's, Richmond, Va., 14-19.
Morton and Quigg—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
MOTORGIRL, LA—Olympia, Paris, Oct. 15-Jan. 15.
Mudge and Morton—Poli's, New Haven, 14-19, Poli's, Waterbury, 21-26.
Mudge and Moran—Park, Worcester, 14-19.
Murphy and Andrews—Keith's, Pawtucket, 14-19.
Murphy and Nichols—Portland, Portland, Me., 14-19.
MURPHY, J. A., AND WILLARD, ELOISE—Keith's, Pawtucket, 14-19, Proctor's, Newark, 21-26.
Neff and Miller—Coeur d'Alene, Spokane, 14-19.
Nesson and Nesson—Pastor's, 14-19.
Newell and Niblo—Keith's Bijou, Phila., 14-19.
Newman, Joseph—Orph., Los Angeles, 14-27.
Nobles, Milton and Dolly—Proctor's 23d St., 14-19.
Norton, Talkative Miss—Orph., Omaha, 20-26.
Nugent, J. G., and Co.—Orph., Omaha, 20-26.
O'Brien and Havel—Circle, 14-19.
Olive, Mlle.—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Ordiar, Mlle.—Odeon, Baltimore, Oct. 5—indefinite.
Orpheum Comedy Four—Shea's, Toronto, 14-19, Pastor's, 21-26.
Orville and Frank—Proctor's, Albany, 14-19.
Ozay and Delno—Haymarket, Chicago, 14-19.
Parker, Rose—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
Peters, Phil and Nettie—Orph., N. O., 14-19.
Pierce and Maize—Olympic, Chicago, 14-19.
Plean, Mc. and Mrs.—Chutes, San Francisco, 14-19.
Polk and Kollins—Alhambra, Paris, France, 7-28.
Primrose, George—Proctor's, Albany, 14-19.
Quaker City Quartette—H. and B., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Radford and Winchester—Empire, Swansea, 14-19, Empire, Newport, Eng., 21-26.
Raleigh and Beard—Alexandria, Va., 14-19.
Ramza and Arno—Shea's, Toronto, Ont., 14-19.
Rawlston, Zelma—Grand, Indianapolis, 13-19.
Ray, John and Emma—Temple, Detroit, 14-19.
Rays, Three—Novelty, Salt Lake, 14-19.
Redding, Francesca—Orph., San Francisco, 6-19, Orph., Los Angeles, 19-26.
Redmond, Rita—Circle, N. Y., 14-19.
Reed and Shaw—Proctor's 5th Ave., N. Y., 14-19.
Reynard, Ed F.—Orph., San Francisco, 21-Jan. 4.
Rianos, The Four—Sheedy's, New Bedford, 14-19, Proctor's, Albany, 21-26.
Rice and Adams—Casto, Lowell, 14-19.
Rice and Elmer—Columbia, Cincinnati, 14-19.
Richards, Three—Orph., N. O., 14-19.
Riley and Kollins—Novelty, Salt Lake, 14-19.
Rio Bros.—Olympic, Chicago, 14-19.
Ripley, Tom—Watson's, Brooklyn, 14-19.
Ritter, Max—Poli's, Hartford, 14-19.
Robisch and Childress—Unique, Salt Lake City, 13-26.
Russell, Leah—Orph., Denver, 14-19.
Russell, Phil and Carrie—Novelty, Guthrie, 14-19.
RYAN AND RICHFIELD—Shea's, Toronto, 14-19, Avenue, Pittsburgh, 21-26.
Sanderson, C. W.—Keith's, N. Y., 14-19.
Santora and Mario—Crystal, Denver, 14-19.
Sanford Sisters—Casto, Fall River, 14-19.
Sa Vans, The—Orph., Kansas City, 14-19.
Saxon, Pauline—Casto, Fall River, 14-19, Casto, Lawrence, 21-26.
Scott, Carrie M.—Brook, Marion, Ind., 14-19.
Seebeck—Circle, N. Y., 14-19.
Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Larry—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
Shunnia—Proctor's 23d St., N. Y., 14-19.
Smith and White—Casto, Fall River, 14-19.
SNYDER, GEO. B., AND BUCKLEY, HARRY—Empire, Cleveland, 14-19, Jeffers, Saginaw, Mich., 21-26.
Staford and Smith—Huntington, W. Va., 21-26.
Stewart, Belle—Casto, Lowell, 14-19.
Stewart and La Croix—Empire, St. Paul, Minn., 14-19.
Stuber, Fred S.—Orph., Denver, 14-19.
Swickard, Mr. and Mrs.—Empire, Leeds, 14-19, Empire, Bradford, 21-26.
Teal, Raymond—Pastor's, 14-19.
Theo, Jack, Trio—Orph., Omaha, 13-19.
Terry and Lambert—Hull, 14-19, Shields, 21-26.
Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry—Empire, Cleveland, 14-19, Temple, Detroit, 21-27.
Tippell and Kliment—Electric, Vancouver, 14-19.
Thurston, Howard—Orph., Omaha, 13-19.
Tomkins, William—Poli's, New Haven, 14-19.
Topack and West—Pastor's, 14-19.
Tyce and Jermon—Casto, Lawrence, 14-19, Casto, Lowell, 21-26.
Valmore and Horton—Bijou, Birmingham, Ala., 14-19.
Victor's Band—Orph., Brooklyn, 14-19.
Virna and Lara—Nelson, Springfield, 14-19, Park, Worcester, 21-26.
Waldon, Max—Orph., Kansas City, 13-19.
Waltz, Alfred—Proctor's 5th Ave., 14-19.
Ward, Chas. B.—O. H., Chicago, 14-19.
Ward and Curran—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Wayne and La Mar—Acme, Sacramento, 14-19.
White and Simmons—Indianapolis, 14-19, Cincinnati, 21-26.
WILDER, MARSHALL P.—Keith's, Boston, 14-19.
Wilkes, Seeker and Co.—Pastor's, 14-19.
Wilson and Heloise—Proctor's 23d St., 14-19.
Wilson, Della May—Huntington, W. Va., 21-26.
Wilton Bros.—Keith's, Providence, 14-19.
Winters, Banks and Winona—Jeffers, Saginaw, Mich., 14-19.
Wolfing's Horses—Proctor's 5th Ave., 14-19.
Wood and Ray—Haymarket, Chicago, 14-19.
World and Kingston—Orph., Denver, 28-Jan. 4.
Yackley and Bunnell—Keith's, Phila., 14-19.
Yale Sisters and Al. H. Barton—Casto, Lowell, 7-12.

VAUDEVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Josephine Sabel will revisit Chicago week 14, as one of the stars at the Olympic. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane will be at the same house in Am I Your Wife. Valerie Bergere will be back in town at the Chicago Opera House, and Charles B. Ward will be there, accompanied by Mlle. Klere.——Clayton White and clever Marie Stuart made a big hit at the Olympic this week in a playlet which furnished good opportunities for singing and acting. George Day made a hit, too, and Cushman, Holcomb and Curtis get a large share of the applause. Phyllis Allen's singing won her several encores.——Samuel Bolter, head doorkeeper at the Haymarket, was severely hurt by a street car this week, and may not be on duty for several weeks. Mr. Bolter was one of the first Uncle Toms, and was highly successful in the part.——The Riccobono horses will revisit Chicago next week at the Olympic.——Edward Hutchison, formerly of the Bush Temple Minstrels and the author of "Sammy," is also the composer of "The Arrow and the Maid." O. L. COLBURN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The attractions announced for Keith's New Theatre 14-19 include Al. Shean and Charles Warren, Pralle's dogs, Fred Gillett Trio, Callahan and Mack, Clifford and Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry, Dorothy Neville, Billy Link, Kitamura Japanese Troupe, Wesson, Welters co., Mabel Hudson, Yackley and Bunnell, Rae and Bennedetto, and the biograph. Business up to the usual high standard.——At Keith's Bijou 14-19 the headliners will be Yorke and Adams, the Zulu Girls from Beauty and the Beast, William Cahill, Billy Carter, and Valesca. The patronage is constantly increasing.——The Trocadero offers the Bon Ton Burlesquers 14-19, with Dorothy Drew as the leading feature.——The Lyceum will present 14-19 the Utopian Burlesquers. Patronage large.——A good bill is booked for the Arch Street Museum 9-14. George E. Austin, Cole and Clemens, Koppe, Sam Cohen, Musical Reeds, Edythe W. Kelly, Drake's sheep and dogs, Mons. Aquille, Will and Edith Hart, Chris Green, the Hindoo Magicians, and the Huberts. S. FERNBERGER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Keith's (Charles Lovenberg, res. mgr.): Good houses applauded the bill 7-12, which contained several acts of merit. The leading feature was The Plumber, played by Will H. Sloan and Yolande Wallace. The Great Everhart showed skill in his hoop rolling act. Josephine Gassman and her "Picks," Four Bolses, Paul Stephens, Lowe-Hughes Duo, Julian Rose, Finlay and Burke, Joe Maxwell and co., Mr. and Mrs. Larry Shaw, John Geiger, the Brownings, Spaulding, Ed and Nettie Morse, and the biograph. 14-19: Beatrice Ingram and Edwin Nicander, Cole and Johnson, Hoosier Zouaves, Ward and Curran, Wilton Brothers, Kennedy and Rooney, George C. Davis, Bimm, Boom, B-r-r-r, Keeler and Don, John LeClair, Moa and Goodrich, Besnah and Miller, Alice Lewis and biograph.——Westminster (George H. Batcheller, mgr.): The Bohemian Burlesquers 7-12 opened to capacity; excellent entertainment. Fay Foster co. 14-19. HOWARD C. RIPLEY.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Proctor's (F. F. Proctor, mgr.; Howard Graham, res. mgr.): Week 7-12, one of the best bills of the season was given. Frederic Bond and co., including Arthur Buchanan, Georgie Benton, and Ethel Tassin, was the headliner, dividing the week between Rehearsing a Tragedy and My Awful Dad. Dean Edsall and co. in A Wild Rose, added to the fun. Others were Saona Manning's Entertainers, Louise Dresser, a pleasing singer; Jack Horsworth, and Christina's dogs and monkeys. George Primrose 14.——Gaiety (Agnes Barry, mgr.): Tom Miner's co. 3-5 crowded the house. Henshaw and Fransioli were a hit. Watson's Americans 7-9 were very ordinary. Fay Foster 10-12. CHARLES N. PHELPS.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The bill at the Orpheum 6-12 was fully up to the excellent standard regularly set at this house, pleasing large audiences. In Paris, the marvelous electrical display, representing scenes of the Paris Exposition, was given the place of honor on the bill. It is truly a novelty of merit and proved exceedingly entertaining. The best applause went to Lydia Yeamans Titus. Deaves' Mannikins also scored heavily. The Three Richards had an acrobatic turn far above the average. A. P. Rostow, Tom Mack, James and Sadie Leonard, and the Sisters Rappo were all well received. For 13-19: Goleman's dogs and cats, Max Walden, Lutz Brothers, the Sa Vans, Herbert Lloyd, McCue and Cahill, and Larkins and Patterson. D. KEEDY CAMPBELL.

CLEVELAND, O.—Shea's Empire (C. J. Stevenson, mgr.): The following is the bill 14-19: Lewis McCord and co., Adolph Zink, De Witt, Burns and Torrence, Will West and "picks," Snyder and Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne, Sailor and Barbaretto, and Robbins.——Colonial (S. U. Collins, mgr.): Eva Williams and Jac Tucker will be the headliners of the following bill 14-19: James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr, Charles Ernst, Clara Ballerini, and Van Fossen and McAuley.——Star (Drew and Campbell, mgrs.): Weber's Parisian Widows pay a return visit 14-19 and are sure of a generous welcome. WILLIAM CRASTON.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Bon Ton (Thomas W. Dinkins, mgr.): Hyde's Comedians 7-12 to excellent business. No better straight variety co. has ever been seen in this house. Hits were made by Cole and Warner, Carr and Burns, Four Holloways, Hill and Whittaker, Musical Kleist, Four Mortons, the Piccolo Midgets, and Bennett and Young. Gay Masqueraders 14-19.——Items: Cummings and Mack are at their home here.—The Elks' stag is down for 29.—Burnett and Weyerson, Add Hoyt, Beach and Beckler, Emily Pearl, and Hoffman and Van appeared at the Masonic performance 8. WALTER C. SMITH.

OMAHA, NEB.—The usual large audience assembled at the Creighton Orpheum for the opening performance week 6. The bill included Herbert Lloyd, Leah Russell, the Sa Vans, Max Waldon, Kelly and Violette, Fred Stuber, Goleman's dogs and cats. For week 13: Howard Thurston, Jack Theo Trio, Crawford and Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy, Foster and Foster, Fischer and Wacker, Deane's Marionettes. J. R. RINGWALT.

TOLEDO, O.—The Arcade had a good bill week 6. It included the Rice Family, Keno, Walch and Melrose, Gardner and Vincent, Sailor and Barbaretto, Miller and Kreske, El Salto, and Kathryn Ryan; business fair. C. M. EDSON.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The Rice and Barton Gaiety co. will be at the Monumental week 14.——The stock co. at the Odeon will present a new burlesque by Harry Montague. An excellent vaudeville bill will also be seen. HAROLD RUTLEDGE.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Orpheum (Clarence Drown, mgr.): Only three newcomers appeared on the bill week Nov. 30, but they were good ones. Wright Huntington and co. put on a rattling good playlet called A Stand Off. The Three Zolars, grotesque gymnasts, were well liked. Serra and Bella-Rosa in acrobatic feats have merit. Holdovers were Warren and Blanchard, Village Choir, Jack Theo Trio, Phil and Nettie Peters, Bellman and Moore.——Chutes (Henry Koch, mgr.): The roller coaster, Topsy Turvy House of Trouble, Helter Skelter, and the Laughing Gallery were opened Nov. 29. These new ideas on the midway will be a big drawing card. The Curtis Comedy co. is still offering vaudeville in the theatre.

PEORIA, ILL.—Main Street (Will Nash, mgr.): Week 7-14: Moung Mya, Whistling Tom Browne, Russell and Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scoville, Juggling Jordans, Sully Family, Clarice Vance, and the peoriascope; extra good attendance. The Sullys and Scovilles deserve mention.——Weast (F. A. Weast, prop.): Week 7-14: Werden and Gladdish (holdovers), Mack Sisters, De Varo and De Carlo, the Randolphs, and Rice Brothers; satisfactory programme; attendance good.——Jacobs' (A. F. Jacobs, prop.): Week 7-14: The Rausells, Berlin Sisters, the Midgleys, Sherman and Faust, and the Okalomo Twins; excellent bill; well patronized.

SALT LAKE CITY, U.—Unique (W. R. Gourley, mgr.): Nov. 30-5: Jean Wilson, Dawson, Fox and Ward, Blanchard, Hadley and Archer, and kinetoscope; business good.——Novelty (Joseph Petre, mgr.): 30-5: Prentice and Meyers, Buckner and Giffen, Lucile Eversey, Rice and Lucas, moving pictures; business good.

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Rialto (F. W. McConnell, mgr.): Bill 7-12: Harry and Flossie Woodthrope, Woods and Stone, Louie Bates, Irene Powers, Laura Bradshaw, Lillian Marr, Kitty Miller, and James D. Proudlove; excellent business.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—St. Charles Orpheum (C. E. Bray, mgr.): Week 7-13: Elizabeth Murray and the Melani Trio were the best features of a bill including McIntyre and Heath, Ed F. Reynard, Victor Moore and co., Alburtus and Miller, and Merian's dogs. The animated views continue popular.

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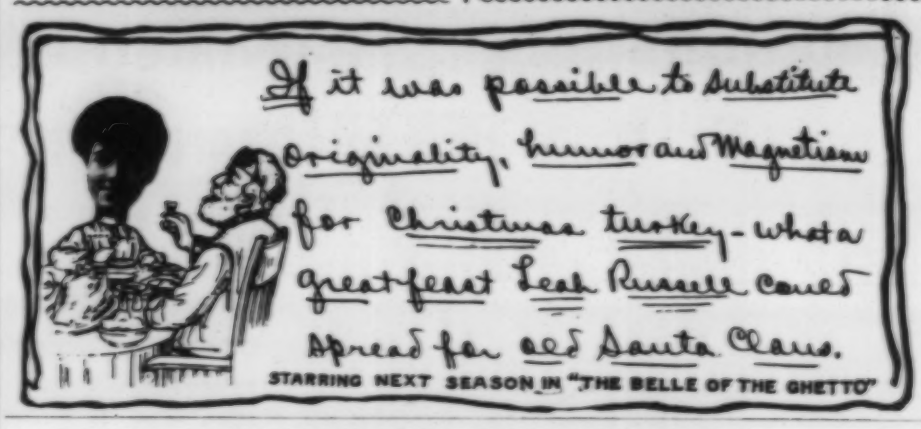
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GILLIHAN and MURRAY
Our large hit at the Chicago Opera House last week at 3:12 and 9:30. Are traveling this week towards N. Y. City, where we open Xmas Week at Tony Pastor's. Have some open time in Jan. and Feb.

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Few are better, if there are any,
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